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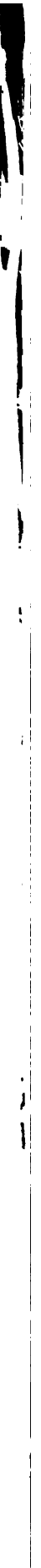
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THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 11

COMPRISING

THE JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF PENOBSCOT

*John Calef, M. D.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED

CAPTAIN HENRY MOWAT'S "RELATION," AND BIOGRAPHICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES. EDITED BY NATHAN GOOLD, LIBRARIAN OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

AND

A NARRATIVE OF A LIGHT COMPANY SOLDIER'S SERVICE IN THE 41ST FOOT, 1807-1814.

*Shadrach Byfield*

WILLIAM ABBATT

141 EAST 25TH STREET,

1910

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CALIFORNIA  
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TO VINU  
ABROGLAO

*This reproduction of the original map  
in the Lenox Library, New York,  
is about one-quarter size.*

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CYRILLOVIC  
A. A. A.

THE CHART OF PENOBSCOT  
Representing the Situation of about 700 of the Major's Troops.  
Under the Command of  
BRIEN, GENERAL FRANKS, U. S. ARMY.  
and the Major's Troops of War.  
Commanded by



CAPT. HENRY EDWARD JEN. OFFICER.

When Belonged by more than 2500 Rebels July 1729  
Commanded by Brig. Gen. Lowell.

and Severe War Commanded by Commander Salmon Hall.

*Of most humbly Directed*

*by His Excellency*

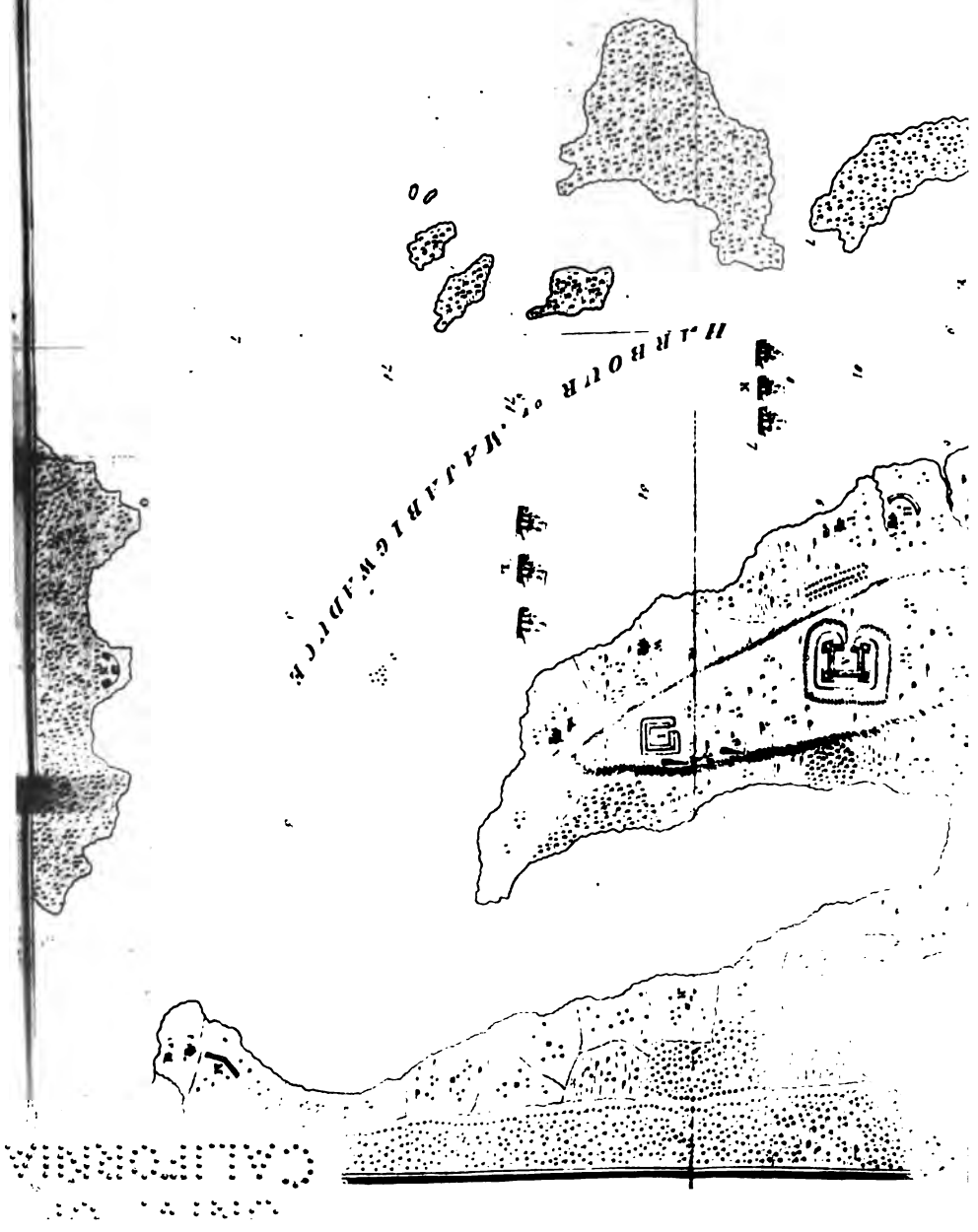
*most Excellent General*

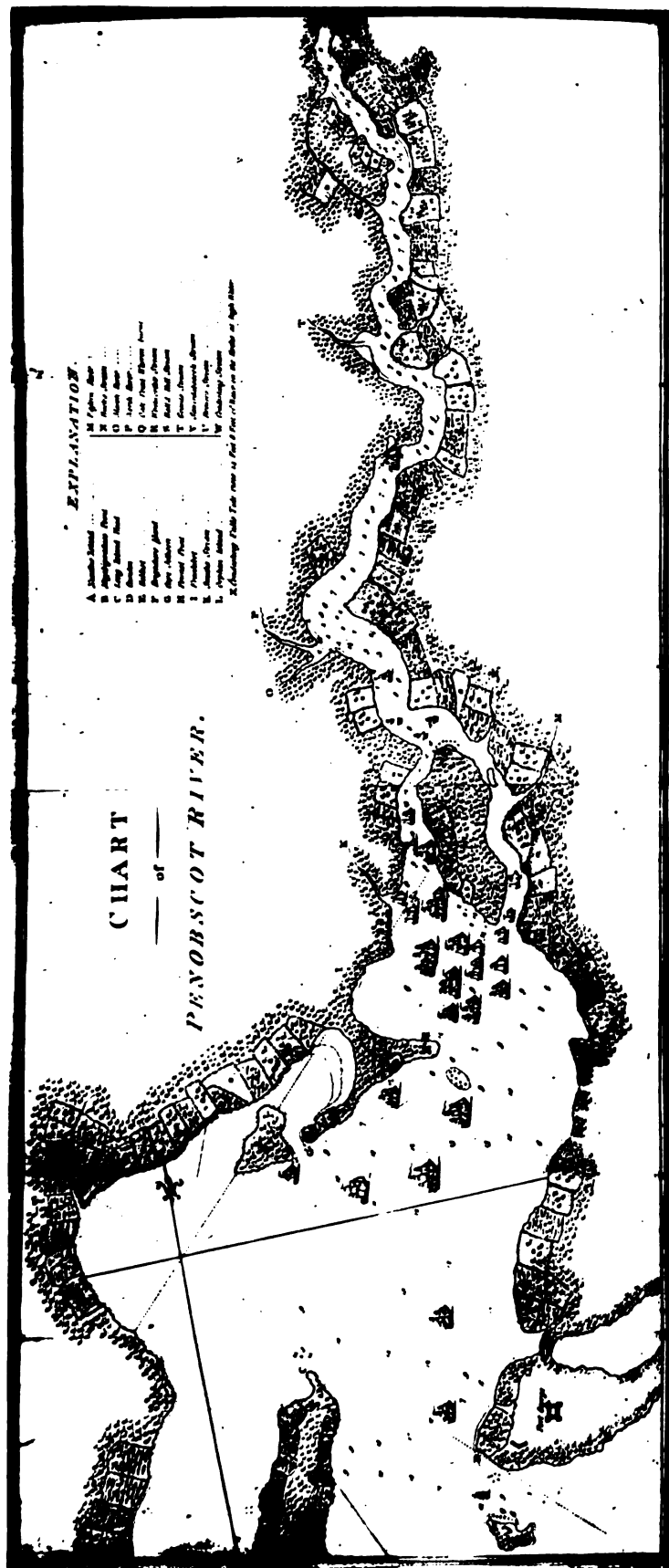
*John Cady*

*Agent for the Subscribers of the Dispatch of Providence.*

EXPLANATION.

- A. Fort Mifflin - The N. W. and E. S. Batteries were open when the Enemy appeared in the Bay.
- B. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- C. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- D. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- E. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- F. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- G. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- H. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
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- J. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
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- O. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
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- S. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- T. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- U. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- V. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- W. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- X. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- Y. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.
- Z. Fort Mifflin on the Heights of Mifflin.







As near a facsimile of the original as possible.

T H E  
SIEGE OF *PENOBSCOT*  
BY THE  
R E B E L S ;

CONTAINING A  
JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS  
O F

His MAJESTY'S FORCES detached from the 74th and 82d REGIMENTS, confisting of about 700 Rank and File, under the Command of Brigadier-General FRANCIS M'LEAN,

A N D O F

THREE of His MAJESTY'S SLOOPS of WAR, of 16 Guns each, under the Command of Captain HENRY MOWAT, Senior Officer;

W H E N B E S I E G E D B Y

THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED (Rebel) Land Forces, under the Command of Brigadier-General *Solomon Lovell*,

A N D

SEVENTEEN Rebel Ships and Veffels of War, under the Command of *G. Saltonstall*, Commodore.

T O W H I C H I S A N N E X E D

A PROCLAMATION iffued June 15, 1779, by General M'LEAN and Captain BARCLAY to the Inhabitants;

A L S O

Brigadier-General *Lovell*'s PROCLAMATION to the Inhabitants; and his LETTER to Commodore *Saltonstall*, found on board the Rebel Ship *Hunter*;

T O G E T H E R W I T H

The Names, Force, and Commanders, of the Rebel Ships destroyed in PENOBSCOT BAY and RIVER, *August* 14 and 15, 1779.

W I T H

A CHART of the Peninsula of MAJABIGWADUCE, and of PENOBSCOT River.

T O W H I C H I S S U B J O I N E D

A POSTSCRIPT, wherein a short Account of the Country of PENOBSCOT is given.

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By *J. C. Esq.* a Volunteer.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, in *Fleet-Street*, and ASHEY and NEALE, (late SPILSBURY'S) in *Rufel-Court*, *Covent-Garden*.  
M,DCC,LXXXII.

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1910

(Being Extra No. 11 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES.)





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T H E

S I E G E of *P E N O B S C O T*;

C O N T A I N I N G A

J O U R N A L of the PROCEEDINGS

O F

HIS MAJESTY's Forces against the REBELS in *July*, 1779:

A N D

A POSTSCRIPT, giving some Account of the Country,  
&c. &c.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

**T**HE "Siege of Penobscot," so called, was the attempt of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay to dislodge the British from the peninsula of Majabagaduce,\* where the present town of Castine, Maine, now is, a most historic locality. The British landed June 17, 1779, and began work toward the building of a fort which, at first, was called Fort Castine and later Fort George, for the King.

It had been decided to establish there a military post where ships could bring their prizes and where the Loyalists of New England could have a place of refuge. The Loyalists availed themselves of this privilege until the place became a considerable village. The British idea was that if the Colonists secured their independence the boundary line between the United States and Canada would not be east of the Penobscot, and in that event they would have a fort already built, at the head of Penobscot Bay, in a very advantageous situation. The territory between the Penobscot and St. Croix rivers would become a new province, of which Castine would be the capital.

The attempt to dislodge the British by the Massachusetts Bay Colony was the largest of our Revolutionary naval undertakings, but was a deplorable failure. It is said to have cost the Colony £1,789,174: 11.4 d. when their finances were at a very low ebb. The Americans were seized with a panic, their ships destroyed and the people were disheartened. The cause of the failure was the conduct of Saltonstall, the commander of the fleet, and the unpreparedness of the expedition. The land forces were hastily

\* This name was spelled in several ways.

gathered without regard to their *personnel*. The navy was little better. Commodore Saltonstall refused to co-operate with the land forces at the proper time. General Lovell was a brave officer of good reputation, but had not had the necessary experience in actual warfare. General Wadsworth, the second in command was the best officer of the expedition, and his conduct during the whole affair received the approbation of the Committee of Investigation. The general officers were:

Commander in Chief, Brigadier General Solomon Lovell, of Weymouth, Mass.; Second in authority, Brigadier General Peleg Wadsworth, of Duxbury, Mass., afterwards of Portland, Maine. He was the grandfather of the poet H. W. Longfellow. Commander of the Fleet, Commodore Dudley Saltonstall, of New Haven, Conn.

When the attack was made the fort was not half built and the British commander, McLean, expected to surrender to save the lives of his soldiers and it is said he stood by the halcyons ready to lower his flag at the proper moment, but because of the conduct of Saltonstall it was not necessary. The expedition was called by the people of Maine, "The Bagaduce Expedition," and ever afterwards was a subject of discussion among them. Maine furnished most of the soldiers and something of the navy. Another expedition was proposed in 1780, but was abandoned by the advice of Washington. The British withdrew from Fort George before January, 1784, and it was the last fort from which the King's forces were embarked, at the end of the war. Most of the Loyalists went to St. Andrews, N. B., where land had been granted them and where sixty or seventy houses were erected for their occupancy. They took down several houses at Castine and re-erected them at St. Andrews.

NATHAN GOULD.

PORTLAND, ME.

## PERSONAL NOTES

DR. JOHN CALEF

This journal was identified as the work of Dr. John Calef by his name appearing on the map. He had taken part in the siege of Louisburg and it is said he left a manuscript account of that event which has been lost. He was an important man in his time.

Dr. Calef, which name was also spelled Calfe, Calf, Caleff and Kaloph, was born in Ipswich, Mass, Aug. 30, 1726, the son of Robert and Margaret (Staniford) Calef. His grandparents were Dr. Joseph and Mary (Ayer) Calef of Ipswich, who were married in Boston, May 2, 1693. The parents of Dr. Joseph were Robert and Mary Calef of Roxbury, Mass. Robert Calef was the author of "More Wonders of the Invisible World," which antagonized Cotton and Increase Mather, about 1692. It was publicly burned on the campus of Harvard College by the orders of the latter, who was then president of the college.

In 1755, the Governor ordered Dr. Calef to Fort Halifax,\* on the Kennebec River, now in the town of Winslow, Maine, to attend the sick. He found his services much needed by the garrison and remained about two months. He also went there again in 1772. He engaged, as surgeon, in Colonel Ichabod Plaisted's regiment Feb. 18, 1756, to go to Crown Point, and was discharged Jan. 19, 1757, remaining at the Albany hospital. He served in the Massachusetts General Court before the Revolutionary War, but remained loyal to the King and became obnoxious to the Colonists. He was declared by them a traitor, and a price was set upon his head. By the energy of his wife, he escaped capture and went to St. Andrews, N. B.

\* Fort Halifax was at the junction of the Kennebec and Sebasticook rivers in the present town of Winslow, Maine. It was built by Governor William Shirley of Massachusetts in 1755, and was named for the Duke of Halifax. A full history of the Fort by Hon. William Gould, was published in the *Collections* of the Maine Historical Society, First Series, Vol. 8, page 199.

Dr. Calef was active in the Penobscot expedition and was Commissary of the inhabitants in the County of Lincoln, Maine. He was the surgeon at Fort George and acted as chaplain. In 1780, he went to England as an agent of the Penobscot Loyalists. The scheme was that the country between the Saco and the St. Croix Rivers was to be erected into a new province to be called "New Ireland." Thomas Oliver was to be governor, Daniel Leonard, chief justice, and Dr. Calef the clerk of the council at a salary of £50. The land was to be granted to the Loyalists in large tracts to the most meritorious with small grants to the poorest. It was to be a landed country. The English church was to be the established religion. This scheme was approved of by the King and his Cabinet, but was unsuccessful. Dr. Calef remained in England two years, when he revived the effort, but it received its death blow from a decision of the Attorney General of England that it violated the sacredness of the chartered rights of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and he was informed that it could not be done as "the pressure is too strong."

In 1784, Dr. Calef was one of the grantees of St. Andrews, N. B., and was the first physician to settle there, where he built a house. After the war he was surgeon of the general hospital at St. John, N. B., and was attached to the garrison, then stationed at Fort Howe. After October, 1800, he returned to St. Andrews where he resided until his death, which occurred Oct. 28, 1812, at the age of 86 years.

Dr. Calef married, first, Margaret Rogers, daughter of Rev. Nathaniel and Mary (Leverett) Rogers of Ipswich, who died March 27, 1751; second, Jan. 18, 1753, Dorothy Jewett, daughter of Rev. Jedidiah and Elizabeth (Dummer) Jewett, both of Rowley, Mass. Children by first wife were:

1. Margaret, born Oct. 15, 1748; married Oct. 14, 1767, Dr. Daniel Scott of Boston.

2. Mary, bapt. March, 1750; married Capt. John Dutch of Ipswich.

By second marriage:

3. John, born Nov. 2, 1758; drowned Feb. 19, 1782.
4. Jedidiah, born Sept. 22, 1755; died March 10, 1778.
5. Elizabeth, born Oct. 25, 1757; died Sept. 7, 1771.
6. Daughter, still-born May 1, 1759.
7. Robert, born Nov. 16, 1760.
8. Dorothy, born Nov. 16, 1762.
9. Sarah, born June 27, 1764; died in St. Andrews, N. B., March 25, 1854, unm.
10. Susanna, born Feb. 7, 1766.
11. A son still-born Jan., 1768.
12. Mehitable, born Sept. 13, 1768; married Capt. David Mowat Nov. 14, 1786, and died at St. Andrews, N. B., Dec. 25, 1860, aged 92 years.
13. Martha, born May 22, 1770; died Sept. 23, 1771.
14. Samuel, born July 20, 1772; alive at 17.
15. Daughter, still-born, April 12, 1775.
16. Daughter, still-born, Aug. 22, 1776.
17. Jedidiah Jewett, born Jan. 22, 1778.

An extended sketch of the Caleff family by David Russell Jack, was published in *Acadiensis*, Vol. 7, p. 261-273, July, 1907, which enabled the writer to verify these facts he had already obtained from other sources.

Dr. John Calef spelled his name with one f, on the map and in his signature to five letters examined by the writer, although the family seemed to have added another f later.



## GENERAL FRANCIS McLEAN

Brigadier General Francis McLean, also called a Major-General, whose name was properly spelled MacLean, was the son of Captain William, who was the grandson of Lachlan, the first of the family of Blaich and second of John Crubach, eighth MacLean of Ardgour. As soon as he was able to carry arms Francis obtained a commission in the same regiment with his father, a regiment of Scottish troops maintained in the Dutch service. He was at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom in 1747, when the French, after a siege of two months, took the place by storm. "Lieutenants Francis and Allan MacLean (third son of Torloisk) of the Scotch brigade were taken prisoners and carried before General Löwendahl, who thus addressed them: 'Gentlemen, consider yourself on parole. If all had conducted themselves as you and your brave corps have done, I should not now be master of Bergen-op-Zoom.'" He was detained prisoner in France for some time; and on his release was promoted to a captaincy and entered the Forty-second Royal Highlanders. At the capture of Gaudaloupe, Francis was severely wounded, but owing to his gallant conduct was promoted to the rank of major and appointed Governor of the island of Marie Galante. He served in Canada under Wolfe but returned to Great Britain and embarked with the expedition for reducing the island of Belleisle on the coast of France. Here he had his right arm shattered and was taken prisoner. On being exchanged, his bravery was rewarded by promotion to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 82d. In 1762, he was sent to aid the Portuguese against the combined attack of France and Spain. He was made commander of Almeida, a fortified town on the Spanish frontier, which command he held for several years and was nominated to the government of Estremadura and the City of Lisbon. On his leaving Portugal in 1778, the king presented him with a handsomely mounted sword, and the queen gave him a valuable diamond ring. On his return to England he was dispatched to America and appointed to the government of Halifax. He repaired with the army in June, 1779, to Penobscot Bay and proceeded to erect defences. His regiment had arrived at Halifax from England in 1778. After the completion of Fort George, McLean and his regiment returned to Halifax where he died, unmarried, May 4, 1781, in his 64th year and was buried two days later. General McLean was a good officer and left a good impression on those with whom he came in contact on the Penobscot.

## GENERAL SOLOMON LOVELL

General Solomon Lovell was born in Abington, Mass., June 1, 1732, and married (1) Jan. 19, 1758, Lydia, daughter of John and Sarah (Hunt) Holbrook, who was born in Weymouth, Mass., Sept. 3, 1734, and died May 21, 1761. She had two children. He married (2) in May, 1762, Hannah, daughter of James and Hannah (Reed) Pittey, born Dec. 8, 1730, and died July 8, 1795. She had seven children. General Lovell was the son of David and Mary (Torrey) Lovell, and a descendant of Robert Lovell who went to Weymouth in 1635. His father was a graduate of Harvard in 1725.

Solomon Lovell was from youth in some official capacity of his town, and became actively engaged in the cause of the Colonies during the Revolution, and was promoted through the different grades to a brigadier-general. He commanded the military division of which Boston was the center. He served under Gen. John Sullivan in Rhode Island and commanded the land forces in the Penobscot Expedition of 1779, and was commended for his services. He died Sept. 9, 1801, aged 69 years. It has been said of him that "he was honest, brave and competent, faithful in all the relations of life, carrying the respect and esteem of all with whom it was his privilege to associate."

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Nathan Goold.

## A JOURNAL

ON the 17th day of June, 1779, Brigadier-General Francis McLean landed at Majabidwaduce (Penobscot), with about 700 of his Majesty's forces, composed of detachments from the 74th\* and 82d\*\* regiments, to take post in the eastern country of New England. The time from this day to the 17th of July was taken up in clearing a spot to erect a fort and building the same, and a battery near the shore, with store-houses, etc.

*July 18.* Intelligence was received that a fleet and army were preparing at Boston to besiege Penobscot, of which but little notice was taken. Capt. Henry Mowat, of his Majesty's sloop *Albany*, having been many years on the American station and well acquainted with the disposition of the inhabitants, and of the importance of the country of Penobscot to the Americans for fire-wood, lumber, masts, cod and river fish, gave credit to the information, and ordered the three sloops of war into the best situation to defend the harbour, annoy the Enemy and co-operate with the land forces.

*July 19.* The intelligence of yesterday gains credit; whereupon the General, in order to make the proper dispositions for an

\* The 74th Foot, "The Argyle Highlanders," was raised by the Duke of Hamilton and served in America four years, under John Campbell. Milltown, New Brunswick, and a tract of good farming land on the Digdequash, were granted to the officers and men of this regiment who had been in the garrison on the Penobscot.

\*\* The 82nd Foot, "The Hamilton Regiment," served in America four years and was under Sir William Erskine in 1779. After the completion of Fort George, at Castine, this regiment returned to Halifax with General McLean. Sir John Moore, made famous by Wolfe's poem on his burial in 1809, was then but eighteen, a lieutenant, as was Sir James Craig, who became the Governor General of Canada.

immediate defence, desists for the present from his purpose of proceeding in a regular way with the fort; and prepares to fortify in a manner more expeditious and better suited to the present emergency; in doing which he shows the utmost vigilance and activity, giving every where the necessary directions, visiting incessantly by night and day the different parts of the works, and thus by his example animating his men to proceed, regardless of fatigue, with vigour and alacrity in their operations. The Inspector of the inhabitants begs leave of the General to call in the people to assist in carrying on the works; which being granted, about a hundred inhabitants came in (with their Captain \* at their head) as volunteers; and having worked three days gratis, cleared the land of wood in the front of the fort, to the satisfaction of the General, who returned them his thanks.

*July 20.* All hands busy at work, preparing to receive the enemy. At noon Capt. Mowat, having made every preparation in his power to secure the harbour, &c., sent 180 men on shore from the ships of war, to work on the fort.

*July 21.* Intelligence is received that a fleet of near 40 sail of vessel had sailed from Boston eastward. All hands at work day and night.

*July 22.* Nothing remarkable. All hands at work day and night. This evening a spy brought an account that 40 sail of vessel put into Townsend Harbour yesterday.

*July 23.* Every person busily employed. The Inspector calls a great number of inhabitants to work, who are employed in felling trees, raising an abatis round the fort, building platforms for the guns, &c. Saw three sail in the offing. Several canoes from the islands below come to advise the General of

\*John Perkins.

a large number of vessels being becalmed off St. George's Island,\* standing with their heads to the eastward. All doubt of an attack from the Enemy is now vanished.

*July 24.* At 4 P. M. discovered a large fleet standing up the bay, which from various circumstances we believed to be the armament that, according to intelligence received, had been fitted out at Boston to besiege this place. On this account Capt. Mowat thought proper to detain the *North* and *Nautilus* sloops, which had been ordered for other service. At five, by signal from the *Albany*, the seamen who for some days past had been at work raising the S. E. bastion of the fort, repaired on board their respective ships (which were immediately cleared for action) and, as had been usual, were every evening exercised at their quarters. The *Albany*, *North* and *Nautilus* had dropped down the harbour and moored in a well-formed and close line of battle across the entrance, immediately within the rocks on Bagwaduice point and the point of Nautilus or Cross Island; giving a berth, out of the line of fire, to three transports stationed and prepared to slip and run foul of the Enemy's ships, should they attempt to enter the harbour. The troops were encamped about half a mile from the works; the well bastion of which was not yet begun, nor the Seamen's\*\* quite finished; but on the appearance of the Enemy the works

\* The St. George Islands are off the mouth of St. Georges River and are a part of the town of St. George, Maine. They were originally a part of the Plantation of St. George, then Cushing, and in 1908 the town of St. George was incorporated. Penobscot Harbor, referred to by Rosier, in 1605, is at Allen's Island and here was the first attempt by Europeans to cultivate the soil of Maine. Captain George Weymouth erected a cross on Allen's Island in 1605, and the Maine Historical Society erected a granite one in 1905 to commemorate the event. The town of St. George is thirteen miles south of Rockland.

\*\* So called as being the work of the seamen only under the direction of Lient. William Brooke, of his Majesty's ship *North*.

were put in a more defensible state, some cannon were mounted, and the little army was in garrison early the next morning. Guard-boats, during the night, watched the motions of the Enemy, who were discovered to have come to an anchor about three or four leagues off, in the narrows of Penobscot.

*July 25.* At 10 A. M. a brig appeared at some distance from the harbour's mouth, and after reconnoitering the situation of the men of war, stood back into the fleet. At noon the Enemy's fleet, consisting of 37 sail of ships, brigs and transports, arrived in the bay of the harbour; the transports proceeded about half a mile up Penobscot river, and came to an anchor, while the armed ships and brigs stood off and on and a boat from each ship repaired on board their flagship, which had thrown out a signal for that purpose.

At 3 P. M., nine ships, forming into three divisions, stood towards the King's ships and, as they advanced in the line, hove-to, and engaged. A very brisk cannonade continued four glasses\*, when the Enemy bore up, and came to an anchor in the bay without. The King's ships suffered only in their rigging. The fire of the Enemy was random and irregular, and their manoeuvres, as to backing and filling, bespoke confusion, particularly in the first division, which scarcely got from the line of fire when the second began to engage. The second and third divisions appeared to have but one object in view, that of cutting the springs of the men of war, to swing them from the bearings of their broadsides, and thereby to afford their fleet an entrance into the harbour. During the cannonade with the shipping the Enemy made an attempt to land their troops on Bagwaduce, but were repulsed with some loss. On the retreat of the Enemy's troops and

\*A "glass" is a marine measure of time, equal to half an hour.

ships the garrison manned their works, and gave three cheers to the men-of-war, which were returned; and soon after the general and field-officers went down to the beach and also gave three cheers, which were returned by the ships.

Guard-boats and ships' companies during the night lay at their quarters.

*July 26.* At 10 A. M. the Enemy's ships got under weigh, and forming their divisions as yesterday, stood in and engaged the King's ships four glasses and a half. The damages sustained this day, also, were chiefly in the rigging at the extreme ends of the ships; and the fire of the Enemy appears again to be directed to the moorings; which attempt not proving successful, they bore up and anchored without. The Enemy again attempted to land their troops, but were driven back with some little loss. At 6 P. M. the Enemy, having stationed two brigs of 14 guns and one sloop of 12, on the east side of Nautilus Island, landed 200 men, and dislodging a party of 20 marines, took possession of four 4-pounders (two not mounted) and a small quantity of ammunition. At 9 P. M. it being found that the Enemy were very busy at work, and that they had landed some heavy artillery which they were getting up to the height of the island, and against which the men-of-war could not act in their present station, it was judged expedient to move them farther up the river. This was accordingly done, and the line formed as before: the transports moved up at the same time and anchored within the men-of-war. Guard-boats and the ships' companies, as usual, lying at their quarters.

*July 27.* Pretty quiet all this day. A few shot from some ships of the Enemy were aimed at the small battery on Majabig-waduce point, which were returned with a degree of success, one ship having been driven from her station. Observed the



Enemy very busy in erecting their battery on Nautilus Island. The garrison being much in want of cannon, some guns from the transports and from the off-side of the men-of-war, were landed, and being dragged by the seamen up to the fort, were disposed of for its use. At 3 P. M. a boat passing from the Enemy's ships to Nautilus island was sunk by a random shot from the fort. At 11 P. M. the guard-boats from the King's ships fell in and exchanged a few shots with the Enemy's.

*July 28.* At 3 A. M. under their ships' fire, the Enemy made good their landing on Majabigwaduce, and from their great superiority of numbers obliged the King's troops to retreat to the garrison. The Enemy's right pressed hard and in force upon the left of the King's troops, and attempted to cut off a party of men at the small battery; but the judgment and experience of a brave officer (Lieut. Caffrac, of the 82nd) counteracted their designs, and a retreat was effected with all the order and regularity necessary on such occasions. An attempt was made to demolish the guns, but the Enemy pushed their force to this ground so rapidly as not to suffer it. The possession of this battery afforded their ships a nearer station, on which they immediately seized. At 6 A. M. the Enemy opened their battery of 18 and 12 pounders from Nautilus island, and kept up the whole day a brisk and well-directed fire against the men-of-war. The King's ships cannonaded the battery for two glasses, and killed some men at it; but their light metal (six pounders) was found to be of little service, in comparison to the damages they sustained from such heavy metal brought against them. At 10 A. M., the *Warren*, of 32 guns, the Commodore's ship, and which had not as yet been in action, got under weigh and with three more ships shewed an appearance of entering the harbour, but hauled by the wind at a long distance. A brisk fire was kept up for half an hour, when the Enemy bore up and came to an anchor again with-

out. The *Warren* suffered considerably: her mainmast shot through in two places, the gammoning of her bowsprit cut to pieces, and her forestay shot away. Their confusion appeared to be great, and very nearly occasioned her getting on shore, so that they were obliged to let go an anchor and drop into the inlet between Majabigwaduce head and the point; where the ship lay this and the next day repairing her damages. The battery on the island still keeping up a heavy fire, and the ships' crews being exposed without the least benefit to the service, Capt. Mowat thought proper to move further up the harbour; which was done in the night and the line formed again; he being firmly resolved to dispute the harbour to the last extremity, as on that entirely depended the safety of the garrison, whose communication with the men-of-war was of the utmost importance. The dispositions on shore and on the water co-operating, and perfectly supporting each other, foiled the Enemy in their purposes; their troops were yet confined to a spot they could not move from, and while the harbour was secure their intentions of making approaches and investing the fort on all sides could by no means be put in execution. The present station of the men-of-war being such as rendered it impossible for the Enemy's ships to act but at particular periods, the marines (whose service in their peculiar line of duty was not immediately required on board) were ordered on shore to garrison duty, holding themselves in readiness to embark at a moment's notice, which with ease they could have effected in ten or fifteen minutes. Guard-boats as usual during the night.

*July 29.* At 6 A. M. the Enemy's ships weighed, and altering their positions, came to an anchor again. The State of the fortress requiring more cannon, some remaining off-side guns were landed from the men-of-war and dragged by the seamen up to the fortress for its use and that of the batteries; and

though the task to be performed, up a steep hill, over rocks and innumerable stumps of fallen trees, was laborious, yet their chearfulness and zeal for the service surmounted every difficulty. P. M. the Enemy opened their batteries on the heights of Majabigwaduce, and kept up a warm and incessant fire against the fortress. The commanding ground of the Enemy's works and the short distance from the fortress, gave them some advantages with their grape as well as round shot which considerably damaged the storehouse in the garrison. Six pieces of cannon at the half-moon battery near Banks' house, and which belonged to the fortress, being now found necessary for its particular defence, were moved up to it and replaced with some ship's guns, under the direction of the gunner of the *Albany*, with a party of seamen Capt. Mowat having obtained intelligence that the Enemy, in despair of reducing the King's ships by the means of their own, or of getting possession of the harbour, had come to the resolution of joining their whole force in troops, marines and seamen, to storm the fortress the next morning at day-break, he judged it expedient to re-inforce the garrison with what seamen could be conveniently spared; and for this purpose, at the close of the evening, 140 men under the command of Lieut. Brooke, were sent into garrison: part of them were immediately detached to re-inforce the troops on the out-line piquets, others manned the facing of their own bastion, while the remainder were busily employed in raising the cavaliers in the fort. In all these operations a brotherly affection appeared to unite the forces both by sea and land, and to direct their views all to one point, much to their credit and to the honour and benefit of the service. During the night the Enemy threw a number of shells into the fortress. At 10

P. M. a few shot between the Enemy's guard-boats and those from the King's ships.

*July 30.* The Enemy's ships preserve their disposition of yesterday. A brisk cannonade the whole day between the fortress and the Enemy's batteries on the height, and a number of shells thrown on both sides. The storehouse being apprehended to be in danger, some seamen were ordered to move the provisions out of the fortress into the ditch in its rear; as likewise a quantity at another storehouse. Guard-boats as usual.

*July 31.* At 2 A. M. the seamen and marines of the Enemy's fleet landed to the westward of the half-moon battery, and under cover of the night attacked the piquet, and by heavy platoon firings obliged them to retreat; but an alert re-inforcement of 50 men who were detached from the garrison, under the command of Lieut. Graham\* of the 82nd regiment, to the support of the piquet, drove the Enemy back with some loss in killed, wounded and taken, amounting on the whole, according to the best information, to about 100; the loss on the part of the King's forces, amounting to 13 killed, wounded and missing, fell chiefly on the seamen and marines, who composed the piquet this night. Lieut. Graham unfortunately received a dangerous wound in this action.

*August 1.* A slack fire on all sides. At 4 P. M. the Enemy's fleet getting under weigh, and the wind and tide serving them to enter the harbour, the embodied seamen were immediately called on board their respective ships; but it afterward appeared that the Enemy weighed only to form a closer line. Guard-boats as usual.

*'August 2.* At 10 A. M. three of the Enemy's ships weighed and

\*John Graham, 82d Regiment.

came to an anchor nearer the harbour's mouth. Some cannonading between the fortress and the Enemy's batteries on the height. The outer magazine of the fortress being too much exposed, as lying in front and between the two fires, the marines were charged with the duty of bringing it to the magazine in the fortress; which was performed without any loss. P. M. a flag of truce from the Enemy, to treat for the exchange of a lieutenant of their fleet taken (wounded) at the half-moon battery on the 31st ult., but he had died of his wounds this morning. This day the Enemy posted some marksmen behind trees within musquet-shot of the fortress, and killed and wounded some centinels.

*August 3.* A slack fire the whole day. Perceived the Enemy busy in erecting a battery to the northward on the main above the King's ships. By a deserter from the Enemy's fleet we learn the force landed below the half-moon battery was 1000 seamen and marines, joined on their landing by 200 troops; that their intentions were to storm the fortress in the rear while the army from the heights made their attack in front; that it was not intended to storm the half-moon battery, but that they had mistaken their road in endeavoring to get in the rear of the fortress, when they received the first fire of the piquet, which led them to suppose their design had been discovered, and that they were ambushed. The army also, believing this to be the case, retreated to their ground. At 2 P. M. some seamen were sent to the fortress to assist in working the cannon, and another party for the defence of the Seamen's bastion, where a number of swivels from the men-of-war were planted, loaded with grape-shot, as a precaution against any attempt of the Enemy to storm the works. By request of the General a number of pikes were also brought from the King's ships to the fortress, and put in the hands

of the seamen, to prevent the Enemy from BOARDING their bastion. Guard-boats as usual.

*August 4.* The Enemy's ships retain their former situation. A smart cannonading between the fortress and the batteries on the heights, and a great number of shells thrown on both sides. Some ships' buckets for the use of the garrison brought on shore, in case the fascines at the well bastion, or store houses might be fired by the Enemy's shells. At 9 A. M. the Enemy opened their new battery near Wescoat's house, on the main, to the northward of the shipping. A brisk fire was kept up the whole day, and the men-of-war suffered much in their hulls and rigging; being too far from the battery for the light metal of the ships to produce any effect, their companies were ordered below. P. M. some skirmishing between the piquets, and trifling losses on both sides, on the Enemy's some Indians were killed.

During the day several accidents happened by cannon shot in the fort; among others the boatswain of the *Nautilus* was wounded by grape, and a seaman belonging to the *North* killed by an 18-pounder, at the guns they were stationed at in the fortress.

*August 5.* Cannonading the greatest part of the day between the fortress and the Enemy's batteries on the height, and from the north battery against the men-of-war, damaging their hulls and rigging. A. M. the remaining off-side guns from his Majesty's sloop *North* brought on shore, and mounted in the cavalier in the fortress. P. M. the garrison, being much in want of wads and match, was supplied from the men-of-war, as also with some six-pound shot, in which it is deficient. The north battery on the main having the command of the opposite shore on the peninsula of Majabigwaduce, where the Enemy, under its protection, might make lodgements in their

approaches toward the heights opposite the men-of-war and within shot of the fortress, and might thereby destroy the communication between them and the garrison, Capt. Mowat judged it necessary to erect a work in order to preserve this communication: a square redoubt was therefore marked out, to be manned with 50 seamen and to mount eight ships' guns *en barbette*. Guard-boats as usual during the night.

*August 6.* Slack fire between the fortress and batteries on the heights, and a few shot from the north battery against the men-of-war, cutting their rigging and dismounting a six-pounder on board the *North*. At 4 A. M. 70 seamen from the different ships, under the direction of Lieut. Brooke, of the *North*, sent on shore to raise the Seamen's redoubt on the height. P. M. a quantity of musquet-cartridges (of which the garrison was in want) brought on shore from the men-of-war. Guard-boats as usual. At 11 a few shot exchanged between the guard-boats.

*August 7.* The Enemy's ships preserve their positions. At 9 A. M. three of their brigs got under weigh and stood down the bay, supposed on the look-out. Some skirmishing between the piquets, with loss to the Enemy; Lieut. McNeil,\* of the 82d, and one private, wounded. Slack fire between the batteries and the fortress, and the north battery perfectly silent. At 4 P. M. discovered a boat crossing the S. E. bay to Hainey's plantation, where the Enemy kept a piquet. Lieut. Congalton,† of the *Nautilus* chaced with the boats from the men-of-war, and took her; but her crew, with those of a whale-boat and a gondola for transportating cannon, got safe on shore and joined the piquet. Capt. Farnham‡ of the *Nau-*

\*Roderick McNeil.

†Andrew Congalton.

‡Thomas Farnham, Navy List, 1779.

*tilus*, with Lieut. Brooke and 50 seamen, joined by a party of soldiers from the garrison, landed and scoured the woods; the Enemy fled immediately, and so effectually concealed themselves as not to be discovered; some had left their arms ammunition and blankets, which were taken and brought on board.

Guard-boats as usual during the night.

By a deserter from the Enemy we learn that General Lovell had sent out small parties from his army, round the country, and brought in a great number of loyal inhabitants, who were sent on board their fleet and thrust down the holds heavily laden with irons, both on the hands and feet; their milch cows and other stock killed for the Enemy's use; all their moveables destroyed or plundered, and their wives and children left destitute of every support of life.

*August 8.* A constant cannonade the whole day between the fortress and the Enemy's batteries on the height, and from the north battery against the men-of-war, but returned only with a musquet. At 10 A. M. the Enemy brought a field-piece to play from the main on the seamen working at the redoubt; but the facing towards the Enemy being the first raised, for the purpose of covering the party, it was impossible to dislodge them; and a covering party daily attending from the garrison prevented a nearer approach on any other ground. This evening the redoubt was finished, and to the credit of the seamen, met with the approbation of the General and Engineers. Guard-boats as usual.

*August 9.* Cannonading as usual. At 9 A. M. a new battery, on the left of the Enemy's lines, was opened against the fortrees, and its chief fire, as well as the shells, directed against the N. W. bastion, raised with fascines only. P. M. discovered the Enemy had moved their piquet from Hainey's



plantation, and given up their design of carrying on a work for two 18-pounders against the men-of-war.

Guard-boats as usual during the night.

*August 10.* The Enemy's ships in the former position. A slack fire on all sides, and nothing material.

*August 11.* A smart cannonading from all the batteries, and some shot from the north battery well directed at the men-of-war.

*August 12.* Slack fire on all sides, and no material operations the whole day; but at 9 P. M. a large body of seamen and marines from the Enemy's fleet landed below Banks' \* house to the westward, and setting fire to some barns, houses, and a quantity of lumber-boards, &c., on the beach, retreated to their ships again.

*August 13.* At day break some skirmishing between the piquets, but no material loss on either side. At 1 P. M. came in some deserters from the Enemy's ships, who say the boat chased on shore at Hainey's plantation had in her their Commodore and some officers of their fleet, who, having escaped, returned to their ships after lying two days and a night in the woods; that one of the officers (Capt. Ross, of the *Monmouth*) had broke his leg in the woods; and that they were much disconcerted at the loss of the gondola, which was intended to carry over some 18-pounders to the battery on the plantation.

Capt. Mowat also (by his usual diligence) obtained information that a degree of mutiny prevailed in the Enemy's fleet against their Commodore who, notwithstanding the re-

\*The home of Aaron Banks, a soldier of the French and Indian wars, who came from York, Maine, in 1765. He married Mary Perkins of York, who was a sister of John and Daniel Perkins of Bagaduce. He died August 9, 1823, at Penobscot, where he moved after peace was declared. He has no descendants of his name. Banks and his family were detained for upwards of three weeks as prisoners on board the British sloop *North*.

solves of several councils of war and urgent solicitations of the General to make another attempt on the King's ships, had hitherto declined it through fear of losing some ships; but that, in consequence of another council held this morning on the *Warren*, it was determined to force the harbour next tide and take or destroy the men-of-war; that five ships were destined for this service, one of which was the *Warren*; but that the *Putnam*, of 20 guns, was to lead, and that each ship was doubly manned with picked men. This information was confirmed at noon by five of their fleet getting under weigh and coming to an anchor in a line, the *Putnam* being the headmost ship. The marines were now called on board their respective ships, the barricades strengthened, guns double-shotted and every disposition made for the most vigorous defence. The *St. Helena* transport had been brought into the line and fitted out with what guns could be procured, and the crews of the transports (now scuttled and laid on shore to prevent them from falling into the Enemy's hands), turned on board to fight her; and the General had also advanced five pieces of cannon, under cover of an *épaulement*, to salute them as they came in. But at 5 P. M. the appearance of some strange sails in the offing disconcerted the Enemy's plan, and the five ships, getting under weigh again, stood off and on the whole night. Guard-boats watching the motions of the Enemy's fleet, and the ships' companies standing at their quarters until daylight. This night had been fixed upon to storm the north battery with 60 seamen under the command of Lieut. Brooke, supported by Lieut. Caffrac of the 82d, with 50 soldiers; but the Enemy's operations, and the appearance of the strange fleet, prevented the execution of it.

*August 14.* At day-break this morning it was discovered that the Enemy had during the night moved off their cannon, and quitting the heights of Majabigwaduce, silently embarked in

small vessels. At 4 A. M. after firing a shot or two, they also evacuated Nautilus island; and leaving their cannon spiked and dismounted, got on board a brig lying to receive them, and made sail with the transports up Penobscot river. The whole fleet now got under weigh, and upon one of the brigs heaving in sight off the harbour's mouth, with various signals aboard, they bore up with all sail after the transports. There now remaining no doubt but the strange fleet was the relief expected, the off-side guns of the *Albany*, *North* and *Nautilus* were got down from the fortress, and being taken on board, the three ships slipped their stern moorings, hove up their bower anchors, and working out of the harbour joined in about the centre of the King's fleet, in pursuit of the flying enemy, who were now crowding with every sail they could set. The *Hunter* and *Hampden*, two of the Enemy's ships, of 20 guns each, attempted to escape through the passage of Long Island,\* but were cut off and taken; the former ran in shore all standing, and was instantly deserted by her crew, who got safe on shore; and the *Raisable*, Sir George Collier, being the sternmost ship in the fleet, took possession and got her off, and came to an anchor near her. The rest of his Majesty's ships continued in chace of the Enemy until it grew so dark as to render the narrow navigation exceedingly dangerous; and they were obliged to anchor for the night, while the Enemy, having good pilots, ran some miles further up the river. The *Defiance* brig, of 14 guns, ran into an inlet where she could not be pursued, and was set on fire by her crew. During the night the Enemy set fire to several ships and brigs, which blew up with vast explosions.

In short, the harmony and good understanding that sub-

\* Long Island, now the town of Islesborough, is about twelve miles long, contains about six thousand acres and is in Penobscot Bay, four miles from Castine.

sisted amongst the Forces by sea and by land—enabled them to effect almost prodigies; for so ardently did they vie with each other in the general service that it may be truly said not a single Officer, Sailor or Soldier was once seen to shrink from his duty, difficult and hazardous as it was. The flying scout, of 50 men commanded by Lieut. Caffrac of the 82d, in particular distinguished themselves to admiration, marching frequently almost round the peninsula, both by day and by night, and with drum and fife playing the tune called *Yankee*, which greatly dispirited the Enemy, and prevented their small parties from galling our men at the works. In one instance they even drove back to their incampment 800 of the Enemy who had been sent to storm an outwork.

The manoeuvres of the three Sloops of War, under the direction of Capt. Mowat, were moreover such as enabled the King's forces to hold out a close siege of 21 days, against a fleet and army of more than six times their number and strength; insomuch that on the first appearance of the re-inforcement from New York in the offing, the Enemy debarked their troops and sailed with their whole fleet up Penobscot river, where they burnt their shipping and from thence marched to their respective homes; and the loyal inhabitants, who were taken in the time of the siege and cruelly treated on board their ships, had their irons taken off and were set at liberty.\*

Thus did this little Garrison,† with three Sloops of War,

\*To give them a cool airing, as the enemy called it, once a day the irons were knocked off their feet and they were put into a boat alongside the ship, where they remained about an hour, and had the filth of the ship poured upon their heads.

†When the account of an army coming to besiege this place was received, the curtains in some parts of the intended fort were not more than four feet in height; two bastions were but just begun to be built, and the other two were only marked out.

by the unwearied exertions of Soldiers and Seamen whose bravery cannot be too much extolled, under the judicious conduct of Officers whose zeal is hardly to be paralleled, succeed in an enterprise of great importance, against difficulties apparently insurmountable, under circumstances exceedingly critical, and in a manner strongly expressive of their faithful and spirited attachment to the interests of their King and Country.

A LIST of the Enemy's Ships, etc., taken and destroyed in Penobscot River

Ships' Names	Commanders	Guns	No. of Men	Metal Pounders	
Warren .....	Saltonstall .....	32	250	18 and 12	Burnt
Sally .....	Holmes .....	22	200	9 and 6	Burnt
Putnam ....	Waters .....	20	180	9	Burnt
Hector ....	Cairns .....	20	180	9	Burnt
Revenge ....	Hallet .....	20	120	6	Burnt
Monmouth ...	Ross .....	20	100	6	Burnt
Hampden ...	Salter .....	20	180	9 and 6	Taken
Hunter .....	Brown .....	20	180	6	Taken
Vengeance ..	Thomas .....	18	140	9 and 6	Burnt
Black Prince	West.....	18	100	6	Burnt
Sky Rocket..	Burke.....	16	120	6	Burnt

BRIGS

Ships' Name	Commanders	No. of Guns	No. of Men	Metal Pounders	
Hazard .....	Williams .....	18	100	6	Burnt
Active .....		16	100	6	Burnt
Tyrannicide ....	Cathcart .....	14	90	6	Burnt
Defiance .....		14	90	6	Burnt
Diligence .....	Brown .....	14	90	4	Burnt
Pallas .....	Johnstone .....	14	80	4	Burnt
Sloop Providence	Hacker .....	12	50	6	Burnt

With Nine Sail of Transport Vessels .....Taken

And Ten Sail of Transport and Ordnance ditto .....Burnt

Total

37

Killed, wounded and missing, of His Majesty's Sea and Land Forces .....	70
Killed, wounded and taken, on the Enemy's Side .....	474

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Of the captains of these vessels the Massachusetts records show particulars. The *Sally* is described as the *Charming Sally*, a privateer owned by William Erskine of Boston. Captain Alexander Holmes was afterwards captain of the privateer *Batchelor*.

William Burke commanded the *Skyrocket*, which was a privateer owned by Ebeneser Parsons, of Boston.

James Johnston was the captain of the *Pallas*, a privateer, owned by William Erskine and others, of Boston.

Nathan Brown, of Salem, commanded the *Hunter*, a privateer owned by Bartholomew Putnam. Later he had the privateer-ship *Jack*.

John Cathcart, captain of the *Tyrannicide*, afterward had command of the State ship *Tartar* and another of the same name, a Boston privateer.

John Carnes (not Cairns) had the ship *Hector*, a Boston privateer owned by Jonathan Peale, and afterward of the *Montgomery* and *Porus*, both privateers.

Allen (or John Allen) Hallet, of the *Active*, a State vessel, was afterward in command of the *Tartar* and the *Franklin* and *Minerva*, privateers.

Captain Hoysteed Hacker commanded the *Providence* and afterward the privateer ship *Bucanier*.

Nathaniel West was captain of the *Black Prince*, privateer owned by George Williams, of Salem. He afterwards had the *Three Sisters*, owned by Nathaniel Silsbee and Elias Hasket Derby of Salem, and of the *Marquis*.

Daniel Waters was captain of the *General Putnam*, which was owned by Nathaniel Shaw. He had previously commanded the *Lee* and afterwards had the *Friendship*.

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## PROCLAMATION

By Brigadier-General FRANCIS McLEAN and ANDREW BARKLEY, Esq., Commanding detachments of his Majesty's Land and Naval Forces in the River Penobscot.

WHEREAS it is well known that there are in the several Colonies in North America, now in open rebellion, many persons who still retain a sense of their duty, and who are only deterred

from an open profession of it by the fear of becoming objects of the cruel treatment which they have seen exercised on others, by persons who having plunged their country into the horrors and distresses it now labours under, industriously seize every opportunity of gratifying their avaritious and wicked dispositions by the wanton oppression of individuals:

And whereas it hath been represented that the greater part of the inhabitants on the river Penobscot, and the several islands therein, are well affected to his Majesty's person and the ancient constitution under which they formerly flourished, and from the restoration of which they can alone expect relief from the distressed situation they are now in:

Their Excellencies the Commanders in Chief of his Majesty's naval and land forces in North-America, taking the good dispositions of the inhabitants above mentioned (as represented to them) into their consideration, and desirous of encouraging and protecting the persons professing them, and securing them from any molestation on that account, have ordered here the forces under our respective commands for that purpose: We therefore, in obedience to their directions, hereby invite and urgently request the inhabitants on the river Penobscot and the islands therein in general, to be the first to return to that state of good order and government to which the whole must in the end submit, and openly to profess that loyalty and allegiance from which they have been led to swerve by arguments and apprehensions, of the falsehood of which they must have been long ago sensible, as well as of the views of those who first promoted them. We also call on all those whose principles have never been shaken, to embrace the present opportunity of manifesting them without dread or apprehensions, as we hereby assure them of every protection in the power of the forces under our respective commands to bestow. And, to

quiet the apprehensions of any persons who might be deterred from embracing this opportunity by the dread of being punished for any former acts of rebellion which they may have been led to commit, we hereby declare that we will extend our protection, and give every encouragement, to all persons of whatever denomination who shall, within eight days from the date hereof, take the oaths of allegiance and fidelity to his Majesty, before such persons as we shall appoint, either at the headquarters of his Majesty's troops at Majabigwaduce Neck, or at Fort Pownal\*; which oaths of allegiance and fidelity we require all persons whatever to come and take within the required time, and not, by neglecting to give such testimony of their loyalty, give room to look upon them as desirous of continuing in an obstinate and unavailing rebellion, and subject themselves to the treatment such conduct will deserve.

To all persons who by returning to their allegiance shall merit it, we not only promise protection and encouragement, with the relief that shall be in our power to alleviate their present distresses, but we also declare that we will employ the forces under our command to punish all persons whatever who shall attempt in any manner to molest them, either in person or property, on account of their loyalty or conduct toward us; and if forced by their behaviour to punish any men or set of men, on the above-mentioned account, we declare that we will do it in such an exemplary manner as we hope will deter others from obliging us to have recourse to such severe means in future.

And whereas the inhabitants to whom this proclamation is addressed, as well as those in general settled in that part of the country called the Province of Maine, have settled themselves on lands, and cultivated them, without any grant or title by which their possession can be secured to them or their posterity; we therefore declare that we have full power to promise, and

\* See p. 45.



we do hereby promise, that no person whatever who shall take the oaths of allegiance as above required, and give such other testimony of their attachment to the constitution as we, or other officers commanding his Majesty's forces may require, shall be disturbed in their possessions; but that whenever civil government takes place, they shall receive gratuitous grants from his Majesty (who alone has the power of giving them) of all lands they may have actually cultivated and improved.

And whereas the leaders of the present rebellion, in pursuit of the views which first instigated them to foment it, and probably to blind the people with regard to the cause of the severe distress under which they now labour, have industriously propagated a notion that the officers of his Majesty's sea and land forces willingly add to their sufferings: We, therefore, to remove such prejudices and as far as in us lies to alleviate the misery of the inhabitants of the villages and islands along the coast of New England, hereby declare that such of them as behave themselves in a peaceable, orderly manner, shall have full liberty to fish in their ordinary coast fishing craft without any molestation on our part; on the contrary, they shall be protected in it by all vessels and parties under our command.

Given on board his Majesty's ship *Blonde*, in Majabigwaduce river, the 15th of June, 1779.

FRANCIS McLEAN,  
ANDREW BARKLEY.

### PROCLAMATION

By SOLOMON LOVELL, Esq., Brigadier-General and Commander in Chief of the Forces of the State of Massachusetts Bay, and employed on an Expedition against the Army of the King of Great Britain at Penobscot.

WHEREAS it hath been represented to Government that an armament of some sea and land forces belonging to the King of

Great Britain, under the encouragement of divers of inhabitants of these parts, inimicably disposed to the United States of America, have made a descent on Penobscot, and the parts adjacent; and after propagating various false reports of a general insurrection of the Eastern and Northern Indians in their favour, a Proclamation has been issued on the 15th of June last, signed Francis McLean and Andrew Barclay, said to be in behalf and by authority of said King, promising grants of lands which he never owned, and of which he has now forfeited the jurisdiction by an avowed breach of that compact between him and his subjects, whereon said jurisdiction was founded, and terrifying by threatenings which his power in this land is unable to execute, unless his servants have recourse to their wonted methods of midnight slaughter and savage devastation, all designs to induce the free inhabitants of these parts of the State to submit to their power, and to take an oath of allegiance to their King, whereby they must greatly profane the name of God and solemnly entangle themselves in an obligation to give up their cattle, provisions and labour to the will of every officer pretending the authority of said King, and finally to take arms against their brethren whenever called upon; and it appears some persons have been induced out of fear and by the force of compulsion, to take said oath, who may so far be imposed on as to think themselves bound to act in conformity thereto:

I have thought proper to issue this Proclamation, hereby declaring that the allegiance due to the *ancient constitution* obliges to resist to the last extremity the present system of tyranny in the British Government, which has now overset it; that by this mode of government the people have been reduced to a state of nature, and it is utterly unlawful to require any obedience to their forfeited authority; and all acts recognizing such authority are sinful in their nature; no oaths promising it

can be lawful; since if any act be sin in itself, no oath can make it a duty; the very taking of such an oath is a crime, of which every act adhering to it is a repetition with dreadful aggravations.

In all cases where oaths are imposed, and persons compelled to submit to them by threats of immediate destruction which they cannot otherwise avoid, it is manifest that, however obligatory they may be to the conscience of the *compeller*, whose interest and meaning is thereby so solemnly witnessed, it *can have no force on the compelled*, whose interest was known, by the compulsion itself, to be the very reverse of the words in which it is expressed.

At the same time, I do assure the inhabitants of Penobscot and the country adjacent, that if they are found to be so lost to all the virtues of good citizens as to comply with advice of said pretended Proclamation (p. 88) by becoming the first to desert the cause of freedom of virtue and of God, which the whole force of Britain and all its auxiliaries now find themselves unable to overthrow, they must expect also to be the first to experience the just resentment of this injured and betrayed Country, in the condign punishment which their treason deserves. From this punishment their invaders will be very unlike to protect them, as it is now known they are not able to protect themselves in any part of America. And as the protection on which those proclaiming Gentlemen say they have *power* only to *promise*, can be afforded by nothing but the forces which they command, and of these forces by the blessing of God, I doubt not in a very short time to be put in possession; so there is more reason to expect it from the Indian members of the community and treated accordingly, anything nations around, as good part of them are now in my encampment, and several hundreds more on their way speedily to

join me; and I have the best evidences from all the rest, that they steadfastly refused to accept of any presents, sign the papers, or do any the barbarous acts assigned them by our Enemies; and on the contrary hold themselves in readiness, on the shortest notice, to turn out for the defence of any place which these men may attack.

Therefore, as the authority committed to me necessitates my executing my best endeavours to rid this much-abused country, not only of its foreign but also from its domestic enemies, I do, therefore, declare that when, by the blessing of Heaven on the American arms, we shall have brought the forces that have invaded us to the state they deserve, it shall be my care that the laws of this state be duly executed upon such inhabitants thereof as have traitoriously abetted or encouraged them in their lawless attempts.

And, that proper discrimination may be made between them and the faithful and liege subjects of the United States, I further declare that all persons within the Eastern country, that have taken the oath prescribed by the Enemy, and shall not within forty-eight hours after receiving notice of this proclamation repair to my camp at Majabigwaduce, with such arms and accoutrements as they now possess, shall be considered as traitors who have voluntarily combined with the Common Enemy in the common ruin; but all such as shall appear at headquarters within said term, and give proper testimony of their determination to continue cordially in allegiance to the United States of America, shall be recognized as good and faithful members of the community and treated accordingly, anything obnoxious in their taking the oath notwithstanding.

Given at the Head-Quarters on the Heights  
of Majabigwaduce, this 29th day of July, Anno

Domini, 1779, and in the Fourth Year of the  
Independence of America.

(Signed) S. LOVELL,  
Brig. Gen.

By Command of the General,  
JOHN MARSTON, Secretary.

Copy of General LOVELL's Letter to Commodore SALTONSTALL; taken with other  
Papers on board the Transport.

*Head Quarters, Majabigwaduce Heights, Aug. 11, 1779.*

SIR,

I N this alarming posture of affairs, I am once more obliged to request the most speedy service in your department; and that a moment be no longer delayed to put in execution what I have been given to understand was the determination of your last council. The destruction of the Enemy's ships must be effected at any rate, although it might cost us half our own; but I cannot possibly conceive that danger, or that the attempt will miscarry. I mean not to determine on your mode of attack; but it appears to me so very practicable that any further delay must be infamous; and I have it this moment by a deserter from one of their ships, that the moment you enter the harbour they will destroy them; which will effectually answer our purpose.

The idea of more batteries against them was sufficiently reprobated; and, would the situation of ground admit of such proceeding, it would *now* take up *dangerous time*; and we have already experienced their obstinacy in that respect.

You cannot but be sensible of my ardent desire to co-operate with you; and of this the guard at Westcot's is a sufficient proof, and which I think a hazardous distance from my encampment. My situation is confined; and while the Enemy's ships are safe, the operations of the Army cannot possibly be extended an inch beyond

the present limits; the alternative now remains, to destroy the ships, or raise the siege.

The information of the British ships at the Hook\* (probably sailed before this) is not to be despised; not a moment is to be lost; we must determine instantly, or it may be productive of disgrace, loss of ships and men; as to the troops, their retreat is secure, though I would die to save the necessity of it.

I feel for the honour of America, in an expedition which a nobler exertion had long before this crowned with success; and I have now only to repeat the absolute necessity of undertaking the destruction of the ships, or quitting the place; and with these opinions I shall impatiently wait your answer.

I am,

Sir,

Yours, etc.,

S. LOVELL, Brig. Gen.

*To Commodore Saltonstall.*

## POSTSCRIPT

**I**NASMUCH as the Country of Penobscot has till lately been but little known or considered by Britons, the Editor has thought proper to give the public the following short Account of it; having of late years travelled eight times through the same, and made himself acquainted with the most respectable persons in each town, and with the minutest circumstances which respect that District.

Penobscot, sometimes called the Territory of Sagadahock, lies in the eastern part of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, having

\* Sandy Hook, New York Harbor. [Ed.]

—The "Postscript" was written by Dr. Calef.

the Province of Nova Scotia (viz. Passamaquodie) for its Eastern, the Province of Main (viz. Kennebeck River) its Western, Canada its Northern, and the Ocean its Southern boundary; and is nearly as large as the Kingdom of Ireland. The French were formerly in possession of part of this Country, viz. from Penobscot River eastward: they had a Fort on the Peninsula of Majabigwaduce, commanded by Monsieur Castine, and a great number of French inhabitants settled up Penobscot, and on other rivers, and along the seacoast to Nova Scotia. On the reduction of Louisburg, in the year 1745 Monsieur Castine demolished the Fort; and all the inhabitants of this district broke up, and removed to Canada.

At the end of the last war, viz. in 1763, the General Assembly of Massachusetts Bay granted thirteen Townships, each of six miles square, lying on the east side of Penobscot River, to thirteen companies of Proprietors, who proceeded to lay out the said Townships, and returned plans thereof to the General Assembly, which were approved and accepted. In consequence of this measure about sixty families settled on each Township, and made great improvements of the land. Those settlers employed the then agent for the said province at the Court of Great Britain, to solicit the Royal approbation of those grants; and in the year 1773, as also in the last year (1780) they sent an agent expressly on their own account, for the same purpose, and further to pray that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to sever that District from the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and erect it into a Government under the authority of the Crown; which solicitation has hitherto, however, been without effect.

The inhabitants of this country are in general loyal, except those of the Township of Machias,\* who have at that place a small fort under the direction of Congress, and about 135 Indian war-

\* This township was granted by the General Assembly ten years after the first thirteen Townships were granted.

rriors of the Machias tribe, in their interest; all the other tribes of Northern Indians are in the King's peace.

The soil of this Country is good and well adapted to the culture of every sort of English grain, as well as hemp, flax, etc., but is more especially proper for grassing (in which it excels every other part of America) and for breeding cattle, sheep, swine and horses. Its woods abound with moose † and other kinds of deer, beaver and several kinds of game good for food.

A few miles from the sea-coast are large tracts of land, covered with pine trees, suitable for masts of the largest size.‡ Timber for ship-building, staves, boards, and all other sorts of lumber. On the rivers and streams there were more than 200 saw mills when the rebellion broke out, and many more might be erected. The rivers abound with salmon and various other kinds of fish; several of which rivers are navigable 50 or 60 miles for ships of 300 tons, and much further for small craft. There are, on the sea-coast from Falmouth to Passamaquodie, which is about 70 leagues, more than twenty harbours; many of them are very large, with deep water and good bottom, and are not incommoded with ice in the winter season, viz.: Falmouth, Sheepscut, Townsend, George Islands, Penobscot, Algemogin, Bass, Cranberry Island, Frenchman's Bay, Gooldsborough, Machias, Narraguagus,¶ and East Passamaquodie. In each of these harbours ships of the largest size may ride in safety in the most violent winds. In the harbour of

† When full grown the carcass weighs from 600 to 800 lbs.

‡ For this article Britain has hitherto been obliged to the Northern Powers, Russia in particular.

¶ Falmouth consisted of what is now Portland, Westbrook and Falmouth, and the harbor is Portland harbor.

Townsend was what is now Boothbay.

Cranberry Islands lie on the outside of Mount Desert Island.

Narraguagus Bay is at Millbridge.



Majabigwaduce is a large sandy beach; the tide flows from 15 to 18 feet, and a dock-yard may be erected there at a small expence, for the collection of masts, lumber, etc., and to heave down the largest men of war. Near the entrance of the harbour is good fishing ground, where cod, shell and several other kinds of fish are taken in plenty.

In October, 1772, there were in this District, 42 towns and 2638 families,§ who have since greatly increased, at least in the proportion of one-fourth, which is 659 families, making in the whole 3297 families. Reckoning these, five souls to each family (which is a moderate computation) there are now 16,485 souls. To this New Country the Loyalists resort with their families (last summer, particularly, a great number of families were preparing to remove thither) from the New England Provinces, and find an asylum from the tyranny of Congress and their tax-gatherers, as well as daily employment in fishing, lumbering, clearing and preparing land for their subsistence; and there they continue, in full hope and pleasing expectation, that they may soon re-enjoy the liberties and privileges which would be best secured to them by laws, and under a form of government, modelled after the British Constitution; and that they may be covered in their possessions, agreeably to the petition to the Throne, in 1778; which was renewed last year.

Should this District be severed from the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and erected into a Province under the authority of the Crown, and the inhabitants *quieted* in their *possessions*, it would be settled with amazing rapidity; the Royal Navy, West India Islands, and other parts of His Majesty's Dominion, well and plentifully served for centuries to come from this District, with every article above mentioned without being obliged to other Powers for the same; and the profits of the whole would fall into the lap of Great Britain in return for her manufactures. Roads

§ As appears by a list then taken by a respectable person.

would moreover be opened for communication with other His Majesty's Provinces, which might be travelled in a short time by the following routes:

*Distance from Quebec.*

	MILES
To Passadonkeeg, Indian Old Town, on Penobscot River .....	65
Sawedabacook .....	35
Fort Halifax on Kennebeck River .....	19
* Pownalborough .....	33
Falmouth .....	54
Portsmouth .....	53
Boston .....	65
	<hr/>
	324

*Distance from Annapolis, Nova Scotia.*

	MILES
To St. John's, 16 leagues .....	48
Penobscot River .....	55
Fort Halifax .....	19
Boston .....	205
	<hr/>
	327

N. B. From Boston to Fort Halifax is a good Cart Road.

(P. 85) Fort Pownall was built by Governor Thomas Pownall and was completed in July, 1759. It was on Fort Point in what is now Stockton, Maine, at the head of Penobscot Bay, fourteen miles from Belfast. It was dismantled in 1776 by Captain Henry Mowat, and in 1779 the British burned the buildings and leveled the earthworks to make it useless.

\* Pownalborough consisted of what is now Dresden, Alna, Perkins and Wiscasset, Maine, and was the shire town of Lincoln County.

## CAPTAIN HENRY MOWAT'S ACCOUNT

(In the catalogue of a London bookseller, in 1843, appeared for sale a manuscript relating to the services of Capt. Henry Mowat in America. It was disposed of, to whom was unknown. The title was "A relation of the services in which Captain Henry Mowat was engaged in America, from 1759 to the end of the American War in 1788." Search was instituted by Maine historians for the manuscript. Judge Joseph Williamson, of Belfast, Maine, advertised abroad, in 1887, "I will pay five pounds for evidence of the existence of the manuscript." On November 20, 1890, it was received by Hon. James P. Baxter, of Portland, from Edinburgh, and was published in part, with its history, in the *Collections* of the Maine Historical Society, Series II, Vol. 2, page 845. The original manuscript of fifty-nine pages is now in the possession of that society. The following is the part relating to the occupancy of the Penobscot by the British during the Revolution; beginning with the middle of page 7 and ending near the bottom of page 21. Punctuation, spelling and capitalization are as in the original.)

**T**HE *Albany* at last was called to New York in the beginning of 1779—orders had not long before arrived from Britain for taking post in Penobscot Bay, and Capt. Mowat's experience of the New England Coast being well known to Sir Henry Clinton on former occasions, he was proposed by his Excellency approved by Admiral Gambier as the fittest to command the naval part of the Force. The Admiral desiring to know the force necessary for the Service, was answered it should be Superior to any the Enemy at Boston could readily collect on such Emergency. It was accordingly settled it should be so, and that Captain Mowat should have a ship equal to the Importance of the object.

In the meantime the Store of Powder in the Garrison at Halifax being totally exhausted, Captain Mowat received on board the *Albany* and proceeded with an ample Supply, the orders and

Every equipment for the Expedition, being intended to follow: but he had no sooner landed the Powder, than he was ordered by Sir George Collier to the Bay of Fundy, and Sir George repaired soon after to New York where he was left the Senior Officer on the American Station.

On this change taking place, Captain Mowat, from reasons otherwise foreign to this Narrative, Considered it Necessary to urge what he had formerly represented to Admiral Gambier, and he wrote to New York from the Bay of Fundy, that if the *Albany* were to be the leading Ship, it would by no means be safe to trust the Expedition with one of her class, unless a Sufficient force should cruize between it & the enemy, until the post should be established.

This representation appears to have had no effect, for the orders for the *Albany* alone soon after arrived at Halifax, and were delivered by Capt. Gaylor of the *Romulus* to General McLean until the *Albany* should arrive.

Thus, if the *Albany* had happened to lead the Expedition according to the order, the whole must have been intercepted as we shall shortly see, & carried to Boston for a mere Novice might have conceived at once She was not fit to conduct it safely. The Consequences, which must be estimated according to the view & State of affairs at that time in America, Would have been tremendous. It would have been equivalent to a Second Burgoyne before there were time for repairing, or forgetting, the first: an immense Encouragement for the Americans, who were tiring of the length of the war, to exert their remaining resources, for the Opposition to exercise their clamor, and a proportional depression of the Spirits of the Loyalists. To the Southward we had but a slender footing in Georgia against such a disaster, the reinforcements not arrived as yet And the Army there inactive for Security. To the Northward Canada was not so strong as it had been rendered in the Succeeding Year, And Nova Scotia at least, lying con-

tiguous to the territory of Penobscot, would have been overwhelmed, for by this detachment the Garrison of Halifax had been by the one-half reduced. This disposition of the Service must appear the more strange as we know Sir George Collier was by no means ignorant of the rebel force in the New England Ports.

But the dire Event was prevented by a mere accident & that the most fortunate in the World; for the Dispatch, forwarded by General McLean, did not reach the Bay of Fundy where Capt. Mowat was stationed, nor did he in Consequence get round to Halifax, until the latest moment having elapsed the General put the order into the hands of Captain Barclay\* of the *Blonde* Frigate, then Senior officer of the Navy there, who immediately put the *North* & *Nautilus* sloops of war under orders to proceed with himself And they were on the point of sailing when the *Albany* arrived. However this did not alter Captain Barclay's judicious determination. They proceeded, had a long passage As might be expected at the Season, and at last arrived at Penobscot: The Rebel frigates, *Boston* & *Providence*, who were cruising on the Coast of Nova Scotia westward of Halifax, finding the Convoy Superior to what they expected, did not think proper to attack it.

In a few days after the troops were landed, the *Blonde* departed, leaving Captain Mowat under a copy of Sir George Collier's original orders, with directions for the *North* and *Nautilus* & all the transports to return to Halifax. Now soon the stores were landed for Captain Barclay had brought the Sloops of War there without Sir George Collier's orders, Captain Mowat finding the wretched *Albany* was to be left thus alone, to lie in an open har-

\*Andrew Barklay, the captain of the frigate *Blonde*, called by one who saw her, "a beautiful ship," was a Loyalist from Boston. He was a protestor against the Whigs in 1774. After peace was declared, accompanied by his family of ten persons and by four servants, he left New York for Shelburne, Nova Scotia, where the Crown granted him fifty acres of land, one town and one water lot. He was living there in 1805.

bour distant from every Aid, and in the Jaws of the most powerful of the rebellious Colonies, to co-operate with about 700 troops in a fort not yet begun to be erected, was convinced it would be for the good of His Majesty's Service to use the utmost Latitude, the order would admit of, to postpone the departure of the Ships, from the following view of the Situation of the Armament.

The Bay of the Penobscot is spacious and capable of containing all the Navy in the World. In a corner of it about fourteen leagues distant from the open Sea, near the Embouchure (*sic*) of Penobscot River is the Harbour of Magebigwaduce. This Harbour is formed on the one Side by the Mainland, and along the entire other side of it Stretches the Peninsula of Magebigwaduce. Cross<sup>1</sup>—now Nautilus Island—is at the entrance of the Harbor. The Peninsula of Magebigwaduce is a high Ridge of land at that time much encumbered with wood. To its summit, where the fort was ordered to be erected there is an ascent of more than a quarter of a mile from the nearest shore of the harbour.

The Provisions, Artillery and Engineer Stores and the equipage of the troops, being landed on the Beach, must be carried to the Ground of the fort chiefly by the labor of the men against the ascent, there being only a Couple of small teams to Assist in it. The ground & all the Avenues to it, was to be examined, cleared from wood, and at the same time guarded. Materials were to be collected & prepared, And the defences, as well as every convenience of the fort, were to be reared. Let any one conversant in Matters of this Nature, reflect what a work it was for 700 men, And he will also readily allow, that in the Course of it they could not possibly, whether from fatigue, or in point of Necessary Preparation be in Condition of repelling any powerful attack. That, as appears also

<sup>1</sup> Nautilus or Cross Island, sometimes called Banks' Island, for its owner, is southeast of Castine in Penobscot Bay and was named for the sloop of war *Nautilus*.

from the rebel General Lovel's letter, everything depended on our Men of War being able to prevent the Enemy from entering the Harbour, which was not liable to be commanded or protected by the Guns of the Fort. That the Harbour once forced, a Superior Number of the Enemy might land on the most convenient parts of the Peninsula, cut off the communication of our Troops with that considerable part of the Necessary Stores, which to the last while the fort was erecting, must unavoidably be left on the Beach, force them to retire within the unfinished Breastwork, where Surrounded without cover, Comfort or defence, they could have no alternative but to yield Prisoners of War in a few days, or to risk an action against thrice their number on ground from its Nature more favorable to the Enemy's mode of fighting than for theirs. It is altogether Superfluous to comment any farther on the orders by which a harbour, of this Importance must be left to the sole protection of the *Albany* Sloop, carrying ten Six and Six four pounders.

The *Blonde* Frigate had not been many days departed, when Captain Mowat having taken Measures for procuring the best information from Boston, concluded that the Post would soon be attacked, and he proposed to General McLean to give his concurrence for detaining the *North & Nautilus*, as well as the Transports, judging the General's Consent to be eligible, because otherwise he would be liable to Account for acting contrary to the orders left with him.

The General equally confident in the Intelligence, gave his Concurrence, and accordingly in the fifth week from the Arrival of the Royal Armament at Penobscot, the Rebel fleet appeared in the Bay, consisting of eighteen vessels of war as per the margin,\*\* besides Transports having on board all necessary Stores and between two and three thousand Land forces.

At that time a great portion of the stores had not as yet been

\*\* No list attached.

carried up to the fort. Its Scite was lower by several feet, than a piece of ground at the distance of six hundred yards. The Parapet, fronting this higher ground was scarcely four feet high. All the other parts of the Parapet, paralell to the Harbour of Magebagwaduce and in the rear, were not three feet high. The two Bastions to the harbour were quite open. The troops were encamped on the area, which might be about the Space of an Acre, there had been a Shade erected for the Provisions. The Powder was lodged in covered holes dug in the proposed *Glacis*: There was but a Single Gun Mounted, & that a Six Pounder.

The Naval force in Magebagwaduce Harbour were the *Albany*, *North* & *Nautilus*, Sloops of War, Commanded by Captains Mowat, Selby and Farnham, and four Transports.

In this force and State of Preparation, one may easier conceive than describe the anxiety & hopes of all concerned on the appearance of so formidable an Armament.

The enemy came up, and paraded before the entrance of the harbour, in perfect confidence of entering it without difficulty, which would have been the case had the *Albany* been alone, and then everything would have been over at once; but there was such an excellent Disposition made of the Sloops of War & Transports in the entrance of the Harbour, as baffled every attempt of the Enemy to force it for three days—then they prepared to land their troops on a Bluff of the Peninsula without the harbour, where the General could place pickets communicating with the Main body in the fort, to watch & to oppose, the debarkation.

These three or four days of Embarrassment on the part of the rebels gave our troops time to do something more to the Fort, to carry up the most necessary Stores, to mount several guns, and in short to devote every Endeavor to the present Exigency. The Enemy, having failed in their attempts on the harbour, effected at last



a landing on the bluff, and by superior numbers forced the Pickets into the Fort, took possession of the high ground, above mentioned, within six hundred yards thereof & immediately erected their Batteries and Lines.

In this Position both Parties continued firing at one another during the whole Siege. Our Troops, tho' extremely harassed, were daily getting into a better Situation, with the Assistance of the Seamen, and the Requisites which the Men of War furnished, as well as their own Stores. Secure on the Flanks & in the rear while our Ships maintained the Harbour, they had only to exert their chief attention & Efforts on the side fronting the Enemies Lines, which effectually deterred the latter from advancing in that direction.

They had erected Batteries on Nautilus Island, & in the rear of the harbour, all within point blanc shot of any position, in which the ships could be placed, but the proper choice of different stations on every emergency eluded their utmost efforts to enter it.

Thus both sides were employed, ashore & afloat, for 21 Days, in a variety of Manouveres, which are in part described in a Journal kept by an officer on shore & published by J. C. Esq.

In the Mean time Intelligence having reached New York, that Penobscot was attacked, Sir George Collier Sailed to its relief, with the *Raisnable* Ship of the Line, *Blonde*, *Virginia*, *Carmilla*, *Galatea*, &c. They were perceived off Penobscot Bay by the rebel look-out vessel in the Evening. In the course of the night they embarked their Troops, &c., and in the Morning early their fleet was seen under Sail; but the wind failing them to get round the upper end of Long Island, they had no alternative but to run up Penobscot River. These Manouvres were a proof that the Strange Ships sailing up the Bay were a relief and the three Sloops of

War being employed from daylight in embarking the part of their Guns that were ashore on the Batteries, &c., &c., were able to join in the center of the King's Ships: during the pursuit one of the rebel vessels struck, after a few shots, to the *Blonde & Virginia*: Another ran ashore at the same time some distance below the mouth of the River, and was some time after taken possession of by the *Raisable*, which brought up the rear: All the rest, with the advantage of good pilots & of a whole flood tide which happened in the night, got such a distance up the River, as afforded time for destroying them, And the crews made the best of their way to New England, thro' the woods, in the utmost distress.

Thus ended the attack on Penobscot.—It was positively the severest blow received by the American Naval force during the War. The trade to Canada, which was intended, after the expected reduction of the Post of Penobscot, to be intercepted by this very armament, went safe that Season: The New England Provinces did not for the remaining period of the contest recover the loss of Ships, and the Expence of fitting out the Expedition: Every thought of attempting Canada, & Nova Scotia, was thenceforth laid aside, and the trade & Transports from the Banks of Newfoundland along the Coast of Nova Scotia, &c: enjoyed unusual Security.

After all was over, it was natural to be expected, that Sir George Collier would have been Supremely happy to have represented this important Service in its proper colors, and that Capt. Mowat would, according to the Custom of the Service, have been sent home with the Account: But in answer to the Claim, Sir George expressed the utmost regret, that he could not spare a Ship from the Station: assured that if he intended to send an officer to England Capt. Mowat would certainly be the person; that he only meant to transmit the Despatches by New York, in which he pledged his word, as he held it to be no more than his duty, that the

Services of the Sloops of War would be represented in the most honorable Manner to the Admiralty—

On the next day & before there was time to attend to writing the Official Account of the Siege, he put the *Albany* under orders to proceed up Penobscot River to the Rebel Wrecks, observing it would be some time before he would leave the Bay—This done he departed abruptly for New York, and had no sooner gone out to Sea, than the *Greyhound's* Signal was made to part Company, And she proceeded directly to England with his Account.

Her destination had been Kept a Secret from everyone, General McLean excepted, who in his publick Letter Acknowledges having been privately informed. This is the Manner, in which Captain Mowat was prevented Sending an Official Account of the Siege, And, Notwithstanding Sir George Collier having solemnly pledged himself as above, we See his account to the Admiralty confined to the Merit which we will readily allow him of sailing from New York to the relief with a Squadron Which the United Naval force of All America was incompetent to resist even in a Crescent & to a description of the Disposition & destruction of the Rebel Ships, which however could not be discerned by any one from on board the *Raisable*: The Service of the three Sloops of War during the Siege were totally omitted & their Captains not even named.

When Admiral Arbuthnot's arrival had put an end to Sir George Collier's Command, Captain Mowat hoped some Justice would have been done him for the Service performed at Penobscot, at least so far as the laying a fair representation of it before the Admiralty, but there was not the least notice taken of him, and he was left at Magebigwaduce under a continuation of the distress of seeing also, that every Promotion, made by this Admiral, was without a single exception, of officers Junior to him: Among these an Officer, who had received his first Commission into the *Albany*

when Captain Mowat was appointed to her, was made Post Captain: It is not from any individious (*sic*) Motive this Instance is given on Captain's Mowat's part: None can be more happy in the good fortune of an Officer, with whose great Merit he has had opportunities of being well Acquainted: but it is a Contrast to the glaring Injustice himself has Met with.

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Henry Mowat was born in Scotland in 1734. He was the son of Capt. Patrick Mowat of H. M. S. *Dolphin*. After an experience of six years he was commissioned as lieutenant of the *Baltimore* in 1756. The certificate of his "passing" in the Admiralty records sets forth "He produceth records kept by himself in the *Chesterfield* and *Ramlis* (*Ramillies*) (as midshipman) and certificates from Captains Ogle and Hobbs of the *Diligence*, etc.; he can splice, knot, reef a sail, etc., and is qualified to do the duty of an able seaman and midshipman." In 1762, he was promoted to be a commander and served as such on the *Canceaux* twelve years. It was during this time that he destroyed Falmouth Neck, now Portland. This event occurred October 18, 1775, and for it he was denounced by our forefathers and Washington wrote of his conduct, "I know not how sufficiently to detest it." Mowat was then forty-one years old. He had been captured at Falmouth Neck, the May before, and was released on his promise to return the next morning, which promise he did not keep. His next vessel, the sloop *Albany*, was the flag-ship of the squadron at Penobscot. He served his King forty-four years, about thirty of which were on our coast. On board his ship, the *Assistance*, about five miles from Cape Henry, Va., April 14, 1798, he was stricken with apoplexy, died aged sixty-four years, and was buried in St. John's church yard, at Hampton, Va. He left a son, John Alexander, who entered the navy in 1804.

NATHAN GOOLD.



**A NARRATIVE  
OF A  
LIGHT COMPANY SOLDIER'S  
SERVICE IN THE FORTY-FIRST  
REGIMENT OF FOOT**

**(1807-1814)**

**BY  
SHADRACH BYFIELD**

**BRADFORD (ENGLAND)  
JOHN BUBB  
1840**

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**345**

As near a *facsimile* of the original as possible.

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**A LIGHT COMPANY SOLDIER'S SERVICE,**  
**IN**  
**THE 41<sup>ST</sup> REGIMENT OF FOOT,**  
**DURING THE LATE**  
**AMERICAN WAR;**  
**TOGETHER**  
**WITH SOME ADVENTURES**  
**AMONGST**  
**THE INDIAN<sup>L</sup> TRIBES,**  
**FROM 1812 TO 1814.**

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**AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR.**

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

**S**O far as investigation has shown, there is but a single copy known of the *Narrative* of Shadrach Byfield; and even this has only come to light within three years. It is from this original, now owned by Mr. Wilberforce Eames, and by his permission that our present edition is made.

The style is so good as to make it tolerably certain that the soldier (who acknowledges himself to have neglected educational opportunities) enjoyed the advantage of a more skilled amanuensis; but it is occasionally relieved by a phrase of pure Doric, stamping it with the hall-mark of genuine rustic English.

As a contribution to the scanty literature of the War of 1812 it possesses much positive value, particularly in its details regarding the Indian allies of the British. While one or two references to the same facts are to be found in letters of British officers, nothing from a private soldier has heretofore been known to exist; and his revelation of the savages' atrocities is of genuine historical interest.

His vivid account of the various actions in which he shared leaves little to be desired; and though but one of those whom Napier describes in his *Peninsular War* as "conquering under the cool shade of aristocracy, no honors awaiting his daring, his life of danger and hardship uncheered by hope"—it is evident both from his story and his being one of the light-infantry (the best men of each regiment) that he was considerably above the average private in intelligence.

That one of our own writers who has seen fit to sneer at 1812 as "an opera-bouffé war" might well read the simple statement



of Byfield's company, reduced from 110 men to 15 by death, wounds and capture.

Such losses do not point to Scott, Pike, Ripley and their men as carrying on anything but war in deadly earnest.

EDITOR.

## A NARRATIVE

&c., &c.,

I WAS born at Woolley, near Bradford, in the county of Wilts, on the 16th day of September, 1789, the same day on which his Majesty King George the Third came from Long-leat to Trowbridge. I entered the Militia service in the year 1807. My mother on hearing I was enlisted (and having two sons before in the army) was so affected that on the evening of the same day she fell in a fit and never spoke after, and I was obliged to march off the next morning; she expired on the third day after. Our route was for Newcastle upon Tyne, where I joined the Wiltshire regiment of Militia.

After I had learned my discipline the regiment marched to Norman Cross, to do duty over French prisoners. Those of us who were not perfect in our duty were detached to Petersburg for improvement; myself with others were soon returned to prison, being considered fit for duty. Our next route was for Ipswich (Suffolk); I then got a furlough to go home to see my friends. After returning to my regiment an order was given for volunteering to the line; a considerable number volunteered to the 41st foot, and having a brother in that corps I was one of the number: the volunteers soon marched for Portsmouth, and from thence to the Isle of Wight, in May, 1809, embarked on board the *Robert* transport, and sailed for Quebec; we had a good passage, and arrived in about nine or ten weeks. While at anchor off Quebec we received orders to take boats and go up the river St. Lawrence; a few miles up the river an aide-de-camp from the beach communicated counter-orders, and we returned to Quebec and occupied (the) Jesuits' barracks. After having been there some time, a sergeant came into the barrack-room and asked if there was a lad

who wished to be groom to the Quartermaster-General; I replied that I would go. Having dressed myself the sergeant took me to the Quartermaster-General, who asked me if I understood looking after horses; I said I did not, but that I was willing to learn. He replied, "You are the lad, I do not want one that knows too much"; he appeared to take an interest in me, as he used to come himself and instruct me in cleaning the horses, &c., and ordered me to Lower Town, to be measured for two suits of clothes. In the winter he went to Montreal and took me with him, and understanding that I had a brother in the 41st, asked me if I should like to see him, as the regiment was expected at Montreal; he gave me leave to wait his arrival, after which I was to return to Quebec without him, as he was going into the States for a short time. While in company with my brother Colonel Proctor<sup>1</sup> enquired who I was, I being dressed in coloured clothes;<sup>2</sup> he was told I was one of the volunteers come out to join the regiment; he ordered me into the barracks, where I received a suit of regimentals and was ordered into the ranks. I felt very much hurt at being taken away from my master without his knowledge. When he returned from the States to Montreal, and finding that I was not gone to Quebec, he sent to the barracks for me. I waited on him and he asked me why I had not returned to Quebec; I told him the reason and asked if he would wait on the colonel to get me leave to go with him. He said he should not humble (himself) to the colonel, but the clothes and the money he gave me I was to keep. I was then put into the same company my brother was in (Captain Crowder's †). I had not joined the company long when my captain asked me if I was a scholar, and when I told him I was not, he wished me to go to

<sup>1</sup>This was Henry Proctor, Lieut. Colonel of the 41st, whom we shall meet again. His record during the war of 1812 is part of history. He became a brigadier general but proved unworthy of the promotion.

<sup>2</sup> Civilian clothes is meant.

† William L. Crowther.

school, and said that he would make a non-commissioned officer of me; which offer I refused, being young and foolish. Some time after this I was picked out for the light infantry company (Captain Muir's \*). Soon after the flank companies received orders to go to Quebec, to form light and heavy brigades, where I had the pleasure of seeing my old master, who treated me very kindly; the brigade was broken up and we returned to Montreal. After lying there about a year and a half we received a route for Fort George.<sup>3</sup> While (t)here several incidents happened in which my life was wonderfully preserved. One day while standing on the quay, a sergeant who was ordered to York<sup>4</sup> on command, when going on board his sword fell from its scabbard into the water. I heard him lamenting about it very much, and being a good swimmer I undressed, went into the water and dived for it, found it and brought it up. The sergeant was very thankful and offered me anything I would accept; but this act produced a fit of illness (I being under water a considerable time) and it affected my head. Soon after my recovery, as we were on a fishing party, I was employed in holding one end of the net; and with the violence of the wind and the waves I was pulled into the water from the ice on which I was standing, and came into contact with the boat and was almost squeezed to death between the boat and the ice. I was pulled into the boat and carried to the barracks, very much bruised, but no bones were broken. Soon after this we heard that war was proclaimed between England and America.

One Sunday morning, being on sentry on the bank of the river St. Lawrence, I saw a boat drifting down the river, without any person in it; a party of men was warned to go and bring in the boat. While the men were out, the Americans fired on them, which

\* Adam Muir.

<sup>3</sup> Opposite Youngstown, N. Y., and about seven miles north of Queenstown, Canada.

<sup>4</sup> Now Toronto.

was the first shot I saw fired in anger. On their return General Brock<sup>5</sup> being informed of the transaction ordered them out immediately, to bring in the boat, and said if they fired again he would open the batteries upon them; they went out and brought her in without any further firing. The General immediately gave orders for a large bank to be thrown up, in front of the American fort, to preserve the town. Every man went to work immediately, the General staying with us all night. As the flank companies did the duty at the Government House, I was amongst them. Our general was very much beloved; he used to come out and talk familiarly with us. After fortifying the town, we understood the Americans had crossed the river from Detroit to Sandwich, to which place we were ordered to march.

We proceeded to Oxford and collected as many volunteers as we could, and from thence to Long Point, where General Brock met us with reinforcements. We then went on to Malden. The general there gave orders for every man that was fit for duty to march for Sandwich, and we left Malden under his command. The Americans had erected works at Sandwich, but hearing that we were advancing, they burnt and destroyed them, and returned over to Detroit. When we arrived at Sandwich the general gave orders to build batteries opposite the town and fort of Detroit. When the works were completed, which was on Sunday morning, August 16, 1812, orders were given for the batteries to be opened, and about five hundred of the troops, besides a few Indians and volunteers, were ordered to cross the river in boats, below Sandwich: our general was with us; we made our landing good and marched towards the town. When we entered the field in front of the American fort we were marched rank and file, and halted; the enemy at the same time marched out of the fort and formed in three columns; after a short time they returned into the fort again.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards Sir Isaac, major-general and lieutenant-colonel of the 49th Foot, killed at the battle of Queenstown, October 13, 1812.

Our general gave orders that all the spare jackets were to be given to the volunteers, and extended the lines as far as possible. After awhile an officer came from the fort with a flag of truce: General Brock came up to meet the flag of truce, with his attendants to the advance. I was on the advance with the general at the time, and from what we could hear the officer wanted three days' cessation; to which our general replied if they did not yield in three hours, he would blow up every one of them. The officer went back with this message, and returned very soon, with an authority to surrender the fort; the enemy shortly after marched out of the fort and laid down their arms, and we marched in. There was a party warned (of which I was one) to go through the fort, to see if any of the enemy were remaining in it, when I saw three American officers lying dead. One of the men told that one of the officers (had) said, before night he would wash his hands in British blood. We found two or three of the enemy remaining in the officers' apartments; they were about to destroy the colors of the 4th American regiment, but we took the colours from them. Entering another room, I saw several men and ordered them out. Whilst walking along I slipped and nearly fell; one of the men said, "My dear man, that is the brains of a man killed with one of our shots." After we had got possession, and the prisoners were sent off, our general, who was about to leave us, assembled the troops and thanked them for their gallantry, saying it would be a feather in our caps as long as we lived. Orders were then given to fire off the Americans' arms. After discharging many of them, we were obliged to leave off and draw the charges, as they were so heavily loaded, some with a musket ball and nine buckshots. But notwithstanding I thus shared in the dangers of the capture, I have received no share of the prize-money. Two different payments have been made for Detroit, amounting to several pounds each man, but I have received neither; owing to the neglect of the clerk or

some other cause my name was omitted from being inserted in the prize-list.

After this news was received that the Indians had surrounded an American fort. About two hundred of us, under the command of Captain Muir, were ordered to march towards the Mawme<sup>6</sup> Rapids. We encamped for several days; we then received orders to march to Fort Defiance.<sup>7</sup> Part of us marched through the woods, the others, with the ammunition and provisions went up the Mawme river in boats. We halted one night, the next morning crossed the river and marched on through the woods until we came to a large open space, where we camped. In the evening Lieutenant Barnett came to us and asked us for some provisions, as he had tasted none all the day. We being scarce, my comrade asked me what he was to do. I told him to give him some, as he was a gentleman and a soldier.

In the night we were alarmed by an Indian whoop; every man was instantly ordered to stand to his arms. In a short time six Indians and an interpreter entered the camp, who informed the captain that they had been out as spies, and in the evening, whilst passing through the woods, they saw a light and made towards it. On arriving near they discovered five Americans surrounding a fire; they drew near, and when the Americans saw them they ran to their arms. They (the Indians) ordered them to give them up immediately. One of the Americans, who was an officer, asked if they had any British soldiers in camp. They replied "No." He then said, "We will not go with you, but you shall come with us." The Indians immediately surrounded them and took them prisoners. While marching them, the officer was heard by the interpreter to say to the men, "Kill four of the Indians, and make your escape";

<sup>6</sup> Maumee.

<sup>7</sup> At the junction of the Maumee and Auglaize rivers, fifty miles from Fort Wayne, Indiana.

upon which the interpreter ordered the Indians to kill four of the Americans, which they did; the officer endeavouring to escape, the interpreter shot him whilst running.† To convince our captain that what they related was true, they pulled from their girdles the five scalps, the officer's ears, and a silver-mounted dagger. We were then ordered to lie upon our arms, and in the morning we returned to Fort Defiance, crossed the river and encamped.

The next morning we heard an Indian whoop. Soon after the Indians brought in an American prisoner. The captain asked the prisoner who he was and how he was taken. He said he was a quartermaster-sergeant<sup>8</sup> of an American regiment, and was out hunting for honey. The captain then asked him how many they had in camp, and how far they were off. He replied, about 9000, and that they intended to camp there to-night, but that it was doubtful, as they had to cut the road through the wood for the cannon. Captain Muir then said to Captain Elliott<sup>9</sup> (commanding the Indians), "We had better retreat as quickly as possible." Captain Elliott replied, he would rather an attempt might be made to cut off their advance. Our captain answered, "If we are exposed to one volley I shall lose all my men, therefore I think it advisable to retreat," to which Captain Elliott agreed. We then lightened the boats, by throwing the shot overboard, and retreated to Malden.

After this we were again sent to the Mawme Rapids, with two

† This was the Indians' story; the facts are that the party consisted of Ensign Leggett, 17th U. S. Infantry, and four privates of a Woodford (Ky.) volunteer company. The probability is that the unfortunate squad were surprised while asleep, and all murdered.

<sup>8</sup> The sergeant was — McCoy, of the regiment commanded by Gov. Charles Scott, of Kentucky. History records that his shrewd reply caused Muir's retreat. Contemporary accounts say the latter had a thousand Indians, besides his two hundred regulars.

<sup>9</sup> We shall hear of Elliott again, at the river Raisin.



gunboats and 11 or 12 pieces of ordnance, and landed about one mile and a half before we came to Fort Maggs \* on the opposite shore. We then moved to nearly opposite the American fort, and began to erect batteries. Our preparations were soon discovered by the enemy, and they endeavoured to annoy us, by opening their batteries upon us, but we persevered until we had completed the works, with little or no loss, and we then returned the fire. We had a proof that our guns were doing execution, for one of our officers, with his glass, saw a man employed upon a building in the fort;<sup>10</sup> he supposed he was covering their magazine with turf. This officer pointed out the man to one of our gunners, who took an elevation and discharged the gun; the officer saw the man fall from the building.

Sergeant Smith and six of the light company (I being one of the number) were ordered to dig a place, for to lay a mortar, in front of the American fort. Sergeant Smith ordered me to go to the other battery and let the artillery officer know that the work was ready for the platform; and as I came up from the work I looked towards the fort and saw a smoke ascend, and then fell to the ground, when a ball passed over me and struck into the earth. I then went and gave the orders that Sergeant Smith sent me with. A few days after this, the grenadiers and light infantry were ordered back to the camp, and from thence crossed the river with a six-pounder and an howitzer, landed, and in the evening marched to within three or four hundred yards of the fort, and occupied a ravine where the enemy's guns could not bear on us, and by the morning made platforms for the gun and howitzer and commenced a fire upon the fort. Here we remained some days, and at night

\* Fort Maggs is a strong fortification on the American side of the river. (*Byfield's Note.*)

<sup>10</sup> Fort Meigs was built by Lieutenant-colonel E. D. Wood, of the Engineers, who was killed at the sortie from Fort Erie, in 1814, and whose monument, erected by his comrade, General Jacob Brown, is at West Point, N. Y.

sentries were posted in the woods, about 30 or 40 yards from the fort.

While lying in the ravine one day, I went up to look round, when a ball came near my head and struck a tree. I then looked round and saw an artilleryman shaving his comrade; the ball rebounded from the tree and struck the man that was shaved, in his head. He died in the evening of the same day, and left a wife and three children to mourn his melancholy fate.

One night, as I was on sentry, I heard a person coming through the woods. He accosted me and gave me to understand that the Americans were coming down on the other side of the river. When I went off sentry I acquainted the captain with what the Indian had said, who treated it very lightly; but about ten o'clock the next morning we heard a great noise and firing from the other side of the river.<sup>11</sup> On looking towards our batteries we were surprised to see our colours down; 1800 of the enemy's troops had come down and got possession of the batteries, with all the ordnance, &c. We then received orders to recross the river, and I and one of my comrades had orders to take a box of ammunition and throw it into a creek, to prevent its coming into the hands of the enemy. By the time we had done this the enemy had marched out of the forts, when my comrade said to me, "We can stop here, we have no need to go back to the fight"; but I replied, "What, see your comrades fighting and not go back to help them? If you don't go back I will shoot you." I hastened back, but cannot tell how he acted. When I joined them they were rallying for the charge. We charged them close under the fort, but were obliged to retreat because of their great guns, and were ordered to make the best of our way to the boats, to cross the river. Several of the officers and men were taken prisoners. After crossing the river we had orders to march towards the batteries as quickly as possible. When ad-

<sup>11</sup> This was May 4, 1813.

vanced about half a mile we met a party of our men with a considerable number of the Americans (prisoners) and were informed that, on news being received at the camp that the enemy had taken possession of the batteries, the whole force were ordered under arms and marched for the batteries. Sergeant-Major Keynes with 12 men advanced in front, and when they came in sight of the enemy they commenced firing. The Sergeant-Major was soon wounded in one of his arms, and lost several of his men, but that did not stop them, they were bold and courageous. The main force was not far behind and very soon the fight became general and continued about twenty minutes, when the Americans surrendered, but some of them escaped to the woods.

We passed our men and the prisoners, and came to the batteries. The light infantry and a party of Indians received orders to go through the woods in search of those who had escaped. I witnessed several affecting scenes in this pursuit. I saw one of our men and one of the enemy lying dead near together. I saw another of the enemy that the Indians had met with and scalped, lying in a miserable plight and begging for water; while covering over his head with boughs, to screen it from the heat of the sun, a party of the Indians came up and found fault with us for shewing any lenity to the dying man; and one of them instantly despatched him with his tomahawk.<sup>12</sup> We took several prisoners in the woods and marched them to the camp. In this affair a considerable number on both sides were killed and wounded. The prisoners being secured and the detached men being come in, the Indians, who had lost many of their companions, began to manifest a disposition to be revenged on the prisoners, and actually fired amongst them and killed one of our men<sup>13</sup> who opposed them in their cruel intentions.

<sup>12</sup> This was very likely Colonel William Dudley, of Kentucky.

<sup>13</sup> An old and excellent soldier, Russell, of the 41st., was killed while endeavoring to wrest a victim from the grasp of his assailant.—Richardson: *War of 1812*.

Our officers interfered, and prevailed upon Captain Elliott<sup>14</sup> and some of their chiefs, to put a stop to their cruel proceedings. The prisoners were then put on board the boats for safety, and put out into the stream. The flank companies were ordered back to the batteries, where we encamped. The same evening we heard that the American general had agreed to surrender Fort Maggs; and the next morning we were ordered back to the camp, and from thence we crossed the river with a flag of truce, under the command of General Proctor. General Harris\* came from the fort with his attendants, and met our general on the beach, who told him he was come to receive the fort, according to his proposal. The American general said he should not surrender. General Proctor replied, "What, not fulfill your own agreement?—that would be a violation of the honours of war," or words to that effect. He said he should not give up, for he knew his (General Proctor's) strength was far less than his own; and further, that he knew his strength as well as he himself did. He was willing to exchange prisoners, and when that was effected, if they were not away in two hours he would open his batteries upon them. It was thought that the American general gained his information respecting our strength from four men who deserted from us the preceding night. We exchanged prisoners and recrossed the river. We then embarked the ordnance, &c., went on board the boats with the remaining prisoners, and sailed for Malden. The Enemy opened their guns upon us from the fort, but we were nearly clear of them, and sustained no loss. When we arrived at Malden we were employed when off duty, under the direction of engineers, in strengthening and throwing up works. While here, one day while on duty a sentinel was wanted on board a vessel, and I was sent. (I relate this circum-

<sup>14</sup> Lossing (*Field Book War of 1812*), says Elliott was an uncle of two American officers: Captain Elliott of the 19th Infantry, and Captain Jesse Elliott, of the Navy, then on duty with the Lake Erie fleet.

\* William Henry Harrison.

stance to shew something of the cruelty of the native Indians, when they have it in their power.) When I got on board the vessel, a person came from below, and was put in my charge; as we were walking the deck I entered into conversation with him, and as near as I can recollect, he related the following sad tale to me. I thought it deserved credit, for his feelings were much excited and the tears flowed freely and plentifully. He said he had a small fortified place, where he and others defended their property; if I remember right he said they were traders: "A party of Indians surrounded our place and told us that the British troops were near, and would undoubtedly destroy us and take away our property; but if we would admit them they would protect us and our property. Thinking that this re-enforcement would be the means of preserving myself, my family and my property, I consented and gave them possession; when they began the work of destruction. They first killed my associates and then cruelly murdered my children. Not satisfied with this they took my wife, who was in a forward state of pregnancy, and murdered her before my face; they then ripped her up and exposed the unborn infant, after which they took me off a prisoner." This was a very affecting relation; for hard and unfeeling as I then was, I could not help shedding tears on hearing it and seeing the distressed state of him who related it.

Some time after this we were informed that the Enemy were at the river Reasin.† Orders were given to cross the river St. Lawrence. We landed at a place called Brown's Town<sup>15</sup> and then proceeded for the river Reasin, with about 500 of our troops and a few Indians. We had to contend with about 1400 of the Enemy, under the command of General Winchester. When within about two miles of the Enemy we encamped for part of the night. Early in the morning we proceeded to meet them, and under cover of a

† Raisin.

<sup>15</sup> Michigan.

wood we approached near to them unperceived; we formed the line and had a view of them as they surrounded their fires. While we were forming the Indians marched so as to get round their right flank. We had six field-pieces, which led on in front of the line. We were then discovered by one of their sentries, who challenged and discharged his piece, which killed one of our grenadiers; we then gave three cheers and the Indians followed with a war-whoop; the fight then commenced very warmly. It was on the 22d day of January, 1813. Before daylight we had charged them several times, thinking that we were close upon their line, but our men were so cut up that after every attempt we were obliged to retreat to the covert of a rising piece of ground, with considerable loss. The men at the three guns<sup>16</sup>, in our front of the line, were all killed or wounded, with the exception of one man. One of our lieutenants (Clemon<sup>17</sup>) received three or four wounds by musket balls, and a field-officer, I think a lieutenant-colonel, fell, having received several shots, but (as he) was not killed four of our men advanced to defend him, one of whom took him up and carried him into the rear. As the day approached we discovered that what had supposed to have been the Enemy's line was a made fence, behind which they were sheltered, with holes in it through which they fired at us. About this time my comrade on my left hand was killed. It being now light, I saw a man come from the fence, when I said to my comrade "There is a man, I'll have a shot at him." Just as I had said these words and pulled my trigger, I received a ball under my left ear, and fell immediately; in falling I cut my comrade's leg with my bayonet. He exclaimed "Byfield is dead"—to which I replied "I believe I be," and I thought to myself "Is this death, or how men do die?" As soon as I had recovered, so as to raise my head from the ground,

<sup>16</sup> So in the original, though on the preceding page he says six.

<sup>17</sup> The British Army List gives the names of James Clemens and John William Clemon, as lieutenants of the 41st.

I crept away upon my hands and knees and saw a sergeant in the rear who said, "Byfield, shall I take you to the doctor?" I said "Never mind me, go and help the men." I got to the place where the doctor was, who, when it came to my turn to be dressed, put a plaister to my neck and ordered me to go to a barn which was appointed for the reception of the wounded. As I was going the blood flowed so freely as to force off the plaister. I now saw a man between the woods, and asked him what he did there. He told me he was wounded in his leg. I observed to him that if I had not been worse than he was I should be back, helping the men. I then asked him to give me a pocket-handkerchief, to tie round my neck to stop the blood. He replied "I have not got one." I said "If I do not get something I shall bleed to death." He immediately tore off the tail of his shirt and wound it round my neck. I then got to the barn, and laid down with my fellow sufferers. I had not been there long before the doctor came and said "My dear fellows, you that can had better get away, for our men are terribly cut up and I fear we shall all be taken." He rode away, but soon returned saying, "My dear fellows, we have taken all of them prisoners"—at which news I exclaimed (being quite overjoyed), "I don't mind about my wound, since that is the case." While in the barn I was much affected by seeing and hearing a lad about 11 or 12 years of age, who was wounded in one of his knees. The little fellow's cries, from the pain of his wound, his crying after his dear mother, and saying that he should die, were so affecting that it was not soon forgotten by me. He was a midshipman belonging to one of the gunboats; I think his name was Dickenson. I understood that while we were engaged with the enemy the Indians pressed them on their right, and a part of the American force were sent to oppose them.

The Indians overpowered them and killed a considerable number (some of the Indians produced eight or nine scalps each). This no doubt was one of the principal causes of the enemy sur-

rendering. There was a heavy loss of killed and wounded on each side. When we arrived at Malden there was a general muster of our men's wives, anxious to learn whose husbands were amongst the killed and wounded. The hospital would not contain the wounded, in consequence of which some of them were put into the barracks. I was among the latter. The next morning I got my comrade to wash my neck and shoulder, and I told him there must be something the matter with my shoulder as I could scarcely lift my hand to my head. On examining my shoulder he thought he could feel a ball near the blade bone. I attended the doctor, and told him I had a job for him. On his examination he found that the ball which had entered my neck was lodged in my shoulder; he went to work and extracted it, and in about three weeks the wounds were nearly well, and I was able to attend to my duty.

The prisoners and wounded were brought to Malden, and after a short stay were sent down the country. Our light company received orders to march to Sandwich, where some of the company that had been detached joined us. We soon returned to Malden again and from thence with a large party of Indians went for Mawme Rapids, and landed about two miles from Fort Maggs. A plan was then formed to draw General Harris and his force from the fort. A body of the Indians was placed in the woods, and directed to keep firing as though two parties were engaged, in order to make the American general believe that we had fallen in with a re-inforcement which he was expecting, and endeavouring to prevent their joining him. We were in readiness to advance and cut off his retreat to the fort, if he came out. He came out from the fort, but the weather was tremendous, with thunder, lightning and hail. We supposed that they suspected or discovered the cheat, and returned immediately to the fort; as this project failed.<sup>18</sup> We returned down the river to Lake Huron, under orders for Fort

<sup>18</sup> This was July 25, 1813. General Green Clay was then in command.



St. Dresky.<sup>19</sup> We stopped at different places and went on shore, to see if we could obtain any information respecting the Enemy. At one place we discovered houses and plantations, but no inhabitants; but in one of the dwellings we found a dead body, partly consumed; we supposed this place had been depopulated by the Indians. At another place I and some of my comrades went some way into the woods, where I had a narrow escape from a rattlesnake. I did not see it at first. It was of great length and size. When I saw it I drew back (as) it appeared to be about to spring upon me; when one of my comrades shot it. We took it with us and the Indians begged it of us, saying that it was between nine and ten years old, and that some part of it would cure the bite of another.

We proceeded and went up the river St. Dresky, and disembarked on the beach. The following morning we marched for the fort. The Indians met with a man and the officers tried him very much to give some information respecting the enemy. He acted as though he was deaf and dumb, so that no information could be gained from him, neither by words nor signs. The gunboats went up the river, near to the fort, and we formed on a piece of ground at no great distance from it. The enemy commenced a fire upon the boats and us. The fire was returned from the boats. General Proctor sent Major Chambers with a flag of truce, and demanded the surrender of the fort, or he would blow them up. He was led into the fort blindfolded, and received an answer from the American general, for the commandant, that he would not surrender and that he was ready to be blown to hell at any minute. We then took up a position near the fort, where we were sheltered from their fire; and in the night made platforms for our guns. The following morning it was determined to storm. Our force was divided, and each party received orders which part of the fort to

<sup>19</sup> Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio. The post was Fort Stephenson; the commander, Major George Croghan, 17th Infantry.

attack. It was thought at the distance we were at, that it would be possible to scale the fence. We advanced in file and formed near the ditch and found it much deeper than we had expected, and the fence much higher. The light company, and part of a battalion company were all that reached the works; the others were beaten back. When the enemy found that the others had retreated, their main force was directed against us, and a dreadful scene ensued. Our men, generally, were determined, (but) I saw one of them turn round. His comrade observed it and said, if he did not face fire he would run his bayonet through him. We were exposed to the enemy's fire. My front-rank man, the sergeant on my right, Major Short<sup>20</sup> and Lieutenant Gordon, were killed. My left-hand man received six balls but recovered from his wounds. We that remained alive laid under the bank of the outer entrenchment. The officers and men in the inner ditch were exposed to a swivel gun,<sup>21</sup> and most of them were killed or wounded. I saw one of them come from thence into the ditch where I was, wounded in his mouth and the piece of lead lodged in it. We remained in the ditch until night, when we received orders to retreat. Before this I went down the ditch, amongst my dead and wounded comrades, to try to get some ammunition, as mine was expended. I said to one of my comrades, "Bill, how bee'st?" He said to me, "There is one of the Americans keeps firing upon us, out of one of those loop-holes." I asked him to tell me out of which of the holes he was firing, and I would have a shot at him. He told me, and I fired. I had scarcely fired when I saw my comrade fall back wounded. I stepped to him and said, "Bill, what's the matter?" He replied "They have shot me again." By this time the enemy

<sup>20</sup> William Charles Shortt and J. G. Gordon. They were buried at a point now near the N. E. corner of High and Market Streets, Fremont. A piece of Shortt's sword-scabard was found there in 1850, and is now owned by Mr. Sardis Birchard (*Lossing*).

<sup>21</sup> An iron six-pounder, still preserved at Fremont, and called *Good Bess*.

had nearly ceased firing, and those of the men who could were getting out of the ditch as quickly as possible. I do not believe there was either a commissioned or non-commissioned officer left in it, and our poor wounded men groaning and crying, saying "Now we have done the best we could, you are all going to leave us." This the American officer heard from the fort, and said, "I know your men are going away, but never mind, my brave fellows, when they are gone I will come out and take you in and use you well." I said to him, "Why don't you come out now, and we will fight you five to one." He answered, "No, I shall not, but when you are gone I shall come out and clear the ditch." I then said to one of my comrades, "Now I shall start," and ascended the works. Just as I had got to the top the flash of the guns caught my eye; I immediately fell on my face, when a shower of shot fell near me. I arose and hastened to one of our batteries, when jumping into it General Proctor said to me, "Where are all the rest of the men?" I said to him, "I don't think there are any more to come; they are all killed or wounded." He added, weeping, "Good God, what shall I do about the men?" This was in September, 1813.<sup>22</sup> We were then ordered to march to the boats. We went on board and proceeded down the river for Malden. Before we came to the lake we stopped and went ashore. Here one of my comrades, who was badly wounded, wanted to comply with nature's necessity, and asked me to carry him into the wood for that purpose. My feelings were so excited on account of the distressed state he was in, that I could not find courage enough, at the moment, to comply with his request; but one of my comrades took him up to carry him to the wood, and he died in his arms. We dug a hole in the beach, and buried him; after which we arrived at Malden. The flank companies were then ordered to Sandwich. This is opposite Detroit. When we took that place, in 1812, a circumstance occurred which I here refer to:

<sup>22</sup> A mistake—it was August 1st and 2nd.

An inhabitant of Detroit, a farmer who with his family were in comfortable circumstances, having a loom for weaving in their possession, sent to enquire if there were any weavers amongst us. I and one of my comrades being weavers, went to their house and lent them some assistance in putting the loom to work. They behaved very kindly to us. I visited them often afterwards, and they continued their kindness to me during our stay there. The mistress suggested to me that if I deserted and went into the States, I should do well. I told her I could not desert my colours, and that I hoped to see old England again.

Soon after we came to Sandwich I was one of a party that was sent across the river to Detroit for fuel. While they were getting it on board the boat I asked the sergeant to give me a few minutes' leave, to go and see my old acquaintance. I went to their former residence, but they were not there, the scene was changed. I found them in a cottage, reduced to a state of extreme poverty. The Indians had deprived them of all their property. The master was from home, the mistress said she was glad to see me, but had nothing to give me but a piece of bread. Having five shillings in my pocket, I gave it to her, and have never repented it since. I then took an affectionate leave of her and returned to the party. On recrossing the river with the fuel we were in danger of being sunk, by getting enclosed in a shoal of ice, but we were preserved, we got clear and landed about half a mile down the river. The flank companies were again ordered to Malden. A party from each company were now sent on board to do duty as marines, and the fleet sailed for Lake Huron, to attack the American fleet. The action commenced and we could hear the report of the guns and were expecting every hour to hear that our people were victorious; but contrary to our expectations news was brought that they were overpowered by numbers and every vessel taken.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> This was Perry's victory on Lake Erie, not Huron, as Byfield has it.

Orders were then given to leave Malden and to take the ordnance and all that we could with us, but first to destroy the works, &c. In a few days' march we came to 24-mile Bush (or Moravian Town<sup>24</sup>) and were informed that the American general was pursuing us with three times our number, or more; and instead of using every effort to keep ahead of the enemy until we were reinforced, were detained in taking forward the general's baggage, &c. It was said that the Indians were inclined to make a stand and endeavour to defeat the Enemy, in order to keep possession of the upper country. The Americans gained upon us, and the Indians brought in some of their advance (prisoners). A party was sent back to destroy a bridge, in order to check the enemy; while in the act they were surrounded and taken prisoners.<sup>25</sup> Thus situated we prepared to meet them in the best manner that we could. The light company and the Indians were placed on the right, to face the Kentucky riflemen.<sup>26</sup> We were thus formed, in a wood, when the enemy came within 20 or 30 yards of us and sounded the bugle, to advance and attack. The attack commenced on the right, with the Indians, and very soon became general through the line. After exchanging a few shots our men gave way. I was in the act of retreating, when one of our sergeants exclaimed, "For God's sake, men, stand and fight!" I stood by him and fired one shot, but the line was broken and the men were retreating. I then made my escape farther into the wood, where I met with some of the Indians, who said that they had beaten back the enemy on the right, but that their prophet was killed, and they then retreated. Moravian Town was not far from us, and the Indians wanted to know whether it was in the possession of the enemy or not. They made for this place, placing me in front,

<sup>24</sup>The town of the Moravian or Christian Indians, not far from the battlefield. They were mostly of the Delaware tribe.

<sup>25</sup>A squad of eleven privates and a lieutenant of the dragoons.

<sup>26</sup>This was the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813.

and their interpreter asked me, in case I should hear the voice of any one there, whether I should know it to be an Englishman's or an American's. I said I should. When near the outside of the wood I heard a voice saying, "Come on, my boys," in a dialect which I knew to be American. I communicated the same to the interpreter, and finding that we were discovered by the enemy, the Indians turned round and made their way through the woods as fast as possible. I followed after as quickly as I could. After awhile they slackened their pace and I overtook them; we went forward until night came on, when the Indians halted and formed around me; they seemed to be holding a consultation, I supposed it was to decide how I should be disposed of. In this solitary place and surrounded by savages, whose cruelties I was somewhat acquainted with, I had but little hope at the moment, of ever getting out of the woods. My feelings on this occasion may be more readily conceived than expressed. After a short time they went on in Indian file, and I followed until we discovered a light; I was then ordered to go on in front to ascertain what light it was. I found an old Indian and a little boy, the old man being too far advanced in age to go to war. They then came on, had some conversation and stopped for the night. I wanted to gain their friendship if I could, and having some tobacco in my haversack I distributed it amongst them, and then laid down. After passing the night there we proceeded through the woods, and after some time discovered some cattle feeding. As we advanced we came to an Indian camp, and after some conversation between my companions and them, one of the females gave me some victuals and spoke to me in broken English. I understood that she invited me to go with them, that is, with their tribe. I accepted the invitation. The interpreter hearing it, called me aside and asked what I had been saying. I told him. He then told me that if I went with them I should go into the back settlements, and perhaps never come out of the woods again. This caused me to change my mind. I told the interpre-

ter that I wanted to find out some road or river, thinking that I should then find my way to some house or place. He then told me that I had better go with him, as he should be in Quebec some time in the following month.

The interpreter and three of the Indians then left the others, and I went on with them. We had not travelled far when I observed one of the Indians give the interpreter a pair of moccasins for the feet. I then thought that the interpreter had sold me for a pair of shoes, and I showed some reluctance to go forward. He asked me why I did not go on. I said that I should not, without him. He replied, "You are afraid." I answered, "I am not." (I really was afraid, but did not want him to know it.) We proceeded through the woods until the sun had nearly set. I thought we were drawing near some road (so) I mended my pace, and was getting in front of them, when one of the Indians tapped me on the head, and said that if I did not keep further back he would take that off. We went a little farther and picked up a pompion; in a short time after I discovered one of my comrades. This was the best sight I had seen in some time, and my fears and suspicions in a great measure vanished. He had been wandering about, going he knew not where, and no doubt was as glad to see me as I was to see him. Soon after this we came in sight of a public road, and by the roadside we found some flour, some potatoes and a kettle. We returned with the Indians into the wood and cooked it; we made a division of it and found it very refreshing, being so much needed. We stopped in the wood that night; there was a heavy fall of rain, which made it very uncomfortable. The next morning we crossed the road and went into the woods on the other side; we forded several rivers, and in the evening came to an Indian village. We were invited to one of the huts, and the head of the family was very kind; he killed a pig and dressed it, boiled some Indian corn and made soup, and entertained the whole of us in a very friendly manner. We slept there that night, and in the morn-

ing I and my companion took leave of the old man and our traveling companions, who directed us towards Oxford. The same day we fell in with a party of our men, who had charge of the general's baggage. We stopped with them that night; in the morning I found that they were making too free with what they had in charge. I was afraid of the consequences and said to my comrade, "Let us push forward," but he was inclined to stay, and I went on without him. I was ill-prepared for marching, my shoes being entirely worn out; but before night I fell in with a large party of our men who had escaped, under the command of Captain Bullock,<sup>27</sup> of the grenadier company. He enquired how I had escaped. I related to him the particulars of what I had passed through. This party proceeded to Oxford, and from thence to the Cross Roads, where we remained several months.

From thence we marched to Burlington Heights barracks, and after a few days, to Fort George, the Americans having left it. Our flank companies, with the 100th regiment, were ordered to attack Fort Niagara. The 100th regiment was at Queen's Town. We marched to that place and joined them, and from thence crossed the river St. Lawrence and landed about four or five miles above Niagara. Generals Drummond<sup>28</sup> and Ryal<sup>29</sup> were with us. Arrangements being made, we moved off for the fort; the 100th regiment was in front. On the way we surprised a guard at Young's Town; we took them prisoners and obtained the countersign, but a man made a signal, by discharging a rocket, we supposed to alarm the fort; it had no effect, and the man was killed. We advanced quietly, and a party under the command of a sergeant went in front. When he came near the outer sentry, at the entrance to the fort, he was challenged. He gave the countersign, seized the sentinel and threatened him with immediate death if he made any

<sup>27</sup> Captain Richard Bullock, of the 41st.

<sup>28</sup> Sir Gordon Drummond.

<sup>29</sup> General Sir Phineas Riall (1772-1854.)



noise. He then proceeded to the gate and was challenged by the sentry inside. He gave the countersign and gained admittance, but the sentry cried out, "The British—turn out the guard!" Our force was fully prepared, and in a very short time we had possession of the fort, with very little loss—December 19th, 1818. The 100th regiment was left in the fort, and we were ordered to Lewis Town, which place was occupied by a small party of the enemy, but before we got there they had quitted the station, leaving one piece of ordnance. Here we were re-inforced by a party of the 1st (Royals) from Queen's Town; we were then ordered for Slustra.<sup>80</sup> We were a little alarmed in the evening before we started; I was on sentry, and heard something like the movement of troops. It proved to be a party of Indians, bringing two men belonging to the Royals, who they thought were about to desert. We proceeded the same night, for Slustra (I was on the advance, with a sergeant's party) and when within about one mile and a half of it we fell in with an American guard. The sentinel challenged, and attempted to fire, but his piece missed fire. We forced our way into the guard-room, where they were all in confusion; I seized one of them in a sailor's dress, and threatened to kill him if he made any resistance. We made eight of them prisoners, the others escaped. Our main force went on, and I, with some others, followed with the prisoners. We had not marched far before we came to two roads; we took the wrong one. Soon after we heard some person coming behind. Not having a non-commissioned officer with us, I said to one of my comrades, "Go back, there is somebody coming," but he refused. I then said, "Take care of the prisoners, and I will go back." I had not gone far when I saw a man; I challenged and he answered, "A friend." I asked him what he belonged to—he said, "The Americans." I ordered him to stand fast, or I would blow his brains out. He replied, "I am a prisoner." I took hold of him. He then said, "You are one of the men who came into the house just now. One of

<sup>80</sup> Schlosser.

you has got my boots; I am the officer of the guard." I told him that I had a pair of shoes in my knapsack, and that he might have them if he would. He said that if he put them on his feet would be frost-bitten—December 22nd, 1813. I offered him some rum. He said he did not expect to be so treated if he was taken a prisoner, and wept, begging that I would not let him fall into the hands of the Indians. I told him that if he behaved himself no one should hurt him.

We now halted, thinking to remain until daylight, in order to ascertain the right road; we again heard some one coming. I went back some distance and challenged. I was answered, "A friend." I asked him what he belonged to; he replied "The British." I asked him what regiment he belonged to; he replied, "The militia." Not being satisfied with his answers, I drew near to him and took his arms and ammunition from him. A short time after we saw another man, with polished arms, by which I knew that he must be one of our men. I said to him, "You villain, what business have you got here?" He asked me who I was, and said he was as good a soldier as I was, and challenged me to fight. One of our men (a jocular fellow) said to him, "You do not know who you are talking to, he is an officer and will have you shot to-morrow." I had a beaver hat on, and a silk handkerchief round my neck (I had lost my cap in the tussle at the guard-room, and found the hat; and was allowed to wear a handkerchief, on account of the wound in my neck). From this the fellow thought that there was some truth in what was said, and begged that I would not report him; but before daylight he thought proper to depart. He belonged to the Royals.

When the morning came, we proceeded and soon came into the right road. We found that our men had got possession of Slustra, which was a mill and a place for public stores. The guard made some resistance, and the officer commanding it was killed.

I saw him lying dead and asked the officer (my prisoner) if he knew him. He said that he was a dear friend of his, wept over him, and said that he had been on parole three times. I then gave up the prisoners, and was put on guard to prevent the men from making free with the liquors &c. in the stores. Orders were then given to destroy the stores, and to burn the buildings; some of the provisions were thrown into the river. When this work of destruction was completed we returned to Lewis Town. Two circumstances happened here of a very serious nature. One of our men went into the woods and was murdered by an Indian. We manifested much displeasure respecting it. The tribe, to make an atonement for this act, caused the murderer to be killed, and exposed in the public road for some days. We were ordered under arms one night, when one of our men by his carelessness caused his piece to explode, and the contents passed through his right-hand man, and killed him.

From Lewis Town we crossed the river for Queen's Town—December 22nd, 1813. We marched up the lines, to cross over again in order to attack Black Rock, and were re-inforced on the way by men from the Royals and 8th regiment. Our force was then divided. The Royals went above Fort Erie, to cross the river above Black Rock; the remainder was to cross below Fort Erie, so as to land below Black Rock. Fort Erie is nearly opposite Black Rock, on the opposite side of the river. We effected our landing according to orders. The first that landed surprised a guard commanded by a Major Cotton<sup>30a</sup> and took them prisoners. The line was then formed and (we) had orders to remain still until morning, if nothing happened and then to advance, on the firing of a gun. We had not been there long when a person came mounted, within 20 yards of our line, and exclaimed, "Damn you, Major Cotton, where are you, and the British landing?" General Ryal, being not far from him said, "I pray, Sir, who are you?"

<sup>30a</sup> Probably Salmon C. Cotton, captain 26th Infantry.

The other replied by asking the same question. The former answered, "I am a British general," and challenged him. The other said, "I am an American general." General Ryal then said, "If you are a man and a soldier, stand before me." He instantly turned his horse and rode off in great haste. The Royals, in crossing the river, were carried by the violence of the stream so far down the river as to be exposed to the enemy's batteries, and suffered much, but they effected a landing. Some time after this the Americans came out of the town, and formed. We laid close and quiet according to order, and heard the American general say, "Make ready, present, blaze." Their shot took no effect upon us. We arose, returned the fire, and lay down again. As they did not fire again we concluded that they had retreated.

We remained in our position until the gun fired, when we faced to the right, and having gained some ground to the right, turned off the left by sections, and advanced until we came near to the entrance of the town, where we formed the line on the first section. They fired upon us as we were forming and we returned it as fast as the sections came into line. The enemy soon began to give way. There was a heavy fire kept up from a large building. A party of our men advanced, and stopped the firing by taking possession of the building. We now discovered that the Royals were exposed to their batteries, being carried further down the river than was intended. We then directed our fire upon the men that were working the battery guns. About this time the enemy sent a party into the wood, to flank us on the left; but they were received by a party of our Indians stationed there for that purpose, and were beaten back with loss. They made an attempt to turn one of their battery guns upon us, but could not succeed. As many of the Royals as survived, about this time effected a landing. We now pressed the enemy very closely, and they began to retreat for Buffaloe. We got possession of Black Rock and the batteries, and pursued them to Buffaloe. I saw one of the Royals, with

blood flowing very freely from his face; I said to him, "You are wounded, you had better go back." He replied, "No, lad, I'll pay some of them first." The enemy made but a short stay at Buffaloe. They gave us a shot from a mounted gun, and retreated. We took possession of the place, being apprehensive that the enemy would get re-inforcements and return upon us. Orders were given to destroy both places by burning; no dwelling was to be spared except one, where the dead body of a child laid, who had been shot in the street; this was in compassion towards the sorrowful mother. We stopped until the evening, refreshing ourselves and burying the dead, and then recrossed the river and marched down the lines to Fort George. At this place my brother met with an accident which cost him his life.

When our company was at this place before the taking of Detroit, we were 110 strong, but now reduced to 15 men only fit for duty; some of them had been wounded, myself for one. The other part of the company, both officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

We marched from Fort George to York, where the second battalion joined us, July 25th, 1814.

Our company, now filled up, was ordered, under the command of Captain Glue,<sup>30</sup> to Point Frederick, Kingston, supposing that the Americans would cross from Sacket's Harbour, and attack it. We remained here until the weather broke up, and then returned to York again.

About this time, the man who messed the officers complained that owing to the high price of provisions he could not continue to do it, without permission to keep a canteen, and to be allowed a man to assist him. Permission being granted, he requested to have me; as I belonged to the light company he was at first denied, but it was afterwards granted, with an order that whenever the com-

<sup>30</sup> John Berry Glew.

pany was wanted for any particular duty I was to attend. While at York I went into the hospital to see the wounded. One of the 8th regiment, who had lost a leg, said, "That's the man that saved my life," and related how, saying that when he was knocked down I had pulled him behind a tree, to shelter him from the enemy's fire. I recalled the circumstance; he was very kind to me during our stay together.

Our regiment now received orders for Fort Niagara, to relieve the 100th regiment. While here we were expecting the enemy, and were often under arms all night and the guns all loaded, to receive them if they attempted to storm. The light company was repeatedly sent across the river to Fort George as there was a force of the enemy in that quarter. The enemy made their appearance, but the forts were opened upon them and they went back. The flank companies were then ordered to Lewis Town, information having been received that the enemy were in that neighbourhood. A field-piece accompanied us, and the light company was extended into the wood, on the side of the road, to prevent us from being surprised from thence. We found much obstruction, the enemy having blocked the way with a large quantity of brushwood. When we came near Lewis Town we got sight of a party of the enemy, encamped. When they saw us they went off in quick time and left the camp, and their provisions partly dressed. We followed them some distance, but they did not stop to face us and we returned. At this time<sup>81</sup> the British on the other side of the river were engaged with the enemy, at Lundie's Lane. We could hear the report of their great guns. Our captain informed us that he had received orders to cross the river to assist them; and the grenadiers, with the field-piece, were to return to Niagara. We crossed and landed at Queen's Town. It was at this place that the much-lamented veteran, General Brock, received his death wound by a

<sup>81</sup> July 25, 1814.

shot from an American rifleman. We moved from this place in quick time, for about seven miles, and waited for orders near Lundy's Lane. A noggin of rum was given to each man. We then moved on for the field of action. We had a guide with us, and when we came near the field our captain was called upon by name, in a loud voice, to form on the left of the speaker. It being night we could not discover what regiment it was. The guide positively asserted that it was one of the enemy. Our bugle then sounded, for the company to drop. A volley was then fired upon us which killed two corporals and wounded a sergeant and several of the men. The company then arose, fired and charged. The enemy quitted their position; we followed and took three field-pieces. In the morning we collected the wounded and received orders to burn the dead. One of the Indians persisted on throwing one of the wounded Americans on the fire while living, although prevented several times; one of our men shot him and he was burned himself. At this fight General Ryal was wounded, and himself and his orderly (one of the 19th dragoons) were taken prisoners. We were now ordered to join the regiment at Niagara; but before we marched General Drummond personally thanked us for our conduct in the fight. The whole of the army were thanked in public orders, namely the Royals, 8th, 49th, 89th and 108d regiments. The 89th suffered severely in this engagement.

We joined our regiment at Niagara, and in a short time part of the regiment, including the light company, was ordered to cross the river to Fort George, and from thence towards Fort Erie. In going up the lines we fell in with our main force. We were expecting to storm Fort Erie, when orders were given for the 41st and part of the 104th, with a rocket party under the command of Captain Perry, to cross the river below Black Rock. While on the water we heard firing in the direction of Black Rock. We landed <sup>22</sup>

<sup>22</sup> August 8, 1814.

and advanced towards it. When we were here last there was a bridge between us and the town, over a small creek, but the enemy had destroyed it, and on the inner bank they had thrown up breast-works. They commenced firing upon us, we advanced, thinking to charge, when we discovered that the bridge was gone. We instantly retreated, and remained until daylight, when a party was ordered to erect a temporary bridge across the creek, and our company and the rocket company were to cover them. We stood some time and some of our shot took effect. We saw one of the enemy fall, who was daring enough to get upon their works. About this time I received a musket ball through my left arm, below the elbow. I went into the rear. One of my comrades, seeing that I was badly wounded, cut my belts from me and let them drop. I walked to the doctor, and desired him to take my arm off. He said it might be cured without it, and ordered me down to a boat, saying that the wounded men were to cross the river and they (the doctors) would soon follow. The party failed in erecting the bridge, and retreated with loss. When on the other side of the river, the wounded were put into a house and the doctors soon came. They examined my arm, and made preparations for amputation; but after a further consultation they told me that although I was rendered unfit for further service, yet if the wound could be healed it would be better for my hand to remain on, if it was not much use to me, and that it had better be first tried. I was then sent to my regiment at Niagara.

After a few days our doctor informed me that my arm must be taken off, as mortification had taken place. I consented, and asked one of my comrades who had lately gone through a like operation: "Bill, how is it to have the arm taken off?" He replied, "Thee woo't know, when it's done." They prepared to blind me, and had men to hold me, but I told them there was no need of that. The operation was tedious and painful, but I was enabled



to bear it pretty well. I had it dressed, and went to bed. They brought me some mulled wine and I drank it. I was then informed that the orderly had thrown my hand to the dung heap. I arose, went to him, and felt a disposition to strike him. My hand was taken up and a few boards nailed together for a coffin, my hand was put into it and buried on the ramparts. The stump of my arm soon healed, and three days \* after I was able to play a game of fives for a quart of rum; but before I left the fort a circumstance happened which I here relate. There was a sentry posted near the wood to prevent any of the men entering it, and we had to go near the sentry for water. One of the artillerymen went on pretence of fetching some water, and when the sentry's back was turned towards him he started into the wood for the purpose of deserting, and the sentry (one of the 41st) shot him. The ball entered his body and the wound proved mortal; he was brought into the barracks. His captain came into the barracks to see him. The dying man charged him with being the cause of what had happened. The captain left the room, and he died shortly after. My comrades, and the messman whom I had been serving, out of kindness and respect to me made a subscription of several pounds and gave it to me. As soon as the wounded men were somewhat recovered they were ordered from the different regiments to go on board the boats used on the river, to go to Kingston, and in going down the river we went on shore by night.

On board the boat I was in was a young man, a sailor, who had lost one of his arms near the shoulder. I felt a kind regard towards him, and we became comrades. He was going down the country to be cook on board a King's ship, the *St. Lawrence*, 110 guns; he shared with me the gratuity my friends had bestowed upon me. From Kingston we proceeded to Montreal, and from thence to Quebec. One evening after going ashore, I took a walk

\* Probably a misprint for "weeks."

alone a little way into the country and came near a large neat-looking house, and seeing a lad I asked who lived there; he replied, "A three-handed man." I said "That's the very man that I want to see, as I have but one hand; if he should be disposed to give me one of his, we shall have two apiece!" The lad said that by a "three-handed man" they meant that he was wealthy. After going a little farther I went into a farmhouse the inhabitants of which behaved very kindly to me, and the mistress made up a bed for me for the night. When I came to Quebec I met with some of my old comrades who had been wounded and taken prisoners. I was extremely glad to see them. They related the scenes and hardships they had passed through, and one of them said he was left amongst the dead (as) his wounds were considered incurable; but he begged them to attend to him for he thought he should recover. After remaining in that state four days before anything was done for him, they paid some attention to him. He was then in a great measure recovered, but not well. General Proctor being in Quebec I waited on him and asked him for a certificate for the capture of Detroit, which he freely gave me; and told me that he would give me such a recommendation that I need not fear but that a sufficient provision would be made for me. He asked me the particulars of the battle at Moravian Town. I told him all the particulars I knew. He further said that he was going to Montreal, and ordered me to call on him before he went or before he embarked for England. Some time after a woman told me that the general wanted me. I attended to the order immediately, but the woman had delayed delivering the message. The general was gone and I did not see him, neither have I had the satisfaction of seeing either of my officers since, although I have made many enquiries.

We now had orders to go on board the *Phoenix* transport and sailed for England. We had a tolerably good passage, but was a little alarmed one night, by a sudden squall of wind. The sails backed and we were near foundering, but in a short time the vessel

righted and all was well. We landed in the Isle of Wight, and marched into Newport barracks December, 1814.

After examination we were sent to Chatham by water. Having been passed by the inspecting officer there I was sent to Chelsea. I appeared before the board and was ordered nine pence per day, pension.

My feelings were much excited that day, on learning that our bugle-horn man, who was a young soldier, who had been but in one action and had lost a forearm, about the same length as mine, was rewarded with one shilling per day. I must say that I felt very much dissatisfied with nine pence, and I made applications at different times to the Honourable Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital, to augment my pension, but without success. Hearing of a field-officer, residing in the neighbourhood of the town where I live, and that he was a soldier's friend, I made bold to wait upon him, and requested that he would be pleased to hear my case. He kindly condescended to comply with my request, and after hearing my statement he was of opinion that I was not remunerated for my services and loss. He very kindly said he would represent my case; and it was not merely a *promise*, he persevered until he had caused an addition to be made to my pension, of three pence per day. For which I very kindly thank him, and shall be ever bound gratefully to acknowledge his kindness to me. Being deprived of my trade in consequence of losing my arm in the service and having received several very severe wounds, it was with great difficulty I could support my wife and children in a respectable manner, my pension at that time being only ninepence per day.

One night I dreamt that I was working at my trade; and on awaking I related my dream to my wife and told her I could weave. She said, "Go to sleep, there was never such a thing known as a person having but one arm, to weave"; and on going to sleep a second time, I had the form of an instrument revealed to me, which

would enable me to work at my trade. I awoke my wife and told her of the circumstance. I went to a blacksmith of the name of Court, and having drawn a design for him on a board, he made an instrument for me, similar to the pattern with the exception of some little alteration, which I thought was for the best, but which, on trial, I was obliged to alter to the shape I saw in my dream; and I am happy to say that I have been enabled to labour for my family and keep them comfortably, for nearly twenty years, in the employ of Edward Cooper, Esq., clothier, Staverton Works, near Bradford, Wilts.

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The above is a true and correct  
account, as given by Shadrach Byfield,  
before me.

EDWARD COOPER.

*January 1st, 1840.*

I cannot but remark that it is evident in the foregoing relation that a kind Providence has preserved my life through the many dangers to which I have been exposed, and brought me back to my native home. And for what purpose? In order to manifest a further display of his goodness and mercy towards me, in convincing that I was a sinner and in high rebellion against Him who is my best friend and benefactor. A conviction of this has caused me to lay down my arms of rebellion, to sue for mercy, and to submit to his righteous sceptre. For the last twenty years I have been fighting under the banner of a Captain who has conquered every enemy and defeated every foe, to my immortal interest. Although I have to contend with a threefold enemy, namely the world, the flesh and the devil, and am the subject of many imperfections and rank myself among the vilest of the vile, yet I hope that my soul is founded on the Rock of Ages, against which the powers of hell shall never prevail. And when I shall have to encounter

the last enemy, Death, although he will gain a victory over my mortal part, yet I hope that my immortal soul will be enabled to shout "Victory" through the blood of the Lamb; and be admitted into the society of the blessed, where I shall be beyond the gun-shot of my enemy and landed safely on the shores of eternal rest; *where peace reigns* and where war shall be known no more. Where a blessed eternity will be spent in adoration and praise to Him who has redeemed and saved me out of the hands of every enemy.

THE END



THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 12

THE SHENANDOAH; OR THE LAST CONFED-  
ERATE CRUISER

*Cornelius E. Hunt, One of her Officers*

WILLIAM ABBATT

141 EAST 25TH STREET,

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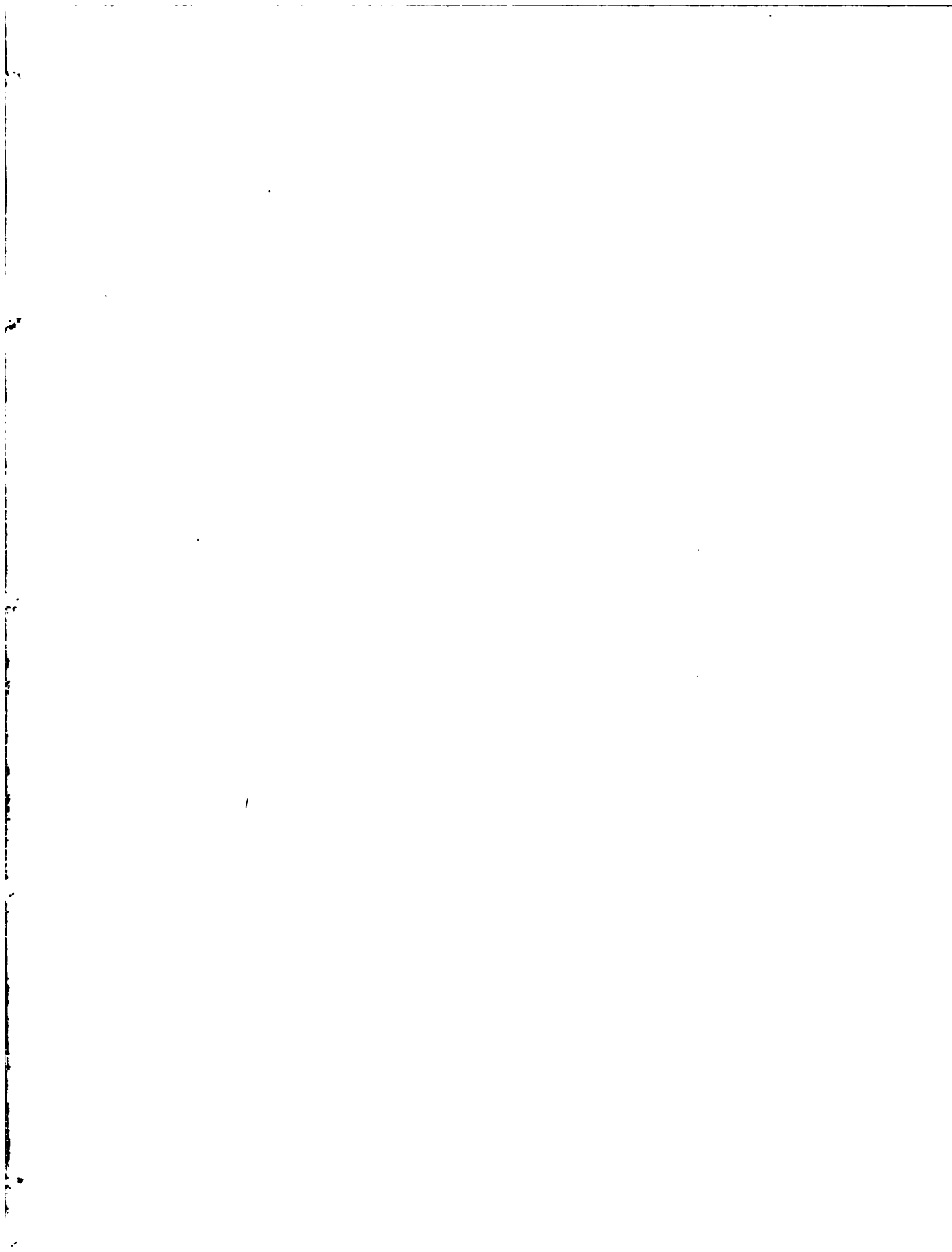
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NEW YORK

1910

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### THE OLD *RIP* OF THE *SHENANDOAH*.

CAPTAIN WADDELL (*as Rip Van Winkle*). "Law! Mr. Pilot, you don't say so! The war in America over these Eight Months? Dear! dear! who'd ever a' thought it!"

*Harper's Weekly*, Dec. 9, 1865.

**THE SHENANDOAH,**  
**OR THE**  
**LAST CONFEDERATE CRUISER.**

**BY**  
**CORNELIUS E. HUNT.**  
**(ONE OF HER OFFICERS).**

**NEW YORK**  
**G. W. CARLETON & CO.**  
**LONDON: S. LOW, SON, & CO.**  
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*Facsimile of the original*

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**MDCCLXXVII.**



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

The cruise of the *Shenandoah* is one of the scarce items of its day. Only two copies have come to our notice in seven years, and as the stories of the *Alabama-Kearsage*, and "Captain Roberts'" *Never Caught* have proven among the most popular of our "Extras," no doubt this one will be almost or quite as interesting to our readers; particularly as it has never before been reprinted since its original appearance in 1867.

Its author, a Virginian, is described as an "acting-master's mate," in Scharf's *History of the Confederate Navy*, but we have no further information of him.

EDITOR.



THE SHENANDOAH;  
OR THE  
LAST CONFEDERATE CRUISER

CHAPTER I

FROM LONDON TO MADEIRA

**T**HE Southern Confederacy exists only in the past. The gallant armies which so long resisted the overpowering odds with which they had to contend, are broken and scattered, and for the most part have returned to the pursuits of peace; its Chief languishes a prisoner of State in a military fortress, and its little navy has ceased to inspire with terror the people of the United States "who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters."

It came to pass that I was one of the few who witnessed the last descending glory of this attempted Republic, projected by men who considered that the only true and natural foundation of society was "the wants and fears of individuals," but which was decided adversely to *their* interpretation of that natural law, by the God of battles.

What I may have to relate in the succeeding pages is simply the plain, unvarnished narrative—a transcript of the log, if you please—of a sailor, who entered the service of the Confederate States, because he was "to the manor born," and felt in honor bound to follow the fortunes of his State, and who was among the last to turn sorrowfully away from a cause which had no longer a flag to defend, or a Government to save its adherents on the seas from the stigma of piracy.

On Saturday, the 7th of October 1864, the English steamer *Sea King* left her moorings in London, having cleared for Bombay



or any other port in the East Indies, on a voyage not to exceed two years. She was a long, rakish vessel of seven hundred and ninety tons register, with an auxiliary engine of two hundred and twenty nominal horse-power, with which she was capable of steaming ten knots an hour. She was the handiwork of Stevens and Son, the celebrated builders on the river Clyde, in Scotland, and had been launched the preceding year, after which she had made one voyage to New Zealand as a transport for British troops.

On this, her first voyage, she proved herself one of the fastest sailers afloat, her log showing at times over three hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours. Such a vessel, with such a prestige, was not likely to escape the notice of the Confederate agents in England, who were on the lookout for suitable craft for privateering purposes, and quietly, so quietly in fact, that except those immediately connected with the transaction, no one was aware of it, this splendid ship was sold to the Confederacy, and lay in the basin taking in coal and provisions sufficient for a twelve months' cruise, without awakening a suspicion in official circles, or even in the mind of the public as to her ultimate destination, or the important part she was to play in the great drama of the American civil war.

When everything was arranged, the *Sea King* hauled out of the basin, and proceeded to sea under the command of Captain Corbet, an English ship-master, and flying the English flag.

She carried two twelve pounders, such as are usually mounted upon an East Indiaman of her size, and, in brief, so well had the whole affair been managed, that there was nothing in her departure to excite even passing attention. It was only an ordinary vessel setting sail upon an ordinary voyage.

She was scarcely clear of the ground, however, when a telegram was flashed to Liverpool, advising the Confederate agent at that port, that the first part of the programme had been accurately

performed, and about eight o'clock the same evening, a mysterious individual was flitting from place to place in that city, advising certain other persons that the moment they had been so anxiously awaiting for some weeks had arrived; and an hour later, from hotels, boarding-houses, and apartments pretending and unpretending, issued forth a score or more of gentlemen, natives of the sunny South, who had staked life and fortune on the hazard of a desperate game, and took their solitary way towards the landing stage where a steam tug was in waiting to convey them on board the steamer *Laurel*.

These persons were the officers of the Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah*, into which the *Sea King* was to be transformed a few days later at the Island of Madeira, and the steamer *Laurel* contained her armament and crew, and was to meet her there, although ostensibly bound to Nassau or Havana, with supplies for the Confederate Government.

The *Laurel* was commanded by Lieutenant Ramsey, and although a Confederate vessel, she flew the English flag.

Our baggage had all been previously sent on board packed in dry-goods boxes marked with a diamond and a number above it, by which each officer was known, and at the moment of departure every one was furnished with a receipt, of which the following, except the name (in all cases fictitious) is a copy.

Received from Mr. Elias Smith, thirty-two pounds, for his passage in the cabin of Steamer *Laurel*, from this port to Havana.

£39.

HENRY LAFONE.

It was a chilly October evening with a heavy mist rendering everything half invisible at a distance of a dozen paces, when after receiving the above document, I sallied forth from my Liverpool lodgings, conscious that at last I was setting out upon the adventurous career for which I had so long been preparing.

No one unless he has stood in a similar place can appreciate the crowd of emotions that whirled through my mind. I was about to join, clandestinely, a vessel commissioned by a government still in embryo, but which I had sworn to support, to cruise against the commerce of another Government which still claimed me as its liege subject. If the cause I upheld was successful, there was wealth, fame, and glory, to be earned; if it failed, a felon's doom impended over me and my associates; but I was too young and hopeful to long contemplate the dark side of the case; the ship I was to join was afloat; the ocean was before us, and, sailor-like, I was content to put my trust in Providence, Neptune, and the Southern Confederacy.

It was curious, too, as I plodded my solitary way down the wet, slippery street, to see other men accoutred like myself, and bound as I well knew upon the same mission, without venturing to exchange with them a word of greeting, but the injunctions of secrecy were peremptory and too much was at stake for orders to be lightly disregarded.

We were obliged to be thus secret in our movements, to avoid being detected by some of the numerous spies employed by the United States Consul at Liverpool, to watch the movements of the Confederates in that city, and prevent if possible the shipment of munitions of war or the fitting out of vessels in the Southern interest; consequently the *Laurel's* passengers affected to be entire strangers to each other and avoided all appearance of concert of action until they were safe on board. This was accomplished before midnight, and having shown our receipts, we were conducted to our state-rooms and berths, and at 4 A. M., proceeded to sea under steam.

After passing Holyhead and getting fairly outside, all restraint was thrown off, and we warmly congratulated Captain Ramsey upon the admirable manner in which he had succeeded in

eluding the lynx eyes of Uncle Sam's men, and getting to sea with the armament to equip, and the officers to take charge of, our new cruiser.

It was, upon the whole, a merry company that assembled in the cabins of the *Laurel* that memorable Sunday morning. There were some faces upon which the shadow of parting from loved ones still lingered, and some heavy hearts, I doubt not, were concealed under a gay exterior, but there was so much that was alluring in the wild romance of the life before us, such a wide range for hope, so many probabilities in our favor, that care, sorrow, and anxiety drifted pretty rapidly to leeward, and with the first splicing of the main brace disappeared.

Among our passengers were several old Confederate States navy officers, who had served on board the *Sumter*, *Alabama*, and *Georgia*, and of course they had much to tell us of their experience, and our voyage was enlivened by many a yarn, such as none but an old cruiser can spin, and with excellent accommodations, a well-appointed table, and other creature comforts unnecessary to specify more particularly, we succeeded in enjoying ourselves to the utmost.

On the morning of the sixth day out from Liverpool, we sighted the island of Madeira, and before noon dropped anchor in the harbor of Funchal.

## CHAPTER II

### FROM MADEIRA TO THE "LINE"

**A**FTER circumnavigating the globe, I have no hesitation in saying that Funchal is one of the most beautiful and salubrious places it was ever my good fortune to visit, although my opportunities for observation were limited to spy-glass explorations, as we dared not leave the vessel for fear of awakening suspicion as to our true character.

The city has several buildings of considerable architectural pretensions. One in particular, of which we had a fine view from the harbor, is known as Mount Church, and occupies the summit of a bold bluff several thousand feet above the level of the sea, from which its two tall, white towers stand out in bold relief against this almost cloudless sky. The church is reached by a road that zigzags up the bluff a distance of nearly four miles,—a by no means easy pedestrian excursion, and is generally performed on horse-back, but the return trip to town is usually made upon sleds, at the invigorating rate of some twenty miles an hour. To a native of the Northern States this would be refreshingly suggestive of the boyish pastime of coasting; and some idea of the steepness of the declivity may be gathered by the rate of speed at which, as I have stated, the Madeira sleds glide down the rocky pathway, which is paved with smooth, round stone.

Among the other public edifices, I may mention the Blind Asylum, where some exquisite artificial flowers are manufactured from feathers, by the young girls, its inmates, and also baskets of every shape and description, pretty ornamental things in their way, which are disposed of to the ships visiting the port, for the benefit of the Institution.

The fortress commanding the harbor has been hewn out of the natural rock, and is a most formidable structure, a sort of pocket edition of Gibraltar, in fact, and, thoroughly armed and garrisoned, would be an ugly place to carry by assault.

After remaining at anchor for two days we began to feel some uneasiness in regard to the *Sea King*, as sufficient time had elapsed to enable her to make the run, but we were not fated to be kept long in suspense. On the evening of the third day the absentee made her appearance and commenced signalling, but as it was contrary to rules to leave the harbor after dark, we perforce remained where

we were until morning, when, having received permission from the authorities on shore, we stood out to meet her.

Although there was a fresh breeze blowing at the time, we had a full head of steam on, and as we neared her, we signalled her to round the Desertas, a barren rocky island, lying near Madeira, and proceeded on towards the place of rendezvous, the *Sea King* following in our wake.

In about three hours we succeeded in rounding the island, and had the good fortune to find an excellent place for discharging our armament and ammunition, from the *Laurel* to her consort. Everything was auspicious for the work before us. Scarce a breath of air coquetted with the idle sails, and the ocean around us was as smooth as a mill-pond. But moments were precious; the power against which we were about to commence hostilities was active and vigilant; its iron-clad floating fortresses ploughed the sea in every direction, and some such unwelcome visitor might disturb us at our work at any moment; consequently all felt the necessity of rapidly discharging the important duty that devolved upon us.

Tackles were at once got aloft on both vessels, and we commenced operations by first transferring from the *Laurel* to the *Sea King* the heavy guns. This was the most difficult part of our labor; indeed the rest was comparatively easy. Both officers and men worked together, and as I have seldom seen men work before, and a number of Portuguese fishermen, inhabitants of the island of Desertas, rendered as essential assistance, for which they received our gratitude as well as a more substantial remuneration.

At the expiration of thirty-six hours of wild excitement and unremitting toil, the transfer was effected, and the munitions of war, clothing, and stores with which the *Laurel* had been laden, were piled in utter confusion on the decks and in the hold of the *Sea King*, which was to bear that name no more.

The officers and men of both vessels were then summoned to the quarter deck of the latter, where they were informed, some of them for the first time, that she was to resign her peaceful character as well as her name, and to be transformed into a Confederate cruiser.

Captain James I. Waddell then appeared, dressed in the uniform of the Confederate States navy, and delivered a brief but impressive address, stating that the object of the proposed cruise was to prey upon the commerce of the Government with which we were at war, thus rendering what service we could to our unfortunate country, and concluded by announcing that all who chose to join the ship in her new character, would receive fifteen pounds bounty, and be entitled to from four to seven pounds per month wages, according to their capabilities.

Captain Waddell's address was received with but little enthusiasm from the majority of those who listened to him, although, undoubtedly the greater part sympathized with our cause. But out of eighty, twenty-three only cast in their lots with the new cruiser, which then hoisted the Confederate flag, and was formally commissioned as the Confederate States' steamer *Shenandoah*.

The moment of parting had come. Those who were to return in the *Laurel* went over the side, gave us three hearty cheers, and wished us all the success which they declined to help achieve; and we, who were to remain and follow the fortunes of the *Shenandoah* through weal or woe, turned to with a will, hove up our ponderous anchor from its muddy bed, and stood out to sea under steam, trusting to the God of nations and a good breeze for the safety, which, in our present situation, could only come to us from such sources.

The *Shenandoah* was a full rigged ship, two hundred and twenty feet in length, and thirty-five feet beam, with iron masts and lower yards. She carried royal studding sails, and was rigged

with Cunningham's patent reefing topsails, and under sail with a fair breeze, with a sufficient crew to work her, we had little to apprehend from a chase. But officers and crew only numbered forty-two souls, less than half her regular complement, and consequently, for the time being, we were obliged to mainly depend upon our auxiliary engine, with which, as I have remarked in the preceding chapter, we were capable of steaming about ten knots an hour, a by no means extraordinary rate of speed for a steam cruiser.

Such were the auspices under which we commenced our adventurous cruise around the world, in a merchantman commissioned as a man-of-war, but yet to be transformed into one, whose guns lay dismounted on the deck waiting to be remounted, and have port holes cut, through which to protrude their grim muzzles, whose ammunition was piled in promiscuous heaps until a magazine could be constructed to receive it, and manned almost exclusively by officers, few, if any of whom, had ever performed a day's manual labor, who thus boldly put to sea, trusting to provide themselves with a crew from vessels yet to be captured from the enemy.

Confusion worse confounded seemed to reign on board the *Shenandoah* as we got under way, and shorthanded as we were, it seemed a task little less than Herculean to reduce such chaos to order. But that patience and perseverance will accomplish much, is as true as trite. Every one perfectly understood that if we fell in with a United States steamer as we were then circumstanced, our race was run; and as such an abrupt terminus to our career was the reverse of desirable, every man, from the Captain downward, went resolutely to work, and ere long our combined exertions began to produce palpable results.

We left on the 20th of October, and the next day we had mounted two eight-inch shell guns, and one thirty-two pounder Whitworth rifle. At the expiration of another twenty-four hours, two more eight-inch shell guns were in position, and also the mate



to our Whitworth rifle. This constituted our battery with the addition of two twelve pounders aft, of which, however, we did not expect to make much use except in bringing ships to.

The carpenters also had pierced the sides for the portholes, and things alow and aloft began to look ship-shape. Still, there was much to do in temporarily disposing of the ammunition in a place of safety, and giving the ship a general clearing up.

On the morning of the 28th, the lookout aloft reported a sail. In an instant all was excitement.

"Where away?" bawled the officer of the deck, as he hurriedly threw his glance around the horizon.

"About two points on the lee bow, sir, standing the same as we are."

"Can you make her out?"

"Aye, aye, sir, a square-rigged vessel. We appear to be raising her fast. I see her better now. A barque with long mast heads, and looks like an American."

"Very good. Let me know when she shows her colors."

It would be difficult to convey an idea of the interest this brief colloquy occasioned. From every part of the ship swarmed up the little company that composed her crew, and ensconced themselves in the rigging, and wherever there was a favorable point for observation, while spy-glasses passed from hand to hand, and opinions were anxiously interchanged as to what the stranger might prove to be.

In the course of an hour we could distinguish the English ensign flying from her peak, but her appearance was so thoroughly American that we concluded to board her and have a look at her papers.

A blank cartridge was fired across her bows, the hint was understood and she hove to, after which an officer was dispatched on board to ascertain her true character.

She proved to be the barque *Monque*, American built, but she had been sold to the English, as many others had been before, for fear of the Confederate cruisers. The captain had his wife and family with him, and they seemed so cosey and contented in their little home on the sea, that I was half glad to find they were really entitled to the protection of the flag they flew, and safe from capture.

Satisfied that she was no longer an American vessel, and consequently not game for our net, we steamed off to the southward, leaving her to proceed on her voyage, which I trust was successfully accomplished.

May she never meet a worse enemy than the *Shenandoah* proved on that occasion!

The following morning the lookout at masthead reported two sails in sight, one on the port beam, the other on the starboard quarter; but as yet, we were scarcely in proper condition to take the offensive where any doubt existed as to the character of our antagonists. Our number only sufficed to work two of our eight-inch guns, which would leave two thirds of our battery entirely unmanned. So, as the probabilities were that either of the strangers were far stronger numerically, we reluctantly permitted them to proceed on their way unmolested.

On the 30th, about nine o'clock in the morning, another sail was reported about three points on the port bow. It proved to be a barque, standing to the southward and westward.

We immediately got up steam, and proceeded in chase, and in about two hours, brought her to in the usual manner, by firing a

blank cartridge across her bows. As she displayed the American flag from her peak, a boat was lowered, and a prize crew with two officers were sent on board to take charge of her.

On reaching the vessel, we informed the Captain that his craft was a prize to the Confederate States of America, and ordered him to get his papers and proceed on board of our ship.

He hesitated for a moment and then disappeared down the companion-way, and after a brief absence, returned to the deck with a tin box containing his documents, and in company with one of our officers, went on board the *Shenandoah*.

The *Alina* was condemned, and it fell to my lot to return with the captain to say "good-by" to his ship, and bring away his clothing, and any other little personal property he might wish to preserve.

That he felt his misfortune keenly was evident, although he manfully strove to conceal it under a cool, nonchalant exterior.

"I tell you what, maty," he said, as we were returning from this, to him, sad errand, "I've a daughter at home that that craft yonder was named for, and it goes against me cursedly to see her destroyed."

"Neither myself nor my brother officers have any disposition to do you a personal injury," I answered. "Our orders are to prey upon the commerce of the United States, and in carrying them out, private individuals have to suffer, as the widows and orphans of the South have done and are doing from the invading armies acting under the instructions of your Government."

"I know it is only the fortune of war, and I must take my chances with the rest," the captain said resolutely, "but it's d—d hard, and I only hope I shall have an opportunity of returning your polite attentions before this muss is over, that's all."

By this time the crew of the *Alina* had been transferred to the *Shenandoah*, each old shell-back disconsolately bringing with him the bag that contained his dunnage, and were confined in single irons, and then our carpenters went off to the prize armed with augers with which to scuttle her.

In the course of an hour they returned, having performed their duty, and I stood leaning over the quarter railing, watching, with a curious heart-heaviness that none but a sailor can understand, to see the gallant old barque sink in her ocean grave.

About four o'clock her stern suddenly settled, her bows reared high in the air, as if in indignant deprecation of such sacrilegious treatment at the hands of seamen, and with all sail set she went down right bravely.

It was the first time I ever saw a vessel sink at sea, and I confess it was some time ere I could fully recover from the unpleasant feelings the sight engendered. A sailor learns to love a ship as something almost animate; and to see one deserted in mid-ocean by those who have been her guardians, and slowly settling in the unfathomable waters, is almost like standing beside a death-bed to watch the sinking away of a soul into the ocean of eternity.

But I was fated to have a large experience in this direction ere the *Shenandoah* and I finally parted company.

The *Alina* was captured in 15° 15' north latitude, and 26° 44' west longitude, and was valued at ninety-five thousand dollars. Six of her crew joined us, greatly to our satisfaction, for we sadly needed such an accession to our numbers, and received the same bounty as those who shipped at the Island of Desertas. The rest were confined in the top-gallant fore-castle, while the officers were accommodated in the ward room and treated with every consideration, which I need scarcely say they heartily appreciated, especially the captain, who remarked to me that he little anticipated such kind-

ness from an enemy; but he declined all offers of refreshment, nor could I wonder, under the circumstances, at his disinclination to join in our conviviality.

I subsequently became quite familiar with him, and passed many hours, first and last, listening to the stories of his experience, which he related with infinite gusto.

Several days now elapsed without bringing any especial incident to break the monotony of the voyage. The weather was glorious; the timely addition to our crew made the labor of working our gallant ship fall less heavily upon her company, and elated with the success that had thus far attended us, we dashed merrily forward on our course.

The thought often occurred to me, and I doubt not to many of my shipmates, that there was something almost terribly problematical as to the way and manner in which our cruise was destined to terminate, but that very uncertainty gave an additional zest to the wild, free life upon which we were entering, and surrounded with a fresh glamour of romance, our ship and the cause in which she sailed.

On the fifth of November we discovered a little fore-and-aft schooner standing to southward, and gave chase, under steam. Before eight o'clock we had made a prize of her, and she proved to be the *Charter Oak*, from Boston, bound to San Francisco with a general cargo.

The Captain had his wife, her sister, and a little boy on board with him, and there they were bound round Cape Horn, in that little schooner of less than one hundred and fifty tons burthen,—a noteworthy instance of Yankee perseverance and daring.

We were in want of a variety of articles in the furnishing way, particularly chairs, and concluded, without much hesitation, to help

ourselves from the prize, so our boats were lowered and a party sent on board of her, to break out her hold and bring away whatever might be of use to us.

The boats returned, after several hours' absence, loaded to the water's edge with sofas, chairs, small tables, and an almost endless variety of preserved fruits and vegetables, among the rest a quantity of canned tomatoes, which lasted us about six months, and formed an agreeable addition to our commissariat.

Having helped ourselves to what we wished, and transferred the ladies, officers, and crew to our own ship, the schooner was set on fire, and we steamed away to the southward, a light wind blowing from the northeast, and the sea almost without a ripple.

The prisoners taken from the *Charter Oak* were confined in single irons and placed in the top-gallant fore-castle, and accommodations were found for the officers, the ladies, and the little boy, in the ward room.

All were in fine spirits as we glided away from the scene of our last achievement. Even the captain of our last prize I noticed walking the poop with his wife, with a very much-at-home and perfectly contented air.

For the next three days all hands were busy in putting together and setting up our new furniture, and in disposing of the other contributions which the *Charter Oak* had poured into our treasury. Everything in the shape of edibles was equally divided among the messes fore and aft. In all things on the *Shenandoah* it was share and share alike.

I should mention that as soon as it could be arranged, the after cabin on the starboard side was given up to the use of the ladies and the little boy, and it was amusing to notice with what amazement our fair prisoners received the courtesy with which we en-

deavored to alleviate their unpleasant position. That they had anticipated rude and perhaps brutal treatment from their captors was evident, and not unnaturally perhaps, as all sorts of sensational stories had been circulated in regard to the doings of other Confederate cruisers; and who does not know that humanity is prone to listen to and believe any recital of horror that keeps within the boundary of possibility. We were not sorry, however, to have an opportunity of disabusing the minds of two Northern ladies of the notion that Confederate men-of-war's-men were a sort of revised edition of East Indian Sepoys.

On the 8th, about eleven A. M. a lookout on the foretop-sail yard reported a sail in sight, and as usual, everything was in commotion. As there was only a light breeze blowing, we got up steam and proceeded in chase, and were not long in overhauling her. We showed the English colors, whereupon she hoisted the United States flag, which, of course, sealed her doom.

As usual, a boat was sent on board, which returned in about half an hour with the captain and his papers, from whom we learned that our prize was the barque *D. Godfrey* from Boston, bound to Valparaiso with a cargo of lumber and salt beef. Of the latter commodity we determined to lay in a supply sufficient to last us for the cruise, and a gang of carpenters and men were sent on board to break out her hold. This, however, was found to be such a laborious task that we decided to give it up and destroy her as she was.

By six o'clock her officers and crew were taken off, after which the bulkheads in the cabin and pantry were knocked down by a few blows of the carpenter's hatchet and thrown in a pile on the floor. A match was applied, and in fifteen minutes the flames were bursting through the skylights, and the work of destruction had begun.

It was an imposing scene. Darkness had settled around us when the rigging and sails took fire, but every rope could be seen as distinctly as upon a painted canvas, as the flames made their way from the deck, and writhed upward like fiery serpents. Soon the yards came thundering down by the run as the lifts and halyards yielded to the devouring element, the standing rigging parted like blazing flax, and the spars simultaneously went by the board and left the hulk wrapped from stem to stern in one fierce blaze, like a floating, fiery furnace.

While this was passing, her late commander paced the quarter-deck with folded arms and contracted brow, gazing out upon the ruin he was powerless to avert, with what feelings I could well imagine.

"That was a vessel which has done her duty well for forty years," he said to one of my brother officers, as she finally disappeared. "She has faced old Boreas in every part of the world, in the service of her master, and after such a career, to be destroyed by men on a calm night, on this tropical sea, is too bad—too bad!"

"It is but one of the results of the terrible war raging at home," remarked one of the ladies who had been a silent witness of the scene. "Would to God it was over! that the destruction of life and property by sea and land might cease."

"War is a bad thing, there's no denying it," resumed the captain; "bad enough on land, where at least you've a solid foundation under you, but infinitely worse at sea, where it destroys the few planks that you have learned to trust to keep you from going to Davy Jones's. There is no sight so awful to a sailor as a ship on fire, even when, as in this instance, you know there is no human being on board; but there's no use in grumbling."

Our last prize was captured in latitude 4° 42' north, and longitude 28° 24' west, and was valued at thirty-six thousand dollars.



We had now on board about forty prisoners; ten had joined the *Shenandoah*, and we were anxious to dispose of the others.

An opportunity soon offered. On the following day a sail was discovered, and we proceeded in chase, under canvas. In about three hours we came up with her, and found her to be a Danish brig, bound to Rio Janeiro. An officer was dispatched on board to ascertain if the captain would take what prisoners we had into port. He consented to take a part of them, and we immediately sent on board those we had first captured, with our best wishes for a pleasant passage and a speedy arrival at home.

The transfer occupied an hour or two, and on parting we presented the Danish captain with a fine chronometer we had captured from one of our prizes.

He was much pleased with the gift, and assured us he should always retain it, in remembrance of the *Shenandoah* and the cause she represented.

On the 10th we captured in 4° 20' north latitude, and 26° 39' west longitude, the brig *Susan*, from Cardiff, bound to South America, but owned in New York, with a cargo of coal. She was valued at five thousand four hundred and thirty-six dollars. She was scuttled. Two of her men joined us; the rest were disposed of as our other prisoners had been.

We had captured four vessels within the last ten days, which, all things considered, we were disposed to regard as a fair business. We hoped, however, to do something more to make Uncle Sam remember us before going into the South Atlantic, for we were now in the track of ships bound out from New York and other ports in the United States to San Francisco and South America.

On the 12th we captured the *Kate Prince*, a large clipper ship of about eleven hundred tons burthen, from Cardiff, with a neutral cargo, and ransomed her for forty thousand dollars on condition

of her taking the rest of our prisoners into port. If our last prize had not had two ladies on her passenger list, I believe we should have burned her, but we had a pair of our fair enemies already in charge, and ungallant as the admission may sound, we had no desire to increase the number, through doubts of our ability to make them comfortable, I may add, in extenuation of our apparent churlishness.

By three o'clock the following morning our ship was once more free from prisoners, much to our satisfaction, and the *Kate Prince* proceeded on her way.

The following day, Sunday, we discovered a sail which had the appearance of a little Yankee schooner. She was a splendid sailer, and it required several hours to overhaul her, but at length, finding escape impossible, she showed the Stars and Stripes, and the usual blank cartridge fired across her bows, brought her to. It turned out to be another Boston craft, the *Lizzie M. Stacey*, bound to the Sandwich Islands, round the Cape of Good Hope.

No one but a Yankee skipper would thus venture half way round the world in such a vessel, but the old sea-dog did not appear to think such a trip anything worth mentioning.

Something to this intent and purport, I remarked as the old fellow came on board our ship, and was rewarded with a contemptuous laugh.

"Shiver my timbers if there an't the most lubberly set of sailors afloat in these latitudes that I ever fell in with," he said, adding a tough old nautical oath or two by way of emphasis. "Why day before yesterday, I run across the bows of a big English ship bound to Australia, and all hands made a rush forward when I hove in sight as though I'd been the Sea Serpent or some other almighty curiosity. They invited me to come on board but there was a stiff breeze blowing at the time, and I'd no notion of losing a good run

for the sake of showing off a little before a lot of chaps who seem to think nothing less than a seventy-four is safe to cross the ocean in."

"Faix, and the ould man was right," remarked the first mate, a genuine wild Irishman, aside to one of our men; "the dirty blackguards wouldn't have appreciated the compliment of a visit from us, and what's more, my hearty, if we'd had ten guns aboard there, you wouldn't have got us without a bit of a shindy, or if the breeze had been a bit stiffer, we'd given her the square sail, and all h—I couldn't have caught her."

There was truth in this. Had she been armed the *Lizzie M. Stacey* would certainly never have surrendered without a tussle, and with a favorable wind, I am inclined to believe she would have shown us a clean pair of heels. Could we have spared the necessary men to man her, we should have put one of our rifle guns on board and commissioned her as a tender to our ship, but as yet we were too short-handed for such an achievement, and she was reluctantly doomed to the same fate as her predecessors. Two of her crew joined us, and the rest were placed in the top-gallant forecastle in single irons. The officers of course received the customary courtesies which, however, were pretty much thrown away upon the captain, who was the most unapproachable old curmudgeon I ever encountered. To get a civil word out of him was simply impossible, but the mate took kindly to his altered fortunes, and, in a day or two, could spin a kuffer with any one on board.

Our last prize was valued at fifteen thousand dollars, and was captured in 1° 48' north latitude, and 28° 24' west longitude.

Our cruise in the North Atlantic was now finished. It had been brief in duration, but enough had been accomplished to give the *Shenandoah* such a reputation as would be apt to insure her officers and crew anything but a cordial reception from one of Uncle Sam's cruisers, should we have the luck to fall in with one.

## CHAPTER III

## FROM THE "LINE" TO ST. PAUL'S ISLAND

ON the 15th of November we crossed the line, and the usual ceremonies attendant upon that event on board a man-of-war were not neglected.

It is a custom as old as sailing, for aught I know, for every armed vessel on passing the equator to receive a visit from his aquatic godship Neptune, who is supposed to hold his court in that locality, suffering no ship to pass until he has satisfied himself by personal inspection that there are none on board but regularly initiated sailors; that is, those who have previously crossed the line and submitted to his initiatory rites. We had a number of novices among officers and men, and consequently the event was anticipated with even more than ordinary interest.

It was just gone eight bells in the evening when a rough voice over the bows was heard hailing the ship.

"What's wanting?" said the officer of the deck.

"Heave to. I want to come on board," was the surly response.

The requisite orders were given, and a few moments after a gigantic figure was seen ascending the side, dressed in an oil-skin coat, and wearing a wig of Manilla yarn, which, at a little distance, had the appearance of yellowish curly hair.

He was accompanied by another grotesque figure representing his wife, and the two were followed by a third, who was supposed to be His Majesty's confidential barber, provided with the utensils of his calling, which consisted of a bucket of slush, and a preposterous razor, about three feet long, manufactured from an iron hoop. His godship carried an immense speaking-trumpet under

his arm, a trident in his right hand, and stepped upon the deck with all the dignity his assumed position warranted.

"What ship is this?" he said, in an authoritative voice.

"The Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah*," replied the officer of the deck, touching his hat.

"Are there any of my subjects on board who have never crossed the line before?" was the next question.

"There are several, I believe."

"Bring them before me!" continued his godship, and thereupon such of the company as had already passed the ordeal dispersed in search of the novices.

We found them stowed away in every imaginable place of concealment, but they were scented out, and dragged before the Ocean deity, where they were solemnly lathered from the slush-bucket, and shaved with the iron hoop, according to immemorial usage.

The frolic was kept up until a late hour, and an additional zest was added to the festivities by the fact that two or three of our youngsters actually believed that they had been in the presence of the veritable Neptune, and it was only after the expiration of a considerable time that they discovered that they had been imposed upon by some of their own shipmates.

We were now steering to the southward, in the hope of falling in with vessels bound from San Francisco to New York, round Cape Horn.

We had struck the southeast trade winds, which wafted us along at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, with all sail set. The weather was delightful, and in high spirits we sped merrily on our way.

Some days had now elapsed without bringing us in sight of any

sail we might lawfully capture, but the time could scarcely be said to hang heavily upon our hands. We had an excellent library on board comprising over six hundred volumes, and with reading, social games, and story telling, we managed to pass the period of inactivity quite felicitously.

Of course our lookouts were constantly on the alert for Yankee craft which are readily recognized by the peculiarity of their rig; but although ships of every other nationality were flitting around us from time to time, those we sought failed to cross our path. Occasionally we exchanged signals and reckoning with those we met by the way, but for the most part we avoided social intercourse.

The 26th found us in 27° 30' south latitude, an excellent run from the line.

About six o'clock that afternoon we gave chase to a vessel which however proved to be English, much to the annoyance of every one. as we were beginning to feel impatient for another dash at the enemy, and our prisoners, especially Captain Archer of the *Lizzie M. Stacey*, were anxiously hoping that the next prize would be ransomed upon condition of taking them into port.

On the 28th we sighted several sails, but our captain, for some reason best known to himself, did not give chase to any of them.

On the 4th of December we discovered a craft which had the general appearance of an American, and we stood in chase and overhauled her, the United States flag flying at our peak. She flew the Italian colors, but looked so thoroughly Yankee that we sent a couple of officers, dressed in blue uniform, to keep up our assumed character on board, to have a look at her papers.

It turned out as we feared. She was American built, but had been sold to the Italians to keep her out of the hands of enterprising gentlemen in our line of business.

About four o'clock the same afternoon, another sail was reported, which for a time puzzled us all, until one of our old sea-dogs pronounced her to be an American whaler, which eventually proved to be the case.

As we steamed near her she hoisted the American flag, whereupon we stopped our engines and sent a boat with a prize crew on board, and in a little time, her Captain, having his papers in charge, was with us.

She was a bluff-bowed, square-sterned, old-fashioned craft, from New Bedford, of about four hundred tons, and had been whaling for nearly fifty years. She had been out about four months, and had taken but one whale, which she was engaged in "cutting in" when we captured her.

Her commander, Captain Worth, was one of the finest specimens of an American sailor I have ever met. Brave, generous, and open-hearted, he was one of those men who inspire an enemy with respect and a feeling of regret that the stern necessity of war involves their capture. He had been a shipmaster twenty-five years, and of course could not avoid feeling deeply the destruction of his old craft in which he had faced so many perils, and earned an honorable fame in his calling. But nothing of this appeared in his face as he came over the side and saluted us with a courteous "Good afternoon, gentlemen. You have a fine ship here for a cruiser."

"Yes, sir," responded the officer of the deck, "and that vessel of yours looks as if she was familiar with travelling salt water."

"Yes, she was laid on the stocks before you and I were thought of," he answered, leaning nonchalantly against the bulwarks, and thereupon fell into an easy and affable conversation with the officer of the deck, upon whales and whaling, as naturally as though we were a brother whaler, and he had come on board of us for a "gam."

Ere he left us, he had won the respect and esteem of every man on board the *Shenandoah*.

It is generally the case that whalers are better provisioned than any other class of vessels; consequently we considered the present opportunity a good one to replenish our own stores, and therefore lay alongside our prize till morning, her crew in the mean time being placed in irons,—a precautionary measure we disliked to adopt, but our own safety required it.

As soon as it was light, the whaler's crew were released, and assisted, with the best grace they could, in transferring their own supplies, consisting principally of flour and bread, to the *Shenandoah*. This occupied several hours, and during the time a number of our officers went off to see what a whaler was like, and inspect the blubber which had been cut from the sea-monster which was still moored alongside.

Late in the afternoon, having secured what we desired from the barque *Edward*, we set her on fire, and got under way, taking three of her boats in tow and steering for the Island of Tristan d'Acunha, where our Captain had resolved to land what prisoners he had on board.

Early the following morning the island was in sight looming up some eight thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and by eight o'clock, we had it on our port beam. Steaming slowly round to discover a suitable place for landing, we at last saw the English flag flying from a flag-staff on shore, and hove to, and the boats we had been towing were hauled alongside, and the prisoners with their clothes and bedding placed in them.

While this was going on, we observed a boat coming off from the shore, and ere long she was rocking under our quarter, and its principal occupant was offering for sale milk, eggs, chickens, and fresh meat, commodities I need hardly say for which we were quite ready to barter.

It was the first time the Islanders had seen the flag floated from



our peak, and to what nationality it belonged they could not imagine, nor was their astonishment in any way diminished when we informed them that our ship was a Confederate cruiser, and we had thirty-five prisoners which we proposed contributing to their population.

"And where the devil did you get your prisoners?" queried one of the mystified natives.

"From a whaler not far from here," responded one of our officers.

"Just so, to be sure; and what became of the whaler?"

"We burned her up."

"Whew Is that the way you dispose of what vessels you fall in with?"

"If they belong to the United States; not otherwise."

"Well, my hearty, you know your own business, but my notion is that these sort of pranks will get you into the devil's own muss before you are through with it. What your quarrel with the United States is I don't know, but I swear I don't believe they'll stand this kind of work."

The astonishment our proceedings occasioned the residents of Tristan d'Acunha (there are only about forty of them all told), and their evident conviction that our calling was not likely to be a safe one, did not stand in the way of their commercial proclivities, and we soon struck up a bargain for a quantity of fresh beef, which, however, had to be killed before it could be delivered; but the time was disposed of by getting the prisoners safely off, and seeing that they were provided with coffee, tea, sugar, and all other articles necessary for their temporal sojourn.

At last the Islanders came off with the provisions we had purchased, and received in exchange flour and pilot bread. We also

procured of them a couple of sheep, and after making these additions to our commissariat, we steamed away, leaving the island on our starboard quarter.

This last prize furnished us with a new phase of cruising experience. Heretofore our prisoners had been transferred to some prize selected for the purpose, and sent on their way, if not rejoicing, at least reasonably well satisfied with such a method of egress from one of the unpleasant predicaments of war; but now for the first time we had left our captured foes on an island of the South Atlantic, thousands of miles from their homes, where they might have to remain for many weary months, ere a passing ship would take them off (though it was of course possible they might be relieved in a week), and none of us were quite satisfied with the part we were necessitated to play, but I question whether our Yankee acquaintances stood much in need of our sympathy after all. They had the free range of a charming island, where reigned perennial summer; besides, there were a number of the gentler sex in want of mates, I learned, and where there are pretty women so circumstanced, there can sailors be happy.

I may mention, *en passant*, that they have rather a primitive way of celebrating the nuptial contract on Tristan d'Acunha. The oldest inhabitant, one of the ubiquitous sons of Connecticut, of course, who stranded there some five and twenty years ago, and drives a thriving trade in beef and poultry with the whalers that put in there, has assumed to himself the prerogative of uniting in the holy bonds of wedlock the matrimonially disposed, and he performs the service, I understand, as much to the satisfaction of the parties interested as it could be done by surpliced priest before the chancel rails.

On the following day we discovered that our engine was injured, one of the propeller bands being broken in two places, and it was at first rumored that we would have to put into some port for

repairs; but after a thorough investigation it was decided to endeavor to temporarily remedy the difficulty where we were, and in the meantime to depend upon our canvas.

I ought to have mentioned that before capturing the barque *Edward*, we overhauled a sail, the *Adelaide*, from Baltimore, and she was about being consigned to the fate of her predecessors that had fallen into our hands, when we discovered that she belonged to a Mr. Pendergrass, a Baltimorean and a Southern sympathizer, which saved her from sacrifice, but the discovery was only made after her bulkheads had been demolished and a good deal of miscellaneous damage done preparatory to burning. The cargo, however, not being the property of any of our friends, was ransomed for forty thousand dollars.

On the 14th we were scudding along under topsails, at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, with a high sea running, which increased tremendously as we neared the Cape of Good Hope. To any one but a sailor it would hardly have seemed possible that a vessel could live in such a sea as we encountered in this locality. It ran absolutely mountains high, and had not the *Shenandoah* been an excellent sea-boat, among her other admirable characteristics, we should have felt considerable apprehension, although instances are comparatively rare of vessels foundering from sheer stress of weather. Numerous birds were following in our wake, and among them were the albatross, cape pigeon, and stormy petrel, or, as the latter are better known among seamen, Mother Carey's chickens.

On the 15th, our reckoning showed us to be about five hundred and fifty miles to the southward and westward of the Cape and the ocean still pursuing its mad antics with unabated fury, but over it our gallant vessel scud, as easily as the birds skimmed the air astern.

Our position, however, was becoming anything but comfortable. To get a meal in Christian fashion was the next thing to impossible. The steward, after much devious navigating would suc-

ceed at last in placing it on the table, and the next moment a heavy lurch of the ship would scatter dishes and contents in every direction. Once, not satisfied with such a piece of impertinence, old Neptune sent a sea over our starboard quarter, which came pouring down upon us like a cataract, and the remnant of our dinner previously disposed around the cabin floor by the first accident, was by the second, submerged under a couple of feet of water.

During the prevalence of a heavy and continuous gale like the present, a man-of-war presents a curious scene. The battery is secured with extra tackles, preventer-braces and backstays are rove and tightened, hatches battened down, and men are stationed at the relieving tackles in case the wheel ropes part, to prevent the ship from broaching to.

These precautionary measures taken, or perhaps the ship is hove to under close-reefed topsails, fore storm staysail, main trysail, and a tarpaulin in the mizzen rigging, little parties of men may be seen congregated on different parts of the berth deck, each listening to some tough yarn, spun by some old shell-back of their number.

Suddenly the sound of the boatswain's call is heard, sharp and shrill above the howling of the tempest, and for the moment conversation ceases, and every man anxiously awaits to learn the nature of the summons. It is nothing any more serious this time than to call all hands to the agreeable duty of "splicing the main brace," and in an instant there is a general rush for the deck, where the grog is served to each in turn.

To a landsman it may seem the height of recklessness to serve out any intoxicating beverage at such a time, to a ship's company, but the omission of such an item in the routine of their lives would probably engender a general feeling of dissatisfaction more to be dreaded than any trifling excess in which they would be likely to indulge.

On that day the storm culminated. It was sublime beyond description, and we drove before it, at the rate of eleven knots an hour, under close reefed topsails and reefed foresail. About five o'clock that afternoon, we took a sea about amidships, which poured down the main hatch, to the summary discomfiture of a knot of the boys who were enjoying themselves by listening to a "twister" of more than ordinary interest.

Such were some of the specimens of "life on the ocean wave," that we encountered while working up toward the Cape of Good Hope, a name suggestive of good omens, but our experience did not tend to confirm the reputation that has gone abroad concerning the peaceful proclivities of the elements thereabouts.

On the 16th, it was still blowing a gale from the northward and westward, and we were running before it at the rate of eleven or twelve knots an hour under a light spread of canvas. About eight o'clock in the evening a tremendous sea came over our quarter, carrying away everything moveable in its track, and thoroughly drenching about half our officers and crew. The ship now seemed to be flooded fore and aft, the greater part of the time, but such good precautionary measures had been taken that comparatively little water found its way below.

At twelve o'clock the next day, a wave of mountain dimensions came surging down upon us, and rearing its mighty crest, like a very demon of the ocean intent upon our destruction, discharged a cataract of water, whose weight could only have been estimated by hundreds of tons, upon our devoted deck. It was a moment of fearful anxiety. Fore and aft the water stood level with the top of the bulwarks,—the ship lost her headway and trembled as did Goliath when the pebble from the shepherd boy's sling penetrated his brazen head-gear, and like Goliath she would in a few brief moments have sunk to rise no more, had not our dauntless crew in obedience to an order from the officer of the deck, uttered as coolly as though it was

the most ordinary occasion instead of a matter of life and death, sprung forward with axes, and dashed out the ports, thus affording egress to the mass of water which was pressing us down, like the hand of doom, into the treacherous bosom of the Atlantic.

That day the gale finally blew itself out, but our troubles were as yet by no means over, for as the wind went down, the sea increased, if that was possible, and for three or four succeeding days, the *Shenandoah* was buffeted, tossed, and knocked about, as an empty bottle might be driven in the wake of a steamship, but we managed to hold on our course toward Australia.

It had been my fortune to spend four Christmas days at sea, far removed from all the festivities and merry-making that characterizes its advent upon shore, but my Christmas in the *Shenandoah*, off the Cape of Good Hope, was the most miserable travesty of the festival I ever celebrated. We were boxing about, as I have described, at the mercy of old Neptune's irate temper, drenched with water the greater part of the time, and generally and profoundly miserable, when the anniversary of the day that brought "peace on earth, good will to men," dawned upon us. My thoughts would revert to home, to the family gathering at the Christmas dinner, to the old church with its evergreen decorations, and to the evening spent in fun and frolic.

Such was the home picture, and a more complete reverse of it could hardly be imagined, than was presented by our ship and company. In the place of pendant evergreens my eyes rested upon the smoky, swaying lamps, still dimly burning in the ward room, and instead of receiving the time-honored salutations from family friends, and bright-faced girls, whose lips give so sweet an intonation to the old phrase, I heard it from rough-bearded men, sunburned and swarthy, and in place of preparing for a gay holiday, I donned my sou'wester and moodily made my way to the deck to stand a four hours' watch.

Our cook, good, conscientious man that he was, put all his science in requisition, and strained his resources to the utmost, to achieve a good dinner, but the old goose upon which he tried his skill, was, I verily believe, the identical fowl that Commodore Noah took with him on his first and last cruise. All that fire could do to render digestible that tough old specimen, was done, and in due time we grimly devoured him, but not before he had been several times rescued from his native element beneath the table, where he had been tossed by the heaving of the ship.

My solemn advice to the world at large is, never to go off the Cape of Good Hope in a cruiser to enjoy Christmas.

On the 29th our eyes were greeted once more by the welcome sight of a ship. As it was astern, we shortened sail and waited for her to come up with us.

By three o'clock she was near enough to "read bunting," and by way of testing her nationality, we showed the English flag. Up went the Stars and Stripes to the peak of the stranger, a welcome sight to us, whereupon we lowered our borrowed ensign, and, much to the consternation, I have no doubt, of our new acquaintance, ran up the flag of the Confederacy, and fired a blank cartridge across her bows. She immediately hove to, and we sent a boat to bring off the Captain and his papers. The Captain of the stranger soon reached us, and reported his craft to be the barque *Delphine*, of Bangor, Maine, seventy days out from London, in ballast, and bound for Akyab, Arabia, for a cargo of rice. The Captain informed us that his wife and child were on board, and also that his steward was encumbered with a helpmate. The Captain's wife was ill, and with such a sea running, he feared it would be dangerous to attempt to bring her off.

Captain Waddell expressed his regret at the inconvenience to which he was compelled to subject the ladies, but assured him that

no danger should befall them, as our life-boat with six good oarsmen, should be detailed for the service.

To object was of course useless, so with as good a grace as possible our prisoners set out in the life-boat on their unpleasant expedition.

In due time the life-boat returned with the two women and little boy, the Captain of the prize and such articles of personal property as he desired to retain. The Captain's wife woman-like, brought with her a canary bird in its cage, and if a handbox containing her best bonnet had been added to her luggage, it would have been complete.

Soon after two or three other boats put off from the barque containing her crew, who were at once confined in single irons, and placed in the top-gallant fore-castle.

One of our officers with two or three men had remained on board the *Delphine* to fire her as soon as her own company had been safely removed; and we, of the *Shenandoah*, were now anxiously pacing the decks, watching for the first indications that this duty had been performed. Night closed around us before the first forked tongue of fire, issuing from the companion-way of the fated barque, warned us that the destroying element had commenced its work. Rapidly the flames gathered headway, casting a fierce, lurid glow over the heaving bosom of the ocean; from doors, windows, and hatchways they burst forth like the vengeful spirit of destruction, wound up the spars, stretched out upon the yards, swiftly enveloping shrouds, sails, and halyards in one splendid, fiery ruin; and standing out, strongly revealed against the darkening sky, the burning vessel surged and tossed, a holocaust to the God of War.

But while all this was passing, the lookouts were closely scanning the watery expanse that intervened between us and the burning ship, to discover our boat returning. The darkness of the night



and the heavy sea that was running, rendered us unpleasantly apprehensive that she might have swamped on her passage back, and as a precautionary measure, lanterns were run up in the rigging to advise them of our whereabouts. At last we saw them, just rising on the summit of a mighty wave, less than a hundred yards to windward, and presently after we distinguished the rough voice of the officer in command hailing us.

"Ahoy, there!" he said; "throw us a line!"

The request was complied with,—a coil of rope sailed away from the deck of the *Shenandoah* through the air, rendered half opaque by the spray of breaking waves; it was caught by our comrades,—in another moment they were alongside, and presently after we had them safe on board, and were once more standing on our course.

The after-cabin on the starboard side was appropriated to the Captain of our last prize and his wife, and in every respect they were treated far more like passengers than prisoners, but never was courtesy more completely thrown away upon an enemy. They not only utterly failed to appreciate, in any degree, the manner in which they were treated while they were with us, but indulged in the most scandalous romance at our expense after they got on shore. This was all well enough no doubt, but if our friend of the *Delphine* had fallen into our hands a second time, we, knowing the reputation he had given us, would have taught him by experience ere we parted company, something of the dark side of the picture which a prisoner of war has occasion to inspect.

For an hour or more the Captain of the *Delphine* paced up and down the deck, accompanied by his wife, watching his blazing vessel, now rapidly dropping below the horizon. I could not help pitying him. He was a third owner, and probably had there invested the savings of half a lifetime of patient toil. To see the

fruits of so many years swept away in an hour, might well try the philosophy of the best of men.

The 30th of December found us still standing toward Australia, with all sail set on a bowline. It was one of the most beautiful days we had seen since leaving England. The air was soft and balmy, like the month of May in our own sunny South, and the heavy sea we had encountered for so many days seemed to have exhausted its mad passion, and had died away into the long undulating swell almost invariably encountered off soundings.

During my watch that morning, I had a long conversation with the Captain of our last prize, in the course of which he informed me that he was a good deal chagrined when he first came on board of us and discovered to what an incipient man of war he had surrendered, without an effort at escape. He had expected, when he came off to us, to find a cruiser with all her guns in working order, and men to work them,—a craft, in fact, that in five minutes' time would be ready to blow him out of water, but "distance lent enchantment to the view," he discovered, when he saw our real condition, and he bitterly lamented that he had not at least made the attempt to show us his heels.

I very much incline to the opinion that had he shaken out his canvas, going at the rate he was, he would have given us the slip before, short-handed as we were, we could have made sail, or brought our guns to bear.

The new year, wearing all the languid beauty of a Southern clime, opened upon me just as I was about to be relieved from duty on deck. The weather was fine, with a light, variable wind blowing, and the stars threw their silvery shimmer over the quiet water. Every one on board, save the officer of the deck, the quartermaster, the lookout, and the man at the wheel, were wrapped in slumber. Such were my surroundings when the ship's bell, striking the hour

of twelve, announced the death of eighteen hundred sixty four and the birth of eighteen hundred sixty-five.

Many thousand miles from home and friends, with the broad Atlantic all around us, and our adventurous career just begun, we did not forget the day, and at eight o'clock in the morning we unfurled our banner to the breeze, and there at our peak it waved, the emblem of a young nation which for four years had struggled, God only knows with what self-denying patience and resolution, for liberty.

The next day we sighted the Island of St. Paul, in the Indian Ocean, and stood in with a view of regulating our chronometer. By one o'clock we had approached as near its southern extremity as we desired to venture, and let go our anchor.

## CHAPTER IV

### FROM ST. PAUL'S TO MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

ST. PAUL'S ISLAND is situated several hundred miles to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, and is comparatively seldom visited. To sight land is always agreeable after a three months' cruise, and there were many applicants for permission to go on shore, this being the first opportunity that had offered since we set sail from Madeira, and excepting the island of Tristan d'Acunha, was the first land we had seen.

Leave was extended to a number of the officers, and they presently pulled off in one of the quarter boats, well provided with all the requisite paraphernalia for fishing, having in contemplation a raid upon the finny denizens of the ocean, which seemed to have a peculiar *penchant* for congregating near these shores. There was voyagers, who had been so long confined within the walls of our many a longing glance cast after the receding boat by the weary

floating fortress, and more than one discontented face might have been seen moving up and down the deck until the little craft, with its more fortunate occupants, rounded a point of land which jutting far out into the sea, formed a partially landlocked bay and disappeared.

Ere long the lookout at mast-head reported land to the northward, and an inspection of the chart showed it to be the Island of Amsterdam, distant from St. Paul's about forty miles. The Island of St. Denis makes up the group, and is the residence of the Governor whose official sway extends over the three.

Governor Rondoney was formerly an officer in the French army, and is a gentleman of considerable ability and personal popularity. He is said to keep up a fine establishment and to wear his honors right bravely.

The climate of these islands is delightful, and with a fine soil, and all the auxiliaries peculiar to a semi-tropical country, I was somewhat surprised to learn that they were but sparsely inhabited. Their out-of-the-way location has no doubt something to do with it, as that circumstance would naturally deter foreigners from settling there to any great extent. They carry on a desultory trade with Madagascar, and some ports on the mainland of the eastern coast of Africa, but this comprises all their commerce, and nearly all of the few vessels that touch there have no more important business than the regulation of their chronometers, an important item with the vessels to be sure, but not a very productive source of revenue to Governor Rondoney's dominions.

A little before six o'clock the boat returned, literally loaded down with fish of excellent quality, and the excursionists were accordingly in the best of spirits. They paid dearly for their amusement, however. All of them were fearfully sunburned by the strong reflection from the water, and there was not a pair of hands that

had not been thoroughly blistered by their long pull at the oars. They had hoped to capture a seal or two, as these animals are frequently found in the vicinity, but failing in this, they turned covetous eyes upon a penguin which they found in the possession of three old French shellbacks, left there some time before by a wandering ship, with whom they struck up an acquaintance and brought his aquatic fowlship off in triumph.

These three French worthies had things very much their own way on St. Paul's, they being in fact the only residents. They were engaged in catching and salting fish, with which to freight a vessel then absent on a voyage to Madagascar, where a ready market was found for that kind of provender.

Before we sailed, they came off to pay us a visit, and brought with them a quantity of chickens, which they exchanged with us for pocket handkerchiefs, an article of which they certainly stood in need, as indeed they did of various other *etceteras* of civilized life, but upon the whole, the old fellows seemed to be rather enjoying themselves in this Robinson Crusoeish way.

The other two islands are not quite so badly off by way of inhabitants, and the one which has the honor to be the residence of His Excellency the Governor, boasts of a considerable village; but if the labor of ruling bears any proportion to the number of the ruled, I incline to the opinion that Governor Rondoney's official duties are not arduous.

I should have mentioned before that when we first sighted St. Paul's, the Captain of our last prize took the conceit into his crotchety head that we contemplated no less a practical joke than leaving himself and his company there with the agreeable prospect of remaining perhaps for years, subsisting as best they could, ere an opportunity would offer of a return to the world.

I observed his wife anxiously scanning the beautiful solitude

as we were standing in, and the tears with which her eyes were heavy furnished me with a ready clue to the apprehension under which she was suffering.

"Did you suppose, Madam," I said, by way of setting her fears at rest, "that you were to be left in this out-of-the-way spot?"

"That was my husband's expectation," she answered, "and I presumed of course that his fears were not without foundation."

"Let me assure you to the contrary then, and be good enough to inform me how your husband or yourself came to imagine that the commander of the *Shenandoah* was capable of leaving a whole ship's company in such a place."

She hesitated for a moment, and then, with a furtive glance at my face, said:

"Why, they tell terrible stories at home about the outrages committed upon defenceless men and women by your rebel cruisers. The papers have been full of them, and I naturally supposed they were founded on fact, at least."

I could not restrain a smile at the naiveté with which our lady prisoner admitted the entertainment of a pretty well-defined conviction that she was in the hands of veritable pirates, who were only restrained from flying the black flag, with its pleasing suggestive skull and cross bones, because, for the time being, it suited their convenience to sail under another, little if any more reputable in her estimation; but I suppressed any stronger demonstrations of merriment, and upon my expressing a desire to see some of the literature to which she referred, she brought from her state-room a file of an illustrated New York publication, wherein was a marvellous narrative, written by a lady with a multitude of initials. I subsequently read it through, greatly amused, I must confess, at its stupendous absurdities. In the course of the story the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* was introduced, and her officers and crew

represented as a pack of rascals, whom Morgan, the buccaneer, or the leader of the Indian Sepoys would have expelled from their several commands, lest they should become contaminated by evil associations.

The grotesque blunders by the authoress when she undertook to mount the nautical horse,\* furnished a theme of amusement for the wardroom for many a day.

Having corrected our chronometers, which, however, were only found to be a few seconds out of the way, we were about setting sail when we observed a ship coming round the Island, and hauled up to intercept her. It had been some time since a plump fish had come to our net, and all earnestly hoped the stranger might have the honor of belonging to the universal Yankee nation.

As she neared us we showed the English flag to which she responded by displaying the flag of the Netherlands; and as a closer inspection made her out thoroughly un-American in appearance, we allowed her to proceed on her voyage unmolested.

The next day, January 3rd, we set studding sails for the first time, but were too short-handed to do it in scientific man-of-war style. We cherished the hope that the fine weather that had at last overtaken us was to continue, but the hope proved delusive, and the next morning found us under single reefed top-sails, a wet deck fore and aft, and hatches battened down to keep the water from the berth deck.

On the 5th the wind moderated, and we once more cracked on all sail, anxious to reach Australia as soon as possible. The prisoners had naturally begun to tire of their unaccustomed inactivity, and to pine for the moment when they would be once more free, although they were made, in every respect, as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

\* The author's metaphor is a trifle mixed here! (Ed.)

The Captain and his wife had the privilege of walking the poop deck whenever they chose, and availed themselves of the permission very freely; but the old fellow made himself so continually and unmitigatedly disagreeable that our officers perforce avoided him, and as heartily wished to be rid of him and his ship's company as they were to discontinue our acquaintance.

That afternoon we overhauled the ship *Nimrod*, of American build, but transferred to British owners out of compliment to the Confederate Navy, a mark of respect which was reciprocated by not taking the liberty of changing her place of destination.

Her captain, however, a grand-looking old fellow, with tremendous white whiskers, which give him something of the general look of a venerable polar bear, came off in his gig, to return the call of our boarding officer, and brought with him a dozen of fine old Otard as a present to Captain Waddell.

The compliment was fully appreciated, and a scene of festivity followed on board the *Shenandoah* that I shall not soon forget. It was but a brief sojourn that the Captain of the *Nimrod* made with us, but for weeks afterwards his name was often coupled by our officers with enthusiastic praise, and I only trust he has as pleasant reminiscences of his visit to the rebel cruiser.

For some time afterwards nothing of special interest occurred. It was the same monotonous story of uneventful ocean life. The lookouts regularly mounted to their perches and swept the horizon with watchful eyes for wayfarers, that we might lawfully bid to proceed no farther, but none such crossed our path.

At last our reckoning showed us to be within a day or two's sail of Australia, that mighty island continent of the Indian seas. Whereupon we got our engine into operation and steamed for port.

On the 25th, ninety days out from Madeira, we sighted land,



and a few hours later we passed through Port Philip Heads, the entrance to Hobson's Bay. Here the pilot boarded us, and very much astonished was that functionary when he learned the name and character of the vessel he had in charge, which it seemed had been reported as the ship *Royal Standard*, fifty odd days out from London, but this erroneous impression was soon corrected by a telegram, and we steamed on up the bay at the rate of nine knots an hour passing a multitude of yachts, and pleasure boats of various descriptions, filled with an eager multitude, all apparently delighted to see such a ship with the Confederate flag flying, and about six o'clock we dropped our anchor off Sandridge, a small town about two miles from Melbourne.

## CHAPTER V

### OUR TARRY AT MELBOURNE

AS soon as it became generally known in Melbourne that a Confederate cruiser had arrived in the offing, a scene of excitement was inaugurated which baffles all adequate description. Crowds of people were rushing hither and thither, seeking authentic information concerning the stranger, and ere we had been an hour at anchor, a perfect fleet of boats was pulling toward us from every direction.

As yet, however, no one was permitted to board us. It was still somewhat problematical what sort of a reception was in store for us from the authorities, and that was a question that had to be answered definitely, ere we permitted our decks to be encumbered by a crowd of possible enemies under the guise of curious friends.

There was but one solitary deviation from this prohibitory rule respecting visitors. On one of the many little sail-boats rocking alongside, was an old man, whose anxiety to set foot on our decks would have been painful had it not been ludicrous. Finding a deaf

ear turned to all his entreaties, as a last resort, he climbed the spar of his little vessel and watching his opportunity sprang into the mizzen-chains and scrambled on board. There was something so laughably audacious in being boarded whether we would or not, by a single individual, that the officer of the deck stood gazing at the intruder apparently somewhat at a loss whether it was his duty to surrender the ship, or throw him overboard. The old fellow took advantage of this momentary hesitation to explain that he was the only genuine Confederate in the country, which circumstance he insisted, entitled him to a reception on any vessel that flew his country's flag. His logic was not first-rate, but his coolness and audacity were admirable; and these prevailing in his favor, he was allowed to remain, to his exceeding great satisfaction.

As soon as practicable, an officer was dispatched on shore to confer with the authorities, and obtain permission for our ship to remain and procure some necessary repairs. He returned before midnight, having succeeded in his mission, and the next day the *Shenandoah* was thrown open to the inspection of visitors.

As soon as this was known, and the news seemed to spread like wildfire, steamers and sail-boats came flocking off towards us, and all day long, and until far into the evening, were plying between our ship and the shore, bringing on board and taking away thousands of persons, all eager to say that they had visited the famous "rebel pirate."

The multitude of absurd questions with which we were plied by the gaping crowd, would have made a stoic laugh. A large percentage of our visitors seemed to entertain the notion that the human beings were removed from the vessels we captured, or not, as convenience dictated, prior to their destruction, and solemnly queried of us as to the manner in which the Yankees bore themselves while watching the approach of the devouring element upon a burning ship, or waiting to be engulfed with a scuttled one. But notwith-

standing this hard character they were ready to ascribe to us, they vied with each other in showing us every courtesy in their power, and the ladies in particular were well pleased when they could secure the attendance of a grey uniform to escort them on their tour of inspection. Of a truth there are some curious phases in human nature.

The following day we were the recipients of some more tangible proof of the goodwill with which the residents of Melbourne regarded us. Each of our officers received a railroad pass to go and return from Sandridge to Melbourne on the Hobson Bay Railroad, so long as we remained in port. Invitations to dinners and balls poured in from all sides, and every one was particular to mention that he felt the warmest sympathy for the Confederate cause.

All this was agreeable enough if one did not care to examine too closely into the sincerity of these friendly demonstrations, and after ninety days at sea, it was pleasant to see the gay groups of women upon our decks, but the *Shenandoah* had come there to refit, not to be exhibited as a curiosity, and this continual crush and whirl of visitors put an effectual check to the real business in hand; consequently, when the first excitement had in a measure subsided, we were obliged to close our doors, and hang out a most inhospitable and peremptory "not at home" to all callers. This prohibition caused considerable heart-burnings, but necessity knows no law, and upon the whole, our popularity did not suffer. Whenever and wherever an officer appeared on shore, he was forthwith surrounded by a little conclave of sympathetic admirers, and had we accepted a tithe of the invitations we received to indulge in spirituous comforts, we should all of us, from the captain down to the toughest old shellback in the forecastle, have been shockingly inebriated during the whole period of our sojourn.

But, after all, that tarry in Melbourne was one of the bright reminiscences of our adventurous cruise round the world. I do

not suppose so much hospitality ever was or ever will be shown to another ship in that port, and there were few if any who sailed in the *Shenandoah*, who will not carry to their graves many pleasant memories of the days they spent on the shores of Australia.

It must not be supposed, however, that the entire population favored us, either secretly or openly. There was a strong party who firmly adhered to the cause of the United States, and these looked upon us as contumacious rebels, seeking to overthrow, by the most unjustifiable and atrocious means, a generous and beneficent government; and could they have retaliated upon us some of the depredations we had committed upon their merchant marine, our gallant ship would certainly have proceeded no further.

Ere many days we received from a friendly source, a hint that a plot was on foot to destroy the *Shenandoah* by means of torpedoes, and from that time forward three officers were constantly on watch at the same time, to prevent any suspicious looking boat or object from approaching. In the night time, if a boat was discovered in our vicinity, she was hailed three times, and then if a satisfactory answer was not received, our orders were peremptory to fire into her; but we were fortunately never driven to this extremity. Scarcely a night passed that there were not craft of more than doubtful character flitting around us; but at the first hail they either pulled off or rendered such an account of themselves as we were content to accept.

Hundreds of men made application to join us here, but as we had no right to ship any in a neutral port, all were denied, reluctantly, as will be readily imagined when it is remembered how much we desired to augment our numbers.

One day, I remember, an old lady came aboard with her little son. She was a Southern woman, she said, and her boy had been born in the sunny South, and she desired Captain Waddell to take him as the only contribution she had to offer to her country, and

educate him for the service. It was hard to deny such a request made in such a way, but it had to be done, and the woman with her little rebel went her way, sorrowful and disappointed.

On the 28th quite an accident occurred. A party consisting of a lady and two gentlemen were coming off in a sail-boat to visit us. The wind was blowing strong, and just as they had rounded our stern the boat capsized. Another boat chanced to be in the immediate vicinity, and fortunately all were rescued, having sustained no more serious damage than a thorough drenching in salt water, and a very considerable fright. The gentlemen, notwithstanding their saturated garments, came on board, but the lady would not make the venture in her drooping crinoline, and returned to the shore, in a decided pet at the accident which had prevented her from inspecting the cruiser.

The next day was Sunday, the grand gala-day of the week in Melbourne. We anticipated a crowded ship fore and aft, and were not disappointed. The crowd commenced coming about nine o'clock in the morning, and continued to pour in and out in an endless stream until five in the afternoon. More than seven thousand people passed over the railroad from Melbourne to Sandridge, en route for the *Shenandoah*, that day, besides hundreds of others who came by other modes of conveyance.

Our ship was simply *packed* with men and women from top to bottom the live-long day, and many were prevented by the pressure, from getting on board. Indeed, so great was the curiosity we excited, that had we been content to stay for six months in Melbourne, and charged an admission fee of one dollar to visitors, I believe we could have paid a large instalment upon the Confederate debt.

It had been determined to make that day the last of our receptions, as it was imperative to proceed with our refitting. A gang of caulkers were procured and went to work upon our decks with

pitch and oakum, and preparations were hurried forward to remove from the ship her stores and such ponderous furniture as could be readily gotten out to lessen her draught preparatory to placing her upon the slip, where her propeller could be inspected.

A couple of lighters were hauled alongside, and into them were hoisted such articles as we desired to be rid of for the present, and this accomplished we proceeded to the slip, where we remained for ten days, though the work was expedited as rapidly as possible, alternate gangs of men working day and night.

The work was nearly completed, when an order came from the Governor to seize the ship, a rumor having been widely circulated and believed, that we had a number of men on board, intending to take them to sea and enlist them, in violation of the well-established rules of international law.

His Excellency dispatched a force of about one hundred armed men, about half of whom belonged to the regular city police, and the rest were of the Royal Artillery, to enforce his order, but it is much easier to direct a party of land-lubbers to seize an armed vessel than for them to execute the mandate.

Captain Waddell peremptorily refused to permit his ship to be searched, or one of the Governor's men to come on board, and in doing this, he simply stood upon his rights and dignity as the commander of a cruiser, it being contrary to all precedent to search a man-of-war for any purpose. He also wrote to the Governor, informing him that if the ship was not released within twenty-four hours he should pay off his crew, return to England with his officers and report the outrage to his own and the English government.

An officer was dispatched with this missive, which had the desired effect.

The following day, the police and artillery were withdrawn and we were formally notified that we were at liberty to proceed to sea whenever we desired.

As an offset to this untoward little episode, an invitation came the same evening from Ballarat, for our officers to attend a ball, given in their honor by a Mr. Brayton, formerly a resident of New York but then one of the largest mining speculators of that auriferous neighbor of Melbourne.

The city of Ballarat is about forty miles distant from the last named place, with which it is connected by a railway. Almost the whole of the area it occupies, has been so thoroughly perforated and undermined by shafts, sunk in pursuit of the precious ore, that if the whole town tumbled through, some fine day, it would be no matter of especial surprise to any one.

The invitation came most opportunely. After our little diplomatic escapade with the authorities we were in the mood for something in the legitimate merry-making line, and it was unanimously accepted.

As the afternoon waned, each representative of the Confederacy, dressed in his best gala trim, sallied forth, and after a pleasant railway ride of about two hours' duration, we landed at Ballarat in safety, and took our way to Craig's Hotel, a most admirably conducted hostel, where the entertainment was to be given.

It was decidedly a *recherché* affair. The wealth, beauty, and fashion of Ballarat were out in full force, fully intent upon idolizing and doing honor to a few of the unpretending supporters of a young Government battling for existence with the lusty giant of the Western world. Every attention that kindness and courtesy could suggest was shown us, and more than one heart beat quicker at such convincing evidence of the existence of sympathy in this country of the Antipodes, for the service in which we were engaged. Many a grey uniform coat lost its gilt buttons that night, but we saw them again ere we bade a final adieu to Australia, suspended from watchguards depending from the necks of bright-eyed women,

and we appreciated the compliment thus paid, not to us, but to our country.

God bless the gentle women of Melbourne and Ballarat! They are remembered gratefully by the officers of the renowned ship whose official history was so brief but so brilliant.

From that time forward until the end of our sojourn in Australia, it was little else than one continuous fête. Every place of public amusement was not only open to us, but our presence was earnestly solicited by the managers thereof, probably because we were curiosities, and drew well. Balls, *soirées*, and receptions followed in such rapid succession that the memory of one was lost in another, and, in brief, we were so persistently and continually lionized that we were in serious danger of becoming vain, and taking the glory to ourselves instead of placing it to the credit of the cause for which we labored.

Occasionally there was a little break in this delightful round of pleasures. Once I recall, a jovial party had assembled at Scott's, one of the principal hotels of Melbourne, where, if there was not a feast of reason, there was an immense flow of soul. There were perhaps fifteen or twenty collected in the large parlor, and among them a few of the officers of our ship, who were indulging in an occasional patriotic toast.

We were just sitting down to a sumptuous repast when an individual entered, invited himself to join us, and forthwith commenced a tirade upon rebels and the Southern Confederacy, making use of such language as gentlemen seldom submit to in silence.

He had not proceeded in this manner many minutes ere our assistant surgeon sprang to his feet, and dealt him a blow between the eyes that laid him sprawling. In another instant the fight was general; glasses and decanters were diverted from their legitimate use, and turned into missiles of offence; knives were drawn, and one or two shots were fired, but fortunately without any serious



results, though for a few moments there was such a scene of excitement and confusion as I have seldom witnessed; but the *Shenandoah* men were victorious, drove their antagonists from the field, and then marched off to the theatre in a body, to conclude the evening in a less exhilarating pastime.

Our repairs were at length effected, and by the aid of a steam-tug, we left the slip amid the cheers of quite a concourse who had assembled to see us off, and ships were saluting in every direction as we moved along toward our former anchorage.

Before reaching it, we hauled alongside the *John Frazer*, a merchant ship from Liverpool, and took in three hundred tons of coal, which, with the four hundred we already had on board, gave us an ample supply for our contemplated cruise.

On the morning of the 17th of February, the steamship *Great Britain* arrived from England with passengers, and some astonishment was felt on board when they recognized, as some of them did, their old acquaintance, the *Sea King*, which should have been, according to the clearance papers she received from the London Custom House, paddling peacefully on toward Bombay, at anchor there off Melbourne, transformed into a Confederate cruiser.

The next morning about four o'clock we hove up our anchor and stood out to sea.

## CHAPTER VI

### FROM MELBOURNE TO ASCENSION ISLAND

**A** SURPRISE awaited us upon getting fairly outside. Our ship's company had received a mysterious addition of forty-five men, who now made their appearance from every conceivable place where a human being could conceal himself from vigilant eyes. Fourteen of the number crept out of the bowsprit, which was of iron and hollow, where they had come

very near ending their existence by suffocation; twenty more turned out of some water-tanks which were dry; another detachment was unearthed from the lower hold, and at last the whole number of stowaways were mustered forward, and word was passed to the Captain to learn his pleasure concerning them.

Personally, I felt a good deal of annoyance over the affair, as it had been my watch a part of the preceding night, and strict orders had been given to prevent any sailors from coming on board except our own, as we were far from wishing to complicate ourselves in any way with the English Government. How such a number of men could have gained our decks unseen was a mystery to me then and is still; but there they were, and the question now was, how to dispose of them.

Captain Waddell soon made his appearance, not in the best of humor, and without any circumlocution demanded of our new recruits to what country they belonged and for what purpose they were there.

The old sea-dogs chuckled, rolled over their tobacco, hitched up their trousers, and with one accord, protested that they were natives of the Southern Confederacy, and had come on board thus surreptitiously for the purpose of joining us.

There was something absolutely refreshing in the effrontery with which that motley crew had first stolen on board, at the moment of our leaving port, and then claimed the privilege of remaining, on the ground that they were our countrymen. I verily believe half the nations of the earth had contributed to this proposed accession to our numbers, but sailors are genuine cosmopolitans, and, as a general thing, change their nationalities as readily as they do their names; besides, we really needed their assistance, and as they had come through no connivance of ours, we determined to consider it providential, and they were all enlisted. A few who were

not seamen, we made available as marines. Good men and true they proved, and very useful before our cruise was ended.

We now laid our course for New Zealand, where we hoped to fall in with a Yankee whaler or two, but after cruising unsuccessfully for several days, we steered to the northward, and ere long sighted Drummond's Island, one of the South Pacific group, somewhat of a favorite resort of whalers, for the purpose of procuring water and fruit.

Drummond's Island is about twenty miles in circumference and lies very near the equator. As seen from the sea, its general appearance is beautiful in the extreme, and with every variety of tropical fruit growing spontaneously on its surface, and a lovely climate, tempered as it is by the breath of the great Southern Ocean, it seems too fair a spot to be the inheritance of the miserable race of savages who inhabit it. Until very recently these natives have numbered cannibalism among their accomplishments, conscientiously devouring every one whom they captured or slew in battle, and they are still among the most ferocious and degraded of the Polynesians.

When about eight miles distant from the Island, upon which we were bearing down under steam, we discovered a boat making towards us, and in about two hours it was alongside.

It contained three natives, all perfectly naked and frightfully tattooed, who brought with them an abundance of fish and fruit, which they exchanged with us for tobacco, the only article of merchandise for which they seemed disposed to barter.

We had on board an old sailor, who had visited the Island years before in an American whaler, and had acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to converse with them after a fashion. Through him we inquired of them if any whalers had been there lately, and learned that there had not within the last three months.

As there seemed no immediate prospect of capturing a prize in that vicinity, we got under way again, greatly to the astonishment of our cannibal friends, who were evidently at a loss to understand by what process we moved through the water with no sail set, or through the agency of any other motive power that they could discover. Cautiously they paddled in our wake, curiously scanning the troubled waters, beneath which the propeller was revolving, apparently with the view of studying out the mystery of the strange craft that had visited their seas, until the engineer, at a hint from the officer of the deck, performed a stirring solo upon his steam whistle, when, with every appearance of consternation, they took to their paddles, and only paused when they had placed a safe distance between themselves and the screaming monster.

Before sundown the first of the Cannibal Islands had faded in the distance, and having let our steam go down, we glided along with all sail set before the southeast trade winds, at about seven knots an hour.

The next afternoon, just before the sun disappeared below the horizon, we could discern a black speck far off to the northward. Ere long the man at the mast-head reported it to be a sail standing towards us, and before dark we brought her to by a blank cartridge from our twelve-pounder. An officer was dispatched on board to ascertain her nationality, and returning, reported her to be the schooner *P. Fiert*, of Honolulu, on a trading expedition among the islands for cocoanut oil, which is almost their sole article of merchandise.

This much of the boarding officer's report was of no especial interest, but he added an addendum that was more to the purpose. The Honolulu craft brought the gratifying intelligence that five Yankee whalers were lying at anchor off Ascension Island, so thither we steered, but made a slight *détour* on the way to visit Strong's Island, where whalers not unfrequently put in.

This island is situated about five hundred miles to the northward of Drummond's, and is in reality a most charming spot, so far as its physical features go. Like the one we had lately left, it produces spontaneously, all the luscious fruits of the tropical zone, and like that, also, is the abiding place of a similar degraded race, but one remove, if any, from cannibalism, the lowest depth to which humanity can fall.

About six o'clock on the afternoon of the 31st of March, we had the island on our starboard beam, and field and spy-glasses were in requisition to discover whether any sail flying the United States flag were in sight.

Steaming slowly on, we passed round the southern extremity of this ocean emerald, quite near enough to observe all its distinctive features. Plainly visible from our deck were the curious, bower-like houses where the natives shelter themselves from the torrid heat of an almost vertical sun; and stretching away behind them were little enclosures wherein were carried on their rude agricultural operations.

Viewed from the distance that we were, it seemed a very Arcadia, where man might forget the cares and turmoils of the busy world, with which the Anglo Saxon race are so characteristically familiar, and taste for himself the delights of the old pastoral days of which the poet tells us. But here, as elsewhere, "distance lent enchantment to the view," and a closer inspection would have revealed, not pastoral simplicity, but all the revolting practices of savage tribes, sunk in unregenerate barbarism.

It was dark ere we had concluded our semi-circumnavigation of the island, and as the tropical night closed around us, we could see the natives on the shore with torches in their hands, which they waved to and fro, as if to warn us of some unforeseen danger toward which we were hurrying.

There being no sail in sight we resumed our course toward Ascension Island under steam, and on the morning of April 1st, sighted land looming up several hundred feet above the level of the sea. A dense fog soon rested over the water, and fearing shoals or reefs, we stopped our engine and lay to for clearer weather.

About eight o'clock the sun shone out bright and clear, the fog slowly lifted, then gradually dispersed, and exposed to our view Ascension Island on our port bow. We immediately got up steam and stood in, and before ten o'clock a boat was observed coming out from a point of land, making directly towards us, and it was soon alongside. It proved to be a boat belonging to one of four ships, all of them with the Star Spangled Banner flying from their peaks, which we could now discern lying at anchor in a beautiful little bay, feeling secure, no doubt, as they would have done in Boston Harbor.

The boat contained, among its other occupants an Englishman, who had been wrecked on the island ten years before. I could scarcely conceive a more degraded looking object. He had adopted, perforce, no doubt, the habits of the Islanders; his body was tattooed with all manner of fantastic designs, and he spoke his mother tongue with hesitation and difficulty. He had married a native woman, who had borne him two children, one of whom was still living; and so far as I could learn, he was treated with kindness and considerable consideration by the savages among whom his lot had been cast, but the torrid climate, with unnatural and perhaps oftentimes disgusting food, had made sad inroads upon a naturally robust constitution, and it was plain to see that he was descending by slow but sure stages to the grave.

It appeared, from the statement of our visitors, that our ship had been mistaken by the Yankees for some vessel engaged in a coast survey, and they had good-naturedly sent out a boat with this old Englishman to pilot us safely in. Thus far we had displayed no

bunting, and, as would have been naturally expected, one of the first questions our pilot asked on coming on board, was in regard to our nationality.

Not knowing in what direction his sympathies might lie, after hobnobbing as he had undoubtedly been for some days past with the crews of the United States vessels in the harbor, and fearing, in the event of his entertaining hostile sentiments, that he would run us ashore, as he might easily have done, upon a coast with which none of us were familiar, we informed him that the *Shenandoah* was an American man-of-war, and requested him to take us in and anchor us near the other vessels, which he readily consented to do in consideration of the sum of thirty dollars.

He favored us with some tough old yarns touching his island experience, and if his story was to be believed, he had been often in imminent peril of life and limb from the savages, who, from first considering him in the light of material for a substantial entertainment, had at last come to regard him as a friend, and respect him as a being of superior endowments; but I doubt if anything could have induced him to return to civilized life, and indeed he was then thoroughly unfitted for it.

In the course of an hour we had ranged up within a mile of the ships, all of which we had discovered were whalers, and dropped anchor. Four boats were then lowered and manned with sailors carrying side arms and revolvers, with two officers in each boat, and when all was in readiness a blank cartridge was fired and the Confederate flag run up.

Our pilot was evidently mystified not a little at these proceedings. He stood for a few moments watching the receding boats, then turned his eyes aloft, curiously scanning the, to him, strange bunting that streamed out to the breeze, and finally, turning to the officer of the deck, he asked what flag that was, why we fired that

gun, and why those boats, filled with armed men, were putting off toward the whalers.

"All answered in a word, my hearty," responded the individual addressed. "Those four ships are prizes to the Confederate Government."

"And what the —— is the Confederate Government?" queried the old salt, in unaffected astonishment.

"The best and biggest half of what was the United States of America. The Yankees didn't sail the Government ship to suit us, so we cut adrift and started on our own hook."

"The d—l! What are you going to do with your prizes?"

"Set them on fire by and by, after we have taken what we want out of them."

"Well, you and the Yankees must settle that business to suit yourselves. If I had known what you were up to, maybe I should not have piloted you in, for I don't like to see a bonfire made of a good ship."

In the course of an hour our boats were seen returning, bringing with them the first and second mates of the captured whalers. The Captains were not on board, having gone on shore that morning for a merry-making, little dreaming what was in store for their fleet.

We at once commenced bringing such articles as we required from the prizes, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we saw a boat putting off from the shore, which we were notified contained the festive captains.

Their astonishment may perhaps be imagined when they discovered a cruiser in that remote sea, bearing the Confederate flag. For a moment they rested on their oars as though undetermined what to do, and then put about and pulled toward the shore; but



escape was not so easy. A boat was instantly dispatched in pursuit, and at the expiration of a very brief period, we had the four gentlemen on board, where their amazement was in no wise diminished in finding their officers and crews in single irons.

They bore their misfortunes, however, with as good a grace as could be expected.

A prize crew and an officer was then sent on board of each ship to take charge of it, as it was not intended to destroy them for a day or two, or at least until we had secured such stores from them as we required.

The names of the vessels captured off Ascension Island were as follows: the *Edward Cary* of San Francisco, the *Hector* of New Bedford, the *Pearl* of New London, and the *Harvest* that tried to hail from the port of Honolulu, but having no bill of transfer she was condemned with the rest.

After securing what we desired from the prizes, and giving the officers and men an opportunity of procuring such personal effects as they desired to save, the natives were allowed to go on board and ransack the doomed vessels to their heart's content. Such a rare occasion for wholesale plundering had never occurred before, and was not likely to again, and they made the most of it. All day long they swarmed over the vessels, like driver ants upon a dead carcase, and their canoes were constantly passing to and fro, laden with ships' bread, tobacco, bits of iron, harpoons and whaling lines, and all sorts of odds and ends, until they were fairly surfeited with plundering.

On the 8d of April the work of destruction commenced. The *Pearl* was the first one fired, but ere the flames had gained much headway the *Hector* and the *Edward Cary* were also blazing, and the three sent forth a lurid glare which lighted up, like the eruption of a volcano, the quiet bay whose waters were disturbed by scarce a

ripple, and the tropical shore far inland, with its strange vegetation and grotesque humanity; while on the strand were scattered amazed groups of natives wildly gesticulating, and evidently unable to comprehend why all this wealth should be thus ruthlessly destroyed.

The *Harvest* still remained intact, as she had not contributed her quota to our stores, but on the 10th she was hauled alongside, and we commenced transferring from her such articles as were suited to our need.

The next day I was specially detailed to go on shore for the purpose of formally inviting his Cannibal majesty to visit us. As it was a state occasion, I proceeded in the Captain's gig with six good men well armed, and the old pilot to act as interpreter.

The voyage was quickly accomplished, but as we neared the beach a crowd of natives rushed down to meet us, armed with stones, which they hurl almost with the precision of a rifle-ball, and swords manufactured from sharks' teeth, the edges of which are dipped in a subtle poison that leaves certain death in any wounds they inflict. The appearance of this heathenish multitude was anything but conciliatory, and I gathered from their manner and gesticulations that they were apprehensive we had come to reclaim all or a portion of the plunder they had taken from the whalers, and were disposed to stand upon the well-known maxim that "possession is nine points of the law," and defend their booty to the last.

A few words from the interpreter explained the real object of our visit, and when they learned it was to do honor to their king that we had come, their unfriendly demonstrations subsided, though there were still two or three ferocious looking villains who eyed us askance, and I have no doubt considered what sort of roasts or barbecues we would probably make.

His majesty was not in his customary abiding-place, a little bamboo hut near the beach, barely large enough to contain four

persons, but at a sort of Government House farther inland, where some sort of festivity was in progress. Two or three of his chiefs volunteered to escort me thither, and leaving my men in the boat and accompanied by the interpreter, I set forth for the first time in my life to pay a visit to royalty. It was more of a walk than I had anticipated, and the way led over some steep, rugged ascents, hard enough to climb under that broiling sun, but there was much to amuse me in observing the manners and habits of this strange people, and in gaining a better insight than I had before been able to do, into their domestic economy.

Once, in passing a native hut, I observed a dog with his brains beaten out, but still retaining his skin and entrails, lying by the side of a rude oven, all ready prepared for his reception, and when I returned, a few hours later, a woman sat before the still smouldering embers gnawing the hind leg of the animal, to which the hair still adhered.

In process of time I arrived at the place where the king was holding his temporary court. It was a rude, extensive building, built of bamboo, with a high peaked roof and eaves which extended nearly to the ground, and in it were assembled some three hundred of the most hideous looking beings it was ever my fortune to behold. The most of them were armed like those we had met on the beach with stones, and bone swords, though a few of them had spears, and I am free to confess to feeling anything but comfortable, as I stood in the presence of that fiendish-looking multitude, with no attendant save the demoralized Englishman who had perhaps degenerated into a worse savage than any of them. But it was too late to turn back, even had I been disposed to do so, and assuming as nonchalant an air as possible, and feeling to see that my revolver was convenient to my hand I entered the building.

His majesty was seated on a platform raised a few inches above the floor, and on my entrance arose to meet me. He was a miser-

able little savage scarcely more than five feet high, naked with the exception of a tappa made of grass, worn about his waist and smeared from head to foot with cocoanut oil. Like most of his followers, he wore thrust through a hole made in the lobe of his ear for the purpose, a huge misshapen tobacco pipe, an arrangement which, however convenient, did not add in the least to his personal appearance.

A number of his subjects were employed in making *gorwa*, a kind of intoxicating beverage manufactured from roots crushed between stones, and afterwards left to ferment; an industrial pursuit upon which he seemed to look with peculiar favor.

The old pilot presented me in due form, and I at once made known my errand. The King listened, looked round distrustfully a few moments, and showed himself a true diplomat, by asking by way of answer to see my sword and revolver. Having examined these to his heart's content and taken another deliberate survey of his followers, probably querying with himself meanwhile, whether they would be able to protect him against one desperate Confederate, should he feel disposed to make a prize of him, he advanced another step in our negotiations, and invited me to take a drink, and as this was a branch of diplomacy in which I had had some practice, I complied and touched my lips to the cocoanut cup containing the vilest smelling, most nauseous compound upon which a man ever attempted to get "salubrious."

These formal points of court etiquette disposed of, we returned to the real business in hand, and after a little persuasion, my royal host condescended to favor me with his company, but to effectually guard himself against any machinations that might be meditated against his peace and dignity, he gave his ugly person a fresh coating of cocoanut oil, and announced himself in readiness for the proposed excursion.

Back to the beach we wended our way, the King and a few of

his chiefs, and my insignificant self taking the lead, and the whole vagabond colony following at our heels.

On reaching the shore, the King was accommodated with the seat of honor in the boat, while I placed myself out of olfactory range of the peculiar perfumes belonging to him and his retinue, and ordered the men to give way.

As we glided seaward at least a hundred boats put off and followed in our wake, each containing from three to five natives, and all keeping at a respectful distance behind, out of deference to the great man who preceded them.

On reaching the ship, Captain Waddell and his first lieutenant received his copper-colored majesty with appropriate honors, and, after a brief inspection, conducted him to the cabin, where such a collation as our barbarous tastes could furnish, was set forth for his entertainment; but the old reprobate turned up his nose at the wine, and I strongly suspect a cold roast Confederate would have been more to his liking than the unpretending viands of our steward.

But everything passed off harmoniously, and after a couple of hours' visit, during which none of his followers had attempted to come on board; though they remained close around the ship in their canoes, he took his departure, well laden with presents of old muskets, powder, small shot, and tobacco, upon excellent terms with himself and us.

During the two or three days that followed, our men were allowed to go on shore, in limited detachments at a time, and each was furnished with a small quantity of tobacco, the standing circulating medium at Ascension, and I dare say they enjoyed themselves; at all events a pretty fair percentage of them managed to return at least three sheets in the wind on *gorwa*, unless they found a better beverage, which was not unlikely, that had been smuggled ashore from one of the whalers.

There is one place of peculiar interest on this Island. It is the remains of an old fortification, in regard to which there is not even a tradition among the natives. "The oldest inhabitant" does not profess to have even an idea of when or by whom it was built; but it is certainly a relic of considerable antiquity, and whoever erected it had no contemptible knowledge of the application of mechanical powers.

Another curious circumstance is, that it is mostly composed of huge blocks of stone, some of them four or five feet square, which must have been brought from some other locality, as nothing like them is found in any other part of the island. The generally received opinion among seamen is, that it was built by some of the ancient buccaneers as a repository for their ill-gotten gains, and a place of retreat in time of danger.

On the morning of the 18th of April we paroled all the prisoners we had on board, and having removed what we desired from the *Harvest*, we set her on fire. The prisoners seemed to prefer being left on shore to accompanying us on our long and uncertain voyage, so after providing them with an abundance of everything in the way of ship stores, arms, and ammunition, besides their personal effects, we bade them good-by.

I should mention that this island is provided with a missionary, unexceptionable in faith and practice I should infer, as he hailed from the goodly Commonwealth of Massachusetts, so it was fair to presume that the morals of our discomfited foes would be well cared for during their stay in his diocese.

The reverend gentleman did not pay his respects to us, but he doubtless considered us unregenerate heathen, not worth saving, if indeed divine mercy was for such as we.

The same afternoon we got up our anchor and once more proceeded to sea, taking with us a number of fresh recruits who had joined us from the last prizes.

## CHAPTER VII

FROM ASCENSION ISLAND TO THE OCHOTSK SEA

THE old pilot accompanied us outside, taking us out safely as he had taken us in, and when a good offing was obtained, he wished us a pleasant cruise, went over the side into his little boat, and we saw him no more.

We then turned our prow northward and set forth to cruise between San Francisco and Hong Kong, trusting to intercept a few of the rich merchantmen trading to those important ports.

The first of May found us fairly in the track of these traders, and the lookouts mounted to their respective perches with renewed alacrity, and swept the sea with watchful eyes, but all to no purpose. It seemed as though the merchantmen of whom we were in pursuit, must have had a premonition of our coming; at all events, they kept out of sight, and after several days' fruitless cruising, passing and repassing leagues of that great highway for ships, we concluded to stand to the northward once more. We had not had a glimpse of a sail since leaving Ascension.

As might have been expected, this state of inactivity resulted in a dull and dissatisfied condition of things on board the *Shenandoah*, but on a cruiser, one constantly alternates between a life of stirring excitement and absolute stupidity.

When in pursuit of a prize, all is life and animation. The rigging is filled with eager, excited faces, spy-glasses pass from hand to hand, orders are hurriedly given and instantly obeyed, and until the capture is effected, and the ship disposed of, there is little rest for any one. Then follows, perhaps, weeks of idleness, with nothing to break the tedious monotony. The watches turn out and in, yawning, the lookouts mount aloft, and sleepily throw a glance over the broad expanse of water,—at seven bells, the master comes up with his sextant, to "take the sun," and work out the position of

the ship, with his logarithms,—in the fore-castle, tough yarns are spun by solemn visaged old sea-dogs, and at night perhaps a violin or banjo furnishes entertainment for a little knot; but with every expedient that can be resorted to, and the working of the ship, a light labor with so many hands to assist in it, the time drags wearily, and if one has not the resource of some mental occupation, it falls, in the course of time just short of unendurable.

On the morning of the 16th, the sun arose from a sky as clear and beautiful as is ever seen in these latitudes, where the Storm Spirits comparatively seldom assemble in their might, to demonstrate to man the power of Infinity, and his own weakness.

The sea was slightly ruffled by a light breeze from the northward and westward, and we were gliding along on a bowline at the rate of five or six knots an hour, but ere night closed in, some changes began to be apparent in the face of the heavens, and the barometer gave unmistakable warning that a tempest of no ordinary fury was rapidly approaching.

Before many hours it came howling down upon us, like a vengeful doom. Our good ship staggered before the first fierce gust of the hurricane, and careened over until the ends of her lower yards were drenched by the spray of the rising sea, but she righted almost immediately, shook the water from her strong wings, nodded her head as if in defiance of the storm, and was off like an arrow from a well-drawn bow.

The next morning the gale was at its height, and we were scudding before it at the rate of eleven or twelve knots an hour, under close reefed foretop-sail and reefed foresail. Preventer braces were got aloft, hatches battened down, and so far as possible everything was done to insure our safety.

Our old boatswain, a veteran of the British navy, who for twenty years had done battle with the elements in every part of the



world, exerted himself to his utmost, and on an occasion like this, there was no better man; he was a host of himself.

Still the storm continued with unabated violence, and ere long, our maintop-sail, with a report like a shotted gun, broke from the leech-ropes, and flew away before the breath of the tornado, like a boy's kite.

The officer of the deck immediately ordered the maintop-men aloft to secure such remnants of the sail as were still attached to the yards, beating the air like gigantic whips, as if to drive away any who might attempt to repair the disaster; but a new sail had to be bent, and that right speedily, desperate as the duty seemed. For a little time the scene was absolutely terrific. Slowly and painfully the sailors toiled up the shrouds, sometimes blown against them and held there with a force that rendered further progress for the time impossible. Coolly but cautiously they made their way out upon the yard that anon pointed at an abrupt angle to the heavens, and the next instant levelled its great finger at the depths below, and proceeded with consummate skill and courage to remove what remained of the tattered sail.

In an inconceivably brief period the new sail was in its place, secured and sheeted home, and was then close-reefed by means of the revolving yard.

Scarcely was this accomplished when a heavy sea came on board, filling the deck to the waist, and for the second time since setting sail from Madeira, the ports had to be knocked out, in order to free ourselves from the tremendous weight of waters.

Every one on board was literally drenched, and we had just rid the decks of that sea when another came rolling over us, carrying away with it one man, who, strange to relate, was the next moment dashed on board again by another sea, terribly frightened but otherwise uninjured.

The ship now began to roll so heavily that the royal yards were sent down on deck and secured in the fore, main, and mizzen rigging. On, on we rushed, now rising to the summit of a mountain wave, then darting with almost the velocity of light down the dark, shining declivity, while behind us the sea reared its crested head, threatening to engulf us at once and forever.

The gale continued for twelve hours, carrying us more than a hundred miles out of our course. Thousands of right whale birds, as they are known among whalers, from being always found in the vicinity of the marine monster bearing that cognomen, were hovering over the ship, as though speculating upon the position of affairs, and wondering whether we would be able to weather the tempest.

I know not why it is, but in proportion as danger menaces on shipboard, sailors habitually grow profane, and, during the continuance of that gale, which, all things considered, I think was about the most severe of any I ever encountered, an amount of swearing was done that I never heard equalled in the same length of time.

Toward night the wind abated and was succeeded by a rain which literally poured down in streams, wetting to the skin in a moment, every one who was exposed to it; but it did us the good service of beating down the tremendous sea that was running, and the next day we were again shaping our course for the Amphitrite Straits, which form the entrance to the Ochotsk Sea, and were so named in honor of the English man-of-war by whom they were discovered.

Many birds were still following us, picking up anything that was thrown overboard from the vessel; but some of the feathered tribe with which we had been familiar for some weeks had left us, and strange ones had taken their places. The albatross we had

not seen since crossing the equator, and I believe he seldom extends his travels north of the line.

We were now bound for those icy regions bordering on the Arctic circle, trusting to make a raid upon the United States whaling fleet that would enrich ourselves and inflict a heavy blow upon the enemy.

I do not suppose there were half a dozen men on board, who, of their own accord, would have selected that cruising ground, notwithstanding the inducements it offered; but our orders were to proceed thither, and nothing short of the probable destruction of the ship would have been regarded as an adequate excuse for not carrying them into effect.

On the 20th of May, we saw snow for the first time, in more than a year, and cold and cheerless enough it seemed, after our long sojourn in the tropics. Chests and clothes-bags were ransacked for woollen underclothing, and heavy pea-jackets and overcoats were in requisition throughout the entire ship's company, the majority of whom wished we were heading for warmer seas.

The next day we got up steam for the purpose of passing the Amphitrite Straits, and before nightfall, the lofty, snow-clad mountains of Kamtschatka, as bleak and barren as the imagination could picture, were towering upon the starboard bow.

The winds sweeping down from these frozen regions, struck to the very marrow, and a cold, disagreeable fog seemed to hang perpetually over the water, while the blink of field ice in more than one direction warned us of our proximity to the Arctic circle.

About noon the lookout reported a sail in sight, but it was sometime ere any one else could distinguish it, but before three o'clock, she was distinctly made out standing toward us, and we made more sail to come up with her.

A long stretch of field ice, however, intervened between us and the stranger, which we were obliged to partially circumnavigate, ere we could reach her. We stood along close by the western margin of the field ice, until we rounded its northern point, when we showed the Russian ensign, as the most appropriate one for a vessel of our appearance to fly in those high latitudes, to which she responded by running up the Stars and Stripes.

The Russian flag was immediately lowered, and in the place of it we showed the Confederate Stars and Bars, and a blank cartridge from our twelve pounder brought her to.

An officer was then dispatched on board, who informed the Captain that his vessel was a prize to the Confederate States' steamer *Shenandoah*, to which he must at once proceed with his papers.

The skipper looked at him for a moment, scratched his head, laid in a fresh chew of tobacco, and then remarked as coolly as if giving the order to heave up his anchor, "Well, I s'pose I'm taken! but who on earth would have thought of seeing one of your Southern privateers up here in the Ochotsk Sea. I have heard of some of the pranks you fellows have been playing, but I supposed *I* was out of your reach."

"Why, the fact of the business is, Captain," replied the officer, facetiously, "we have entered into a treaty offensive and defensive with the whales, and are up here by special agreement to disperse their mortal enemies."

"All right! my friend. I never grumble at anything I can't help, but the whales needn't owe me much of a grudge, for the Lord knows I haven't disturbed them this voyage, though I've done my part at blubber-hunting in years gone by. But it's cold talking here, come below and take something to warm your stomach, while I get my papers."

In a little time the nonchalant old Captain announced himself in readiness, and in company with our officer, came on board the *Shenandoah*. Shortly after, the crew, numbering about thirty all told, were brought off in their own whale boats. They were of similar timber to their commander, and one of them remarked as he came over the side, that "he had not expected to take steam home, and to tell the truth he had just as lief trust to sail," but they accepted their change of fortune with general good humor, and even single irons and confinement in the top-gallant fore-castle did not seem to materially depress their spirits.

Upon the whole, they were about as plucky and sailor-like a set of fellows as fell into our hands during the entire cruise.

We remained near the prize all night, taking out such stores as suited our fancy. There was a quantity of liquor on board which the captain had brought along, with the view of trading for furs on the coast of Siberia. This part of the whaler's cargo was soon nosed out by our fore-castle gentry, and before the officers knew what was going on, a cask had been broached and the greater part of one watch were about as gloriously drunk as men well can be.

As soon as this was discovered, the inebriates were shut into the fore-castle, and the more obstreperous placed in irons; but while this discipline was progressing, the rest got wind of the captured treasure, and by the time one detachment were secured, another were in condition to receive the same polite attention we had shown their fellows. In brief, I think it was the most general and stupendous spree I ever witnessed. There was not a dozen sober men on board the ship except the prisoners, and had these not been ironed it might have proved a dearly bought frolic.

Some of the petty officers were as thoroughly inebriated as any of the men, and had to be confined in their quarters by sheer

force. The carpenter, I recollect, twice burst out of his room, where we had attempted to imprison him, and finally we had to furnish old "Chips" with a pair of "bracelets," and tie him into his bunk to cool off.

We never captured a prize that created so much excitement as this, and we never captured one of so little value. She had taken but a small quantity of oil, was a regular old tub, at least fifty years old, and, excepting the whiskey, had nothing in her of any consequence worth taking.

We removed twenty-five barrels of the extract of corn, to be used *in case of sickness*, and then set the old hulk on fire.

She was the *Abigail*, of New Bedford, commanded by Captain Nye, a veteran whaler, who gained the good will of our officers by his never-failing good humor under adverse circumstances, and the shrewdness and tact he displayed upon all occasions.

We then steered toward the coast of Siberia, the well-known place of banishment for Russian criminals. They remain on this coast during the entire winter, engaged in the collection of furs, the greater part of which go to the support of the Government at St. Petersburg. No one can imagine, unless he has actually looked upon these inhospitable shores, what sufferings and privations these poor exiles endure. It was then the first of June. The thermometer stood fifteen degrees below the freezing point, and the ship from top to bottom was covered with ice; and if this was a specimen of a Siberian summer, some idea may be conceived of the severity of their winters, when, for long, dreary months no solar warmth loosens the frosty fetters that bind this God-forsaken region.

On the 4th of June we were fairly jammed in the ice. On every side of us, as far as the eye could reach, extended the field ice; and, as the ponderous floes came together, the crushed and mangled *dé-*

*bris* rose up into huge mounds of crystal blocks, seemingly as immovable and imperishable as the bluffs on shore. Indeed, it was impossible, while gazing off over the scene of wildness and desolation by which we were surrounded, to conceive the possibility of an avenue of escape opening through such barriers.

I recalled to mind Dr. Kane's account of the war he waged for so many months in the polar seas; of his little brig, beset as our ship now was, and the ice ramparts strengthening day by day until they formed a mausoleum where she still reposed; and had the season been farther advanced, I should have felt grave apprehensions for our safety. Not that I should have feared being frozen in for any great length of time in that latitude, but our ship had not been built to resist the rude shocks of Arctic ice, and as yet her powers of resistance had not been tested, consequently there was ground for fear that the tremendous pressure around her might result in serious consequences.

But a woman's temper is not more capricious than the movements of the ice in these northern seas. The next day a strong breeze sprang up from the southward, and before nightfall there was open water all around us, and the vast fields by which we had been confined were broken up and rapidly drifting toward the ocean.

We then laid our course toward Jonas Island, about two hundred miles distant and very near the centre of the Ochotsk Sea. This island is a favorite rendezvous for right whalers—a sort of marine caravansery, where they meet to talk over their luck, hold their “gams,” and enjoy themselves generally. If we could reach it, the chances were ten to one of our falling in with a fleet of from fifteen to thirty sail, which could be captured without firing a shot; but the navigation was difficult, and, as I have said, our ship's capacity to resist the shocks of the drifting ice had not as yet been satisfactorily tested, and we almost hesitated to make the experiment.

That night we were jammed in the ice again, and as I lay in my berth, I could hear the huge blocks thundering and chafing against the side of the ship as though it would dash her in pieces. It was an anxious night to all on board. None of us were familiar with Arctic cruising, and consequently were to a great extent incompetent to judge of the imminence of the danger, but the hours of darkness wore away at last, without leaving us to mourn any serious accident. In a few places the copper had been chafed through, but this was about the greatest injury we had sustained, and soon after daylight the ice separated, through some unseen agency, leaving us free. But we had had enough of the route to Jonas Island, which may be a most desirable locality for whalers and other amphibious animals who enjoy a temperature below zero, and have an affinity for ice-fields and fogs; but for my part, I would not spend six months thereabouts for all the leviathans that ever poured their oily treasures into the coffers of New Bedford.

The plain truth was, we were running too much risk in taking our cruiser through this sort of navigation for which she was never intended, and we reluctantly abandoned the idea of reaching the grand headquarters of the Ochotsk Sea whaling fleet.

We learned afterwards that had we persevered and succeeded, we should have made a splendid haul, but I, for one, do not regret it, for as the event proved, we did enough mischief that resulted in no good to any one, and much harm to many.

I had taken occasion at leisure intervals to make such inquiries as I could without exciting suspicion as to my motives, of the first mate of our last prize, a staunch old sailor, true as steel to his own Government, concerning the intricate navigation of Bering's Straits and the Arctic Sea beyond, where we knew there was a large whaling fleet upon which we would like to pounce, if the risk of getting there was not too great to counterbalance the good we might accomplish.



The old fellow never dreamed that I had any other purpose than to satisfy a seamanlike curiosity, and took great pleasure in pointing out upon the charts the dangerous places, and in giving me a general idea of the difficulties to be encountered on a cruise in that direction. The information thus obtained I of course reported to our Captain, which increased his desire to have a look at that locality; but to have attempted the voyage without a competent pilot would have been foolhardy in the extreme.

This want, however, was soon unexpectedly supplied. About this time the second mate of the *Abigail* began to express a desire to join us, and of course claimed to be a strong Southern sympathizer. He was a Baltimorean by birth, anything by profession, and a reprobate by nature. He had last shipped at San Francisco, where, I was informed by one of his shipmates, he had been hired to vote for Lincoln by a drink of whiskey, and he now proposed, after a little backing and filling, not only to cast in his lot with us, but to pilot the *Shenandoah* to the spot where the whaling fleet, which contained more than one vessel upon which he had served, was pursuing its bold, laborious calling.

It is always unpleasant, though sometimes necessary, to accept the services of the most disreputable of men, and as this was an opportunity which was not likely to occur again for securing a guide to the prize we sought, his overtures were received, and Thomas S. Manning was enrolled as ship's corporal, and at once entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Having gone over to the Confederacy, he did nothing by halves, but set resolutely to work to induce as many as possible of his shipmates to follow his example, and several of them did so, not knowing, however, that he intended to conduct us to the ships that contained the friends and acquaintances with whom they had grown up from boyhood. Had they been aware of it, I do not believe a man of them would have enlisted under our flag.

The remainder of the *Abigail's* crew stood out resolutely against all inducements held out to them, and earnestly besought permission to land on the Siberian shore, from whence they imagined they could get off and join the Russian whaling fleet, cruising in the vicinity.

To this, however, Captain Waddell would not assent, and they took the disappointment philosophically, as they did the rest of their misfortunes.

The more we learned of the *Abigail's* crew the better we liked them, with the exception of the second mate, who, though he rendered us good service, we could not well help despising.

The old Captain developed some new phase of Yankee eccentricity every day that amused us, if it did not raise him in our estimation. Little by little it came out, partly from his own admissions and partly from the casual remarks of his officers and crew, that he was a thorough bred speculator in his own way. It was his custom, on preparing for a voyage, to lay in a quantity of cheap whiskey and second-hand clothing, which he retailed out, as opportunity offered, to his ship's company, or to the savages with whom he came in contact in the course of his cruising, at such an advance on the first cost as would have frightened a Chatham Street Jew into serious apprehensions for the future well-being of his soul.

He remarked rather gleefully to me, a day or two after the capture, that he guessed, after all, the loss of the old ship wouldn't swamp him. There was another ready for him at San Francisco as soon as he got out of our hands, and another cruise would set him all right.

I strongly suspect the old sea-turtle he commanded was insured for about her full value, and, as luck seemed to be rather against him in the whaling line, that he was more than half pleased that we had furnished him with a good market for the vessel of

which he was third owner, and a free passage back to the port where he calculated on securing a better one; but of course, I wish it understood that this is merely conjecture.

We were now heading for the main land again, and soon saw it looming up in the distance. Large quantities of ice were drifting in all directions, and to save the copper from chafing, we were compelled to suspend mats made of ropes over the bows.

Having cruised in the Ochotsk Sea from the 21st of May, until the 18th of June, and only capturing one prize, we determined to lay our course for Bering's Straits, Manning acting as pilot, and evincing a thorough competency for the position.

We passed out through the same passage by which we had entered, and stood to the eastward with a moderate breeze from the southward.

## CHAPTER VIII

### OUR CRUISE IN BERING'S STRAITS

**W**E were favored with a fair wind, after losing sight of the Kamtschatkan coast, though the weather was raw and cold, and frequent fogs made navigation additionally hazardous.

We passed to the southward of Bering's Island, and came very near going ashore on its neighbor, Copper Island, in a dense fog which lifted just in time to show us our danger, and enable us to avoid it.

These islands are somewhat celebrated for the fur-bearing animals, both land and marine, that abound on them and in their vicinity. There are several varieties of seal thereabouts, which are occasionally hunted by whalers when there is a scarcity of the larger game, for the capture of which they are especially fitted out, and some foxes and brown bears are found on the islands, whose peltries

excite the cupidity of the sailors, when they have nothing better to occupy their attention.

After a good passage of nine days, we sighted and stood towards Cape Thaddeus, on the coast of Asia.

This Cape is situated on the opposite meridian to Greenwich, and is usually sighted by whalers for the purpose of regulating their chronometers. It was formerly a great whaling ground and is still much frequented by vessels in that trade. A week before, thirty sail were in the vicinity, and had our visit taken place at that time, the destruction of property would have been almost incalculable.

On the 22nd of June, we sighted two ships, and steamed after the nearest, which was trying out oil, as we knew by the quantity of smoke, though she was at a considerable distance.

On nearing her, an officer and a prize crew went on board and brought off the Captain and mates, from whom we learned that our prize was the *William Thompson*, beonging to New Bedford, and the largest whaling ship in the fleet.

Leaving the officer and prize crew in charge, we steamed after the other, and when near enough, showed the English flag, which she answered by hoisting the Stars and Stripes. We ran close alongside of her, sent an officer and prize crew on board with orders to bring off her company at once, and set the prize on fire, which was done. This was the ship *Euphrates*, and was also owned in New Bedford. Her crew came off to us in her own boats.

About seven o'clock P. M. we spoke the English whaler *Robert Town*,\* of Sydney, Australia, and she was the only English vessel we saw bound for the Atlantic.

We then turned round and steamed back toward the *William Thompson*, passing on the way the *Euphrates*, now one sheet of flame fore and aft. We remained in the vicinity of the first-named

\* Probably the name should be Hobart Town.—(Ed.)

vessel until half past three the following morning, when that also was set on fire, and we steamed away to the northward in search of more Yankees.

The weather was excessively uncomfortable; heavy fogs were frequent, and flurries of snow not uncommon, and the quantity of floating ice we encountered somewhat impeded our progress, if it did not place us in actual peril.

About twelve o'clock at noon on the 24th, although noon and midnight were now about the same thing with us, the sun only remaining an hour or two beneath the horizon, we began to near the Bering's Straits fleet, for which we had been looking, and by four o'clock eight sail were in sight from the deck.

The sun was shining with more than its accustomed radiance as we advanced toward them, and as its rays were reflected from the glittering fields of ice, the effect was indescribably beautiful.

Away on our starboard bow we could distinguish a boat and its crew gliding swiftly through the water, towed by a large right whale to which they had just fastened, and the vessel to which it belonged was standing slowly after, to keep it in view. Other ships we could see far off in the field-ice, trying out the blubber of the ponderous animals which they pursue and capture with such consummate courage and skill; and upon the whole it was a scene of stirring activity well worth looking at.

Seals in vast numbers were swimming in the water, or composedly floating on the drifting ice, and notwithstanding their cold bed, seemed to enjoy vastly the rays of the sun that for so small a portion of the year makes its heat felt in these high latitudes.

On the starboard beam stretching away as far as the eye could reach, was a seemingly unbroken sea of ice, while on the port beam rose up the cold, dreary shores of Northern Asia, as sterile and inhospitable a region as my eyes ever looked upon.

The two vessels nearest us had foreign ensigns flying at their peaks, but the next in order sported Uncle Sam's gridiron, and all the others belonged to that same enterprising and wide-awake old gentleman.

The first that fell into our hands was the ship *Milo*, of New Bedford, a staunch, but slow-sailing craft, evidently built expressly for this hazardous cruising, and was well prepared to resist the drifting ice so constantly encountered in these seas. She had on board several barrels of oil, but had only just commenced whaling in earnest.

The Captain was a fine looking old veteran, standing over six feet two, and straight as an arrow. He came over the side with all the dignity of an admiral, and handed his papers to the first lieutenant who politely escorted him to the Captain's cabin.

After a brief conversation, Captain Waddell proposed to ransom the *Milo* for forty thousand dollars, on condition of her Captain's agreeing to take what prisoners we then had on hand, and might capture in that vicinity, to San Francisco.

He accepted the proposal readily, highly gratified, I have no doubt, at being able to save his vessel upon any terms, and the requisite bond was drawn whereby he bound his owners to pay the neat sum of forty thousand dollars at the close of the war.

(I should be extremely unwilling to acquire the character of a dun, but I shall be pardoned, I trust, for reminding the parties interested that this, and a number of similar vouchers taken by us during our cruise, have not yet been paid, and if they ever intend to take up these obligations, no better time than the present will ever offer. To be sure the war terminated disastrously to our cause, but we are, therefore, so much the more in need of any trifling sums that may be owing us. The above amounts, therefore, may be sent

to me, care of my publisher, who is hereby authorized to receipt for the same.)

When this negotiation was concluded satisfactorily to all parties, the old skipper returned on board his vessel, and dispatched his whale boats to bring off the prisoners from the *Shenandoah*. Several of them warmly shook hands with us at parting, and expressed the hope that we might meet again under different and more pleasing circumstances. It was a sentiment in which we could heartily concur, and I must say that American whalers are officered by some of the noblest, most high-minded and generous men belonging to the great brotherhood of seamen. A kindness they seldom forget,—to a friend their hand is ever open, and an enemy they can look upon as one who might have been a friend, but for some political accident which it is out of their line of business to examine into very closely.

While all this was transpiring, two vessels lying quite near us seemed to have awakened to the fact that the locality was a dangerous one, and to be endeavoring to arrange some plan of escape for one at least. Both were heading for the field ice, probably under the impression that while we were in pursuit of one, the other might find some opening through which we might not like to follow her, or elude us in some sudden fog, that Providence might send to her relief. All this we comprehended at a glance, and bidding the captain of the *Milo* to wait and receive a farther addition to his passenger list, we got up steam and stood after the runaways.

As we approached within easy range of them, one put about and steered for the shore while the other stood boldly on into the ice. Ordering the lookout aloft to keep a sharp eye on the former, we gave our especial attention to the latter, and ranging along near the edge of the ice, we fired a shot that passed just forward of her figure head.

Still she stood on, in the desperate hope of escaping, so another shot was fired which passed through her main topsail, and being by this time convinced not only that she was within easy range but that we were capable of riddling her in a very brief period, she gave it up, went about, and steered toward our boat, which had been sent out with a prize crew as soon as we observed this last movement.

The boat was soon alongside and the officer ascended to the deck. The prize proved to be the *Sophia Thornton* of New Bedford, and having dispatched the Captain and his mates in one of their own boats off to us, they remained in charge, while we started in pursuit of the other, under steam and fore and aft sail, at the rate of eleven knots an hour.

Before the close of the first dog watch, we brought her to with a shot from our thirty-two pounder Whitworth rifle, which whistled past her stern. She had crowded on all the sail she could carry, but it availed her little in her laudable efforts to avoid capture.

She proved to be another New Bedfordder, the *Jireh Swift*, commanded by Captain Williams, a native of that city. He was said by Manning to have about fifteen thousand dollars in specie on board, the proceeds of a quantity of oil he had lately sold, but as Captain Williams readily made oath that there was no such amount in his vessel, and we had already discovered that our newly enlisted ship's corporal was a most accomplished liar, among his other engaging characteristics, we did not enter into a very close examination.

Within thirty minutes after the *Jireh Swift* was captured, she was in flames, and having seen her crew en route for the *Milo* in their own boats, we were off in chase of another fellow, that, however, finally escaped into the ice.



Several of the vessels which we had first seen engaged in trying out blubber, we now discovered were surrounded by such extensive fields of ice, that we dared not venture after them, so for once these hardy voyagers had occasion to thank as their preservers, these icy barriers that so often prove their destruction.

Captain Waddell now determined to give the prisoners permission to take whatever they desired from the *Sophia Thornton*, in the way of provisions and other necessities to make them comfortable on their passage to San Francisco, so we stood back to her vicinity, where this decision was made known and was received with general satisfaction. There was an accompanying order, however, that did not meet with so much approbation. It was to fire the ship, when they had finished taking whatever they wanted away from her. This they reluctantly promised to do, but fearing, in case a favorable breeze should spring up, the temptation to run away with her would prove too strong for their virtue, we cut away the spars, and giving them to understand that they would be within range of our eight-inch shells which would certainly be dropping down among them, if our instructions were not implicitly obeyed, we again got under way.

As we glided seaward, still standing toward the frozen region of the Arctic circle, we could see the disabled vessel, with her masts dragging alongside, and the paroled prisoners in their whale boats, transferring from her to the *Milo* whatever suited their fancy. I have no doubt the craft was thoroughly ransacked, but ere the sun made its brief disappearance below the horizon, a bright tongue of flame shot heavenward, telling us that the prisoners had performed their distasteful task. A more unpleasant duty, I trust, will never be assigned to any of them. It is hard enough to see the oaken cradle in which one has rocked for so many weeks and months destroyed by the incendiary torch, but when necessity compels a sailor to light with his own hand the fire that is to consume the ship he has learned

to love, he has good grounds for complaint against the fates, for the ungenerous usage to which they have subjected him.

The next morning we fell in with, and captured the brig *Susan and Abigail*, a trader from San Francisco. She had a miscellaneous cargo, consisting of guns, pistols, needles, calico, twine, and Yankee notions in general, such articles in short as would be acceptable to the Esquimaux, with whom it was the Captain's intention to barter for furs.

It was a money-making trade I should judge from what I learned of it. For an old gun and some ammunition, fifteen or twenty sables were freely given in exchange, and a good knife would purchase almost anything.

The Captain of the *Susan and Abigail* when he came on board wore a magnificent fur coat, a relic of his last voyage to these seas. He begged very hard that his ship might not be burned, as that was to be his last expedition to this part of the world, and he expected to clear about thirty thousand dollars, but his eloquence was all thrown away. Captain Waddell seldom took much notice of what prisoners said, so long as his own conscience approved, and about nine o'clock, the crew having been brought off, she was set on fire. A number of men joined us from the last prize and we were now pretty thoroughly manned, thanks to the recruits we had first and last obtained from the enemy.

We then continued our course, steaming to the northward and eastward, and ere nightfall passed the burning hulk of the *Sophia Thornton*.

There was a heavy ice floe in sight, which necessitated the keeping of a bright lookout on board for fear of running into it. Ships, sailing in the direction we were, always keep to the westward of the ice, on account of the current which sets so strongly toward that point of the compass.

All day long the ice could be seen on our starboard beam, extending as far as the eye could reach.

About six in the evening we discovered a sail and proceeded in chase, but the fog came on so thick that we were obliged to abandon it for fear of running into some unknown danger, from which we could not extricate ourselves.

The most of the day the men had been busily engaged in killing hogs, of which we had an abundance, that had been captured with prizes. Pork must be a favorite article of diet among whalemén, at least, I do not recollect that we took a single vessel after entering the Ochotsk Sea, that did not have at least half a dozen swine on board.

We had now advanced so far north that night and day were mere arbitrary terms. For an hour or two there was a subdued twilight, or rather lack of sunshine, but at any time during the twenty-four hours there was no difficulty in reading ordinary print without the aid of artificial light.

No one can conceive until they have experienced it, the strange effect produced upon a native of the temperate zones by the endless day of the polar regions. There is something so supernatural and fantastic in the sight of the sun travelling perpetually round the horizon, just dipping beneath it at one point for a brief space, instead of seeing it at an angle of about sixty degrees as with us, that until you become in a measure accustomed to it, to sleep is almost an impossibility. But trying as is the long day, the long night is infinitely worse, according to the testimony of all who have experienced it.

The morning of the 21st of June found us surrounded by a fog of unusual density, and we were under the necessity of lying to in consequence. Indeed, to see a ship's length in any direction was utterly impossible, and with huge fields of ice drifting near us, and

anon crashing together with a report like thunder, our situation was anything but desirable. But this is only one of the many dangers incident to Arctic sailing. It is a region of terrors, which start up grim and formidable on every side, and absolutely without an attractive feature save the wealth borne on the backs of the great right whales, or worn in the shape of choice furs by the seals that inhabit its waters, and the foxes and sables that abound upon its icy shores; and for wealth, man will dare any peril, face any danger.

Before noon the fog had cleared away, and a few hours later we sighted St. Lawrence Island, lying almost directly to the southward of Bering's Straits. It was impossible to approach very near it on account of the ice which increased in quantity as we advanced toward the Arctic Ocean. An immense field lay off our starboard bow, seemingly as impenetrable a barrier to sailing in that direction as a similar extent of solid rock.

The island is inhabited by a somewhat numerous tribe of Esquimaux, who carry on a considerable trade in furs with whalers and other vessels that visit these seas. They subsist almost exclusively upon the flesh of seals and walrus, which is generally eaten raw. How they can exist in a climate where for two months in the year, the mercury freezes in the thermometer tube, is a mystery I leave others to explain.

On the 25th we commenced steaming, and from that time till we finally left the Arctic Seas, we made comparatively little use of our sails. An extensive ice field was ahead, and to avoid it we stood directly north.

About 10 A. M. we saw two sails on the port beam, and immediately gave chase to the nearest. She showed the Hawaiian ensign, and as her appearance corresponded with her flag, we did not intercept her, but wore around and stood after the other.

About twelve o'clock she showed the French colors, and as she

did not have, on closer inspection, much of a Yankee look, we abandoned that chase also, and resumed our course to the northward and eastward.

The same afternoon we made out a sail on the starboard bow, and setting such fore and aft sail as we carried, we gave chase. We were not long in overhauling her, and, as she showed the Stars and Stripes, we passed close under her stern, within hailing distance, ordering the Captain to heave to and come on board with his papers.

The skipper took it very hard, and was quite disposed to make a personal matter of it. As he came over the side with his papers, he demanded, in a blustering, querulous manner, what injury he had ever done us, that we should hunt him like a wild animal, and destroy his property.

Of course we assured him that we had no feelings of personal animosity to gratify, that our blows were only aimed at his Government, though they might fall heavily upon private individuals; but this was far from satisfying him, and I believe, to this day, he is half inclined to the opinion that the *Shenandoah* went up to the Arctic expressly to look after his ship, through some spite conceived against himself by the Government of the Southern Confederacy.

The prize was the *General Williams* of New London, and the denizens of that wide-awake little city must have been in a most flourishing financial condition, for she had more money on board than any vessel we captured during the entire cruise.

I pray my readers not to permit their expectations to be raised *too* high. We did not make quite so good a haul as some of the old buccaneers used to when they fell in with a Spanish ship laden with specie; but we did secure out of that New Londoner the enormous sum of four hundred dollars, and as I did not subsequently learn that any prominent New London house went down in consequence

of that capture, I inferred, as above stated, that they must have enjoyed a high degree of prosperity.

While we were lying near the *General Williams*, we saw twenty-five or thirty boats coming off to us from St. Lawrence Island. They contained Esquimaux, who brought with them a quantity of furs and ivory, which they desired to barter for whiskey and tobacco.

Their boats were ingeniously constructed affairs. The frame is something like that of a whale boat, over which is stretched walrus hide, which renders them completely impervious to water. They are very light and much better calculated to traverse these icy seas than wood or even metallic boats.

Few and simple as their implements are, these nomadic savages succeed in capturing a good many whales. They first blow a walrus hide, previously prepared for the purpose, full of air and to this they fasten one end of their harpoon line. Watching their opportunity, they dart the harpoon into the whale, and thus attach to him a great buoy, which materially interferes with his diving propensities. Another and another is attached to him in the same way, until the poor animal can no longer get below the surface and is in the end, fairly worried to death.

We did a little trading with our Esquimaux acquaintance, and after they had taken their departure, we removed the prisoners from the *General Williams*, and set her on fire.

We then resumed our course, still working to the northward and eastward. A little past three p. m., three sails were reported in sight, but although a seemingly impassable barrier of ice stretched between them and our ship, we ventured into it under steam, and succeeded in passing through it safely.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 26th, we came up with

them. They were the *William C. Nye*, the *Nimrod*, and the *Catherine*, all of New Bedford. We had little trouble in capturing these vessels. Not a breath of air was stirring, and it was of course simply impossible for them to make even an effort at escape. We already had on board about one hundred prisoners, and the officers and crews of these three prizes would have augmented the number to about two hundred and fifty, a much larger delegation of Yankees than we cared to have on board the *Shenandoah* at a time, with nothing to do but plot mischief; so after a little consideration, it was decided to place the last instalment of prisoners in twelve whale boats, which we took in tow.

Five more ships were now in sight, and after setting fire to the prizes we steamed after them.

It was a singular scene upon which we now looked out. Behind us were three blazing ships, wildly drifting amid gigantic fragments of ice; close astern were the twelve whale-boats with their living freight; and ahead of us the five other vessels, now evidently aware of their danger, but seeing no avenue of escape.

It was a tortuous way we now had to pursue; winding about among the ice floes like the trail of a serpent. Six knots an hour was the highest speed we dare attempt, so intricate was the navigation, but we at length succeeded in penetrating the little fleet for which we were steering.

We had learned from some of the prisoners that the small-pox prevailed on one of the vessels, and we consequently gave her a wide berth, and turned our attention to the next in order, the *General Pike*, of New Bedford, of which we soon made a prize. Her Captain came on board the *Shenandoah*, and gladly agreed to ransom his ship for thirty thousand dollars, and take our prisoners to the United States.

It required but a few moments to arrange these preliminaries,

and ere long our prisoners were paroled and en route for the vessel that was to take them home, and we were bearing down upon another, which proved to be the *Gipsy*.

It fell to my lot, as being the officer off duty, to accompany the prize crew on board of her. The Captain, who met us at the side, was terribly frightened. He was pale as a ghost, and could scarcely return an articulate answer to any question addressed to him. He evidently imagined he was to be burned with his ship, or at best run up to the yard-arm, and could scarcely believe it when I assured him that no personal injury or indignity was intended him.

His cabin was a most luxuriously fitted up affair for an Arctic whaler. There was a fine library, comprising some two hundred volumes, a beautiful writing-desk, and indeed all his furniture in style and finish would have done credit to a well-appointed drawing-room. He had also several cases of choice wines and liquors, which I destroyed to prevent the sailors from getting at them, reserving a bottle or two with which to treat my crew when they returned, after discharging the duty assigned us.

It had been the custom of the *Gipsy's* skipper to take his wife with him on his voyaging, but fortunately she had remained at home this cruise.

In a little time the officers and crew of the *Gipsy* had been paroled and transferred to the *General Pike*, a few furs and trinkets were appropriated, and the torch was applied.

An hour later the barque *Isabel* had been brought to and boarded, her crew sent off to join their countrymen, and we hauled along side of her for the purpose of filling our tanks from her water casks.

Having secured what water we wished, we steamed off a little



way and set her on fire, and lay to to wait for our boat and its crew, who had performed this last duty.

As soon as they were on board we got under way, still standing to the northward.

On the 27th of June we let our fires go down, lowered our smoke-stack, and commenced beating to the northward under sail. Five ships were in sight, tacking about, little thinking what a dangerous foe was in their vicinity. The weather was cold and foggy, with a good breeze blowing, consequently we made no dash at the fleet, as a part of them would undoubtedly succeed in escaping while we were dealing with the rest. We preferred to wait for a calm when we could swoop down upon them and secure the whole.

The morning of the 28th opened with very little wind and a clear sky. It was one of the pleasantest days we experienced from the time we entered the Ochotsk Sea until we finally got clear of those icy regions. There were eight sails in sight in different directions, and land was visible on our port beam. Quantities of ice were setting to the southward and eastward, and about half past six we saw Diomedé Island, about twelve miles distant.

At eight o'clock we commenced what proved to be our last day's warfare against the commerce of the United States, by starting in chase, under steam, of a sail we sighted a little way to the southward.

At ten o'clock we captured the barque *Waverley*, of New Bedford, with five hundred barrels of oil. Her officers and crew were at once sent on board the *Shenandoah*, after which she was set on fire, and we steered off to the westward until twelve o'clock and then shaped our course to the northward, passing through an extensive field of ice, and at half past one, neared a fleet of ten ships at the entrance of Bering's Straits.

For the purpose of deceiving them we hoisted the United

States flag, though there was not a breath of wind at the time and not a shadow of a chance for any one of them to escape. It seemed as though the Fates had interposed to render our last achievement the most imposing and brilliant of the cruise, if not of the war.

One ship, the *Brunswick*, from New Bedford, had been stove, and now flew signals of distress. Under these circumstances it is the custom of whalers to collect all the vessels of the fleet within signalling distance, and, if the craft is found so badly injured that it is impossible to repair her, an auction is improvised, and she is sold to the highest bidder.

It was for such a purpose that the whaling fleet of Bering's Straits had assembled on the 28th of June, 1865, ill-omened day for them and the insurance offices of New Bedford!

Seeing our vessel standing in with the United States flag at her peak, a boat came off from the disabled *Brunswick* to ascertain if our Captain could lend them a carpenter or two and render any other little assistance that might be required.

We received the delegation with grave faces, and informed them that their wants should all be attended to, in due time. Our boats were then made ready for lowering, and officers and men were detailed to board the whalers and bring off their captains and mates.

When all was ready, the boats started from our ship with one accord, the United States ensign was hauled down, the Confederate run up in its place, and a blank cartridge fired toward the centre of the fleet.

All now was consternation. On every deck we could see excited groups gathering, gazing anxiously at the perfidious stranger, and then glancing wistfully aloft where their sails hung idly in the still air. But look where they would, there was no avenue of escape. The wind, so long their faithful coadjutor, had turned

traitor, and left them like stranded whales, to the mercy of the first enemy.

I said all was consternation, but that statement needs qualifying, for on board one ship, the *Favorite*, there was nothing of the sort. As soon as it dawned upon her grim old Captain that a wolf in sheep's clothing had strayed into their fold, he mustered his men on deck, armed them with muskets, got up his old bomb gun, an instrument made use of by some vessels to discharge the harpoon into whales, and stood resolutely on the defensive, a cutlass in one hand and an old-fashioned navy revolver in the other.

"Boat ahoy!" he bellowed, as soon as our little craft was within hailing distance.

"Ahoy!" responded the officer in charge, somewhat taken aback.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" was the next salutation.

"We come to inform you that your vessel is a prize to the Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*."

"I'll be d—d if she is, at least, just yet, and now keep off or I'll fire into you."

The old Spartan began to squint along his bomb gun, and the men to handle their muskets in such a decidedly business-like manner, that it was perfectly apparent that he intended to carry his threat into execution.

Seeing this, the officer in charge of the boat hailed our ship, reported the state of things, and wished to know if it was the Captain's desire that he should board her in spite of resistance.

Captain Waddell ordered the boat back to the *Shenandoah*, which immediately steamed towards the contumacious Yankee, and ranged alongside.

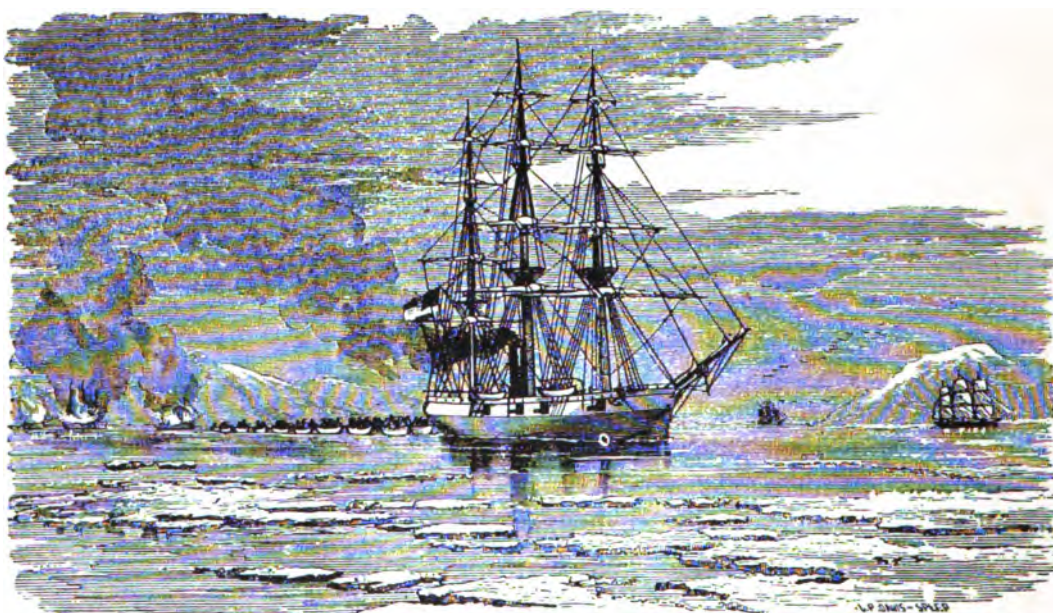
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The *Shenandoah* towing prisoners from three burning whaling vessels in Bering's Straits, June 25, 1865.

The skipper still stood by his bomb gun with his forces drawn up on deck as though he actually meditated fighting it out.

"Haul down your flag!" shouted the officer of the deck as soon as we were near enough for his voice to be heard on board the stranger.

"Haul it down yourself! d—n you!" was the plucky response, "if you think it will be good for your constitution."

"If you don't haul it down we'll blow you out of the water in five minutes."

"Blow away, my buck, but may I be eternally blasted if I haul down that flag for any cussed Confederate pirate that ever floated," was the defiant rejoinder.

Captain Waddell had stood an amused spectator of this scene, and so much did he admire the old fellow's bravery, though much could not be said for his discretion, that he would not permit a shot to be fired into his ship, but dispatched an armed boat's crew to bring him off.

When he came on board, it was evident he had been seeking spirituous consolation, indeed to be plain about it, he was at least three sheets in the wind, but by general consent he was voted to be the bravest and most resolute man we captured during our cruise.

By five o'clock we had made prizes of the whole fleet, ten sail in all. One of them, the *James Murray*, had lost her Captain a short time previous, but his widow with her three little children were still on board.

The lady was very much frightened when the boarding officer stepped on deck and besought him, with tears in her eyes, not to destroy the ship that had been her husband's home so long.

As gently as possible he soothed her fears, telling her that no harm should befall her or the ship, through our instrumentality.

The *James Murray* was accordingly ransomed, and her mate was directed to take the vessel to the United States, with as many prisoners as could be conveniently accommodated.

Another of the number, the *Nile*, was also ransomed as a transport for the remaining prisoners, and when these had received their passengers, the remainder of the captured vessels were set on fire.

The following are the names of the vessels captured that day:

Ships *Hillman*, *Nassau*, *Isaac Howland*, and *Brunswick*.  
Barques *Martha 2d*, *Congress*, *Waverley*, and *James Murray*.  
All these belonged to New Bedford, besides the *Nile* of New London, and the *Favorite* of Fair Haven.

We hauled off a little distance and anchored with a kedge, to watch the mighty conflagration our hands had lighted.

It was a scene never to be forgotten by any one who beheld it. The red glare from the eight burning vessels shone far and wide over the drifting ice of those savage seas; the crackling of the fire as it made its devouring way through each doomed ship, fell on the still air like upbraiding voices. The sea was filled with boats driving hither and thither, with no hand to guide them, and with yards, sails, and cordage, remnants of the stupendous ruin there progressing. In the distance, but where the light fell strong and red upon them, bringing out into bold relief each spar and line, were the two ransomed vessels, the Noah's Arks that were to bear away the human life which in a few hours would be all that was left of the gallant whaling fleet.

Imagination assisted us no doubt, but we fancied we could see the varied expressions of anger, disappointment, fear, or wonder, that marked the faces of the multitude on those decks, as their eyes rested on this last great holocaust; and when, one by one, the burning hulks went hissing and gurgling down into the treacherous

bosom of the ocean, the last act in the bloody drama of the American civil war had been played. Widely different were the arenas that witnessed the opening and concluding scenes. The overture was played by the thunder of artillery beneath the walls of Sumter, with the breath of April fanning the cheeks of those who acted there their parts, while all the world looked on; the curtain finally fell amid the drifting ice of the Arctic seas; burning vessels formed a pyrotechnic display such as the children of men have seldom looked upon, while a grim and silent cruiser, that had, even then, no government nor country, and two weather-beaten whalers, filled with despondent prisoners, were the only audience.

From one of these last prizes we obtained the first news from the States we had received for many months. She had San Francisco papers bearing date the fifteenth of April, and containing intelligence of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

The news occasioned a general feeling of astonishment and indignation throughout the *Shenandoah*. That one who sympathized with the Southern cause could have deliberately planned and executed an act that would strike with horror every honorable man, whatever his partisan sentiments might be, and thus redound to the discredit of the Government for whose success he professed to be laboring, seemed passing strange. It was even then shadowed forth in the papers we perused so far from the place of their publication, that designing men would endeavor to fasten upon the Southern people at large, and especially upon their leaders, the odium of that hideous crime. That this has since been done, the world is well aware, but only the Southern people know how cruelly unjust is such an accusation.

It must be borne in mind that although this was the 28th of June, we had as yet received no tidings of the cessation of hostilities between the United States and the Confederacy. So far as we knew, our armies, though repulsed at many points, and sadly



depleted in numbers, were still making a gallant stand against the Northern hordes, which eventually overran our unhappy country, bearing down all resistance before them; consequently our hearts were buoyed up with the thought that we were still aiding the great cause to which we had devoted our lives and fortunes.

From some source best known to himself, our pilot Manning, now advanced to the position of acting master's mate, learned that a fleet comprising about sixty sail, had passed up through Bering's Straits into the Arctic Ocean, but a short time previous. Of course they were still somewhere in the ice-bound sea, from which there was no exit save the passage by which they had entered it, and we determined to overhaul them if that was possible.

At eleven o'clock P. M. we hove up our kedge and once more commenced steaming north, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the 29th we had passed through Bering's Straits, within sight, at the same time, of the extreme frontiers of Asia and North America, and were fairly within the Arctic Circle.

It was a desolate prospect that met our view. We were at last launched on the Arctic Ocean, within whose cold embrace was clasped the prize we so much coveted; but now as far as the eye could reach, extended one vast unbroken sea of ice, where two weeks before had been comparatively open water.

To attempt to penetrate such barriers would have been sheer madness. The undertaking would have been attended with the gravest peril, even with the auxiliary of a vessel expressly fortified and strengthened for the rough encounter, and after a brief consideration, Captain Waddell decided to make no further effort to penetrate the Polar Sea, and I do not think there was an officer or man on board who did not acquiesce in the wisdom of the decision.

The same afternoon, therefore, we put about and steamed

southward, and ere the hour which should have brought nightfall, passed the burning hulks we had set on fire the preceding day, and we also had a last view of the two ships containing our prisoners, something over four hundred all told.

It was a relief to feel that we were again bound for the genial region of the tropics, our intention now being to cruise on the Pacific coast in the hopes of capturing one or more of the rich steamers that ply between San Francisco and Panama.

How others may have felt I know not, but for myself, I am free to confess, that I had had enough of Arctic cruising, and if I never look again upon those icy seas and barren shores, fit residences only for Esquimaux, seals, and Polar bears, it will not occasion me one moment's regret.

In our outward passage through the Straits, we had an illustration of the exuberance of animal life existing in these rigorous waters. Hundreds of walruses were disporting around us, now raising their huge bulks above the surface of the water and uttering their strange roaring cry, and anon disappearing beneath their native element.

We were much annoyed by the everlasting fogs prevailing in these latitudes, on our passage out, and several times were in imminent danger from this cause.

On the evening of the 30th, just as the sun was dipping below the horizon, our ship suddenly brought up all standing on a heavy cake of field ice. Officers were thrown from their berths and men from their hammocks, by the force of the concussion, and for a time the impression was general that we had struck upon a rock, and sustained serious if not fatal injury.

It was not long before we ascertained our real situation. The yards were braced back to permit the ship to go astern, while

a number of men went over the side upon the floe and made lines fast by means of crowbars and kedges secured in the ice.

By such means and appliances we at last succeeded in escaping from the dangerous locality into which we had wandered unwittingly in consequence of the fog, but it was a narrow escape, and had we not struck upon the floe, we should probably have been beset for a considerable time.

When daylight returned, a cheerless spectacle was revealed to us. Ahead of us and on both bows were great fields of floating ice extending to the utmost verge of vision, and for awhile it seemed as though we were to experience another jam, but ere long, another stretch of water opened, into which we steamed, more because it was the only space of open water than because it promised an avenue of escape, and continued our slow and painful progress southward, the ice parting before us as we advanced, as though on purpose to let our good ship through.

After four or five hours of such anxious navigation we sighted the open water again, and finally, thank God! reached it, having passed almost scathless the many perils by which we had been menaced.

The next day we passed a small island owned by the Russians, which is widely celebrated among the frequenters of these waters for the fur seals with which it abounds. It is a constant source of temptation to American whalers, who, whenever opportunity offers, organize a filibustering expedition against these furry denizens of the far north, and the consequence is, a lively feud is generally on the *tapis* between some of them and the subjects of the Czar, who take in high dudgeon this trespass upon their hunting-ground.

We were still fairly within the right whaling-ground, and of course entertained the hope of falling in with a few more prizes

before bidding a final adieu to the Arctic Seas, but in this we were disappointed. We saw no more whalers after leaving Bering's Straits, and about the 1st of July we passed out between two of the islands that form a chain running east and west, about 58° north latitude, and saw the open Pacific stretching away broad and inviting before us.

A few sheets of copper chafed off by our rude encounters was the most serious loss we had sustained.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE RETURN VOYAGE TO LIVERPOOL

THE principal part of the duty assigned us had been discharged in the destruction and dispersing of the New England whaling fleet, and it was with feelings of profound relief that we at last saw these frozen seas, with their many perils seen and unseen, where for weeks we had been battling with ice, or groping blindly in impenetrable fogs, fading in the distance.

All were in good spirits, as we had reason to be, after performing well, a laborious and in many respects unpleasant duty, and as each day carried us nearer these genial seas where for a time we expected to cruise, the memory of many hardships faded from our minds. Thus we sped us on our way.

Three weeks took us fairly into warm weather again, and never was the advent of balmy air and soft breezes hailed with more genuine delight. Heavy woollen clothing began to be no longer an indispensable concomitant of comfort, and a watch on deck instead of an irksome duty had become a pleasant pastime. The crew were engaged in cleaning and painting the ship, and ere many days, the battered and weather-worn look she had acquired while boxing about in Arctic ice had disappeared, and she once more assumed her old time tidiness.

We saw no sail after leaving the Straits on the 30th of June, until the 2d of August, when we sighted a barque. The wind was very light, so we got up steam, and stood toward her, flying the English ensign at our peak. As we approached, she showed the same colors, and although we had no reason to doubt from her general appearance but that she had a perfect right to carry the flag she flew, we stopped our engines and dispatched an officer on board, in the hope of obtaining some comparatively recent news from the world of which we had known so little for many weary months.

In the course of half an hour the boat returned, bringing intelligence of the gravest possible moment. The Southern cause was lost,—hopelessly—irretrievably—and the war ended. Our gallant generals, one after another, had been forced to surrender the armies they had so often led to victory. State after state had been overrun and occupied by the countless myriads of our enemies, until star by star the galaxy of our flag had faded, and the Southern Confederacy had ceased to exist.

Sadder still were the tidings that our civil Chief, who, with untiring energy and perseverance, had striven for four long, bloody years to accomplish our independence; hopeful always when others despaired, devising some new scheme to prolong the struggle, when further resistance, to minds less clear and comprehensive than his, seemed impossible; believing in the justice of his cause, and therefore fearing not to leave the event in the hands of the God he trusted, was a captive, loaded with fetters and closely guarded in the casemate of a fortress, charged with being an accessory to the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

The news gathered from the *Barracouta* was as overwhelming as it was unexpected, and every man felt as though he had just learned of the death of a near and dear relative. Indeed, it is

seldom that men find themselves so strangely circumstanced as we then were, and we might well feel serious apprehension.

It had been three months since hostilities ceased, leaving us without a flag or a country, and during that time we had been actively engaged in preying upon the commerce of a Government that not only claimed our allegiance, but had made good her claim by wager of battle.

It required no prophet to foretell what construction the people of the North would put upon our actions. We well knew the inveterate hatred with which they regarded the people of the seceded States. From the first they had stigmatized our cruisers as pirates, even when we were recognized as belligerents by the leading powers of the world, and they would not be likely to let slip such an opportunity as our last escapade had furnished them with, to glut their vengeance with our blood, should we fall into their hands.

True, it would have been apparent to any unprejudiced person that cruising as we had been in the Arctic seas, entirely out of the track of news, we could not have become cognizant, except through the interposition of a miracle, of any event transpiring in the United States, short of three or four months; but the people, who, without a shade of reason, could incarcerate Jefferson Davis, and accuse him of being implicated in a brutal murder, would not be very apt to see any extenuating circumstance in our case, and every man of us knew that if the *Shenandoah* was captured before she could reach an English port, that his days were numbered.

The officers of the *Barracouta* deeply sympathized with us in our unpleasant dilemma, but they could do nothing save wish us God-speed and a safe deliverance from the hands of our enemies; but it was very evident they entertained small hopes of our eluding the many snares that were and would be set for our feet. Several United States cruisers and one English man-of-war, they knew,

had been dispatched in search of us, and it was like running a very gauntlet of life to hope to escape all these dangers unscathed.

But there was no use in repining. What had been done in the past could not be helped; the record of our deeds was written in imperishable characters, and could not be gainsaid. And now that we had no longer a country to claim our services, self-preservation was the first thing to be considered.

As soon as the English vessel had proceeded on her way, Captain Waddell summoned his whole ship's company aft, and formally announced to them the startling intelligence he had just received. No man of them, he said, had any reason to blush for the service in which he had been engaged; our cruise had been projected and prosecuted in good faith; it had inflicted heavy blows upon the commerce of our late enemies, which would not soon be forgotten; but now there was nothing more to be done but to secure our personal safety by the readiest and most efficacious means at hand. As a cruiser we had no longer a right to sail the seas, for in that character we were liable to capture by the ship of any civilized nation, for we had no longer a flag to give a semblance of legality to our proceedings.

The address was listened to respectfully, and after a brief consultation among themselves, the crew presented a petition signed by nearly all of their number, requesting our captain to proceed at once to Sydney, Australia, the nearest English port, and there abandon the ship to Her Majesty's authorities, and let each man look out for his own personal safety.

Captain Waddell at once professed to accede to this request, and for twenty-four hours the vessel was actually headed for Sydney; but events proved that he had really no intention of ever going there, and at the expiration of the time I have mentioned, he altered the course of the ship without announcing the fact to any one, and steered for Cape Horn *en route* for Liverpool.

From a letter of Captain Waddell's, which will be found in the latter part of this volume, it will be seen that he gives a somewhat different version of this affair, but I speak from my own personal knowledge when I say that he promised his crew to run the *Shenandoah* into Sydney, and then, without their cognizance, steered for another and more distant port, thus subjecting them to what they considered unnecessary peril, for the sake of securing a considerable sum of money which he knew to be lodged in the hands of one of our secret agents at Liverpool, and I farther assert that nothing like a mutinous spirit even, unless a petition they subsequently submitted may be called so, was ever manifested by any officer from the time we left the English shores till we returned to them.

It will be remembered that when we first set sail from Madeira, the labor devolved upon us of transforming the merchantman *Sea King* into the cruiser *Shenandoah*, and now, so far as possible, that work was to be undone, and with sad hearts we betook ourselves to the task. The same tackles which had been used in transferring our armament from the *Laurel* to our decks, were again got aloft to assist in dismounting the heavy guns, and striking them below, beyond the reach of prying eyes—port holes were closed up, our smoke stack whitewashed, and in appearance our ship was a quiet merchantman, peacefully pursuing her way, with naught to apprehend from any vessel she might encounter on the high seas.

The hilarity which had so long been observable throughout the ship, was now gone, and there were only anxious faces to be seen in cabin, ward-room, and forecastle. The lookouts, it was true, still mounted aloft, but it was not to scan the seas for ships that might be captured, but to maintain a faithful watch and ward over any suspicious sail that might make its appearance above the horizon.



While rolling down toward the Cape, with the "brave west-erlys" astern, the lookout one day reported a vessel with all sail set, to foretop-mast studding sail, standing very nearly on the same course as ourselves.

Our glasses soon revealed the fact, that she was English, and not a man-of-war, consequently there was nothing to apprehend from her, and as she seemed to bear a singular family likeness to our own good ship, we resolved to have a nearer view of her.

At the time we were under top-gallant-sails, but before many minutes the topmen were aloft loosing the royals which were soon sheeted home, and hoisted away. The foretop-mast studding-sail was also broken out, and swayed aloft, the tack hauled out, the sheet sent down, and away we went to try our speed with the stranger. She seemed to understand that a race was on the *tapis*, and immediately began to show more canvas.

For a time it was doubtful how the contest would end. Both had a heavy press of sail, and were dancing along at the rate of twelve or thirteen knots an hour, but the *Shenandoah* was too much by the head and at last it became apparent that the stranger was slowly leaving us. Observing this we signaled her, to learn who and what she was, and the bunting soon informed us that it was the sister ship of our own, built by the same firm on the Clyde, and in brief, one was almost a counterpart of the other. It was the first time we had fallen in with a vessel that could outsail us, and had we been in equally good trim with the Englishman, I do not think either would have had an opportunity of claiming a victory.

We made a splendid run from the line to the Cape and nearly rounded it, well to the southward, without any incident worth recording, but we were not destined to get entirely clear of the Horn without a specimen of the tempestuous weather for which that locality is so widely celebrated.

We were just congratulating ourselves upon our fortunate passage round this dreaded Cape, when we encountered a gale which for a few hours was absolutely terrific, and lay to under close reefed main-topsail, and fore storm staysail, with a tarpaulin in the fore rigging to ride it out. The sea ran mountains high, dashing its spray far up into the rigging, and more than one huge wave made a clean breach over us, leaving such a quantity of water on our decks, as to engender at times grave fears for our safety. The ship was tossed about like a cockle shell, but happily we sustained no serious injury, and when the tempest had finally blown itself out we got clear of "old Cape Misery," as it is sometimes aptly called by sailors, and were once more standing on our course to the eastward, but keeping much further to the south than is ordinarily done by vessels bound for the port that we were, to avoid falling in with any cruisers that might be looking for us.

Within the next few days we passed a good many icebergs, some of them hundreds of feet in height, slowly drifting as they were influenced by the under currents of the ocean, fit representatives of the Antarctic region from whence they came.

One day we passed no less than fourteen of them. I obtained the altitude of the largest by means of the sextant, and found that from its visible base to the pinnacle, it measured no less than three hundred and twenty feet. When first discovered it bore a striking resemblance, in form, to a church with a lofty pointed spire, but as we neared it and it gradually turned 'it assumed the appearance of a mere shapeless block of polar ice, in parts white and sparkling in the sun's rays like crystal, and in others deep blue and seemingly as imperishable as solid rock.

Of course long before this time the crew had discovered that whatever part of the world they might be steering for, they were certainly not heading for Australia, and some dissatisfaction was

felt, not only by them, but by the officers, at Captain Waddell's open violation of his pledge.

Justice compels me to say that the Captain's conduct was not free from censure. He had his own reasons, as I have intimated, for preferring to reach Liverpool and there surrender his ship, but he should have announced this fact in the first place instead of promising what he did not intend to perform, and thus leading many to apprehend that he was actuated by some motive that would not bear explanation.

About this time a petition was gotten up among the officers, and signed by all of them with the exception of five, requesting the Captain to run for Cape Town, then to the eastward of us, and there surrender the ship to the proper authorities.

To this petition he vouchsafed no response direct or otherwise. With the quartermaster he held long, confidential interviews, and to him confided his plans, which he studiously concealed from one and all of his officers, and it was only through this subaltern that we could obtain any information as to where we were bound, though of course our destination was by many suspected.

Such conduct was as injudicious as it was unjust, and gave rise to grave suspicions touching our commander's integrity of purpose, which, I am sorry to say, the event did not prove to be altogether unfounded.

At length, after several days had passed without any notice being taken of his officers' petition, he called the five who had not signed it, upon the quarter-deck, and for the first time informed them that he intended taking the ship to Liverpool.

I was one of the five. For myself, I preferred to take the chances of reaching that port where there was a probability at least that some provision had been made for us, to steering for

Sydney or Cape Town, where we should have found ourselves destitute in a foreign country, whose Government, however warmly it professed to sympathize with the Confederacy in the times when she gallantly held at bay the mighty power of the United States, would have few words of welcome for the last of her adherents in this day of adversity. As in the olden time, when the wayfarer from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves and was passed by by the Priest and Levite, so might we expect to receive at the hands of the world the treatment usually meted out to men who have been engaged in an enterprise that proved a failure; and if some good Samaritan met us with wine and oil, it was more than we could with reason anticipate.

But altogether I differed from my brother officers as to the expediency of their proposed measure, I fully agreed with them in regarding the conduct of Captain Waddell as unwarranted and ungentlemanly, and the letter he subsequently wrote denouncing them as mutineers, was one of the most dastardly returns a commander ever made to officers who from first to last had faithfully discharged every duty assigned them, and certainly never committed an act to sully their honor while on board the *Shenandoah*.

When about four hundred miles from the Azores, we sighted a suspicious looking sail which seemed to be lying to as though waiting for us. The wind was very light, and feeling considerable apprehension as to the stranger's character, we wore ship and stood to the southwest, getting up steam in the meantime as rapidly as possible; but that was an operation that required something like two hours, as we had been under sail ever since parting from the *Barracouta*.

As soon as our engines were rendered available, we furled all sail and steamed due east for about sixteen hours, making altogether a pretty wide *détour*. My own impression is, that she was a Yankee cruiser, and if the surmise is correct, we came near

falling into the enemy's clutches, for she was only about six miles distant when first discovered.

About two weeks before our arrival in Liverpool, we were called upon to pay the last sad offices to one of our shipmates, who, just before the conclusion of that eventful voyage, launched out upon the great ocean of eternity. His name was George Canning, and he was one of those who had joined us at Melbourne, and had been promoted to be sergeant of marines. He represented, and we had no reason to doubt it, that he had formerly been an officer on General Polk's staff, and, while thus serving his country had received, at the battle of Shiloh, a ball through one of his lungs, which incapacitated him for soldiering.

The wound had never entirely healed, and through it his life finally oozed away. He had been for some time unable to perform active duty, but his danger had not been considered imminent up to the very night of his death.

It so chanced that he was alone, with the exception of his attendant, an old negro, in his last moments. For an hour or more he had been lying quietly in his berth, apparently suffering little pain, when suddenly he reached forth his hand and grasped that of his sable companion.

"Good-by, Weeks," he said, "I am going. Take care of yourself, old fellow;" and the next moment poor Canning was dead.

That night the body was draped for its ocean grave in sailor fashion, by being sewn up in his own hammock, to the foot of which were securely fastened two thirty-two pound shot, and the next day the boatswain's whistle summoned "all hands to bury the dead."

A more solemnly impressive scene than a burial at sea can

scarcely be imagined. At the well-known signal the whole ship's company assembled on deck, not with the gay alacrity that characterizes their movements when responding to any other summons, but with slow steps and serious faces that were in keeping with the occasion.

Upon a smooth plank, one end of which rested on the taffrail, while the other was supported by two seamen, lay the enshrouded form of our late comrade, while near by stood the ship's surgeon with open prayer-book in hand, to read the solemn burial service of the Roman Catholic church, to which the deceased had been attached.

All remained uncovered while the surgeon, with impressive voice and manner, recited the solemn formula, and as he repeated the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, looking for the general resurrection in the last day, when the earth and sea shall give up their dead," the inner end of the plank was lifted, and with a sullen plunge the body disappeared forever from our view.

Of Canning's antecedents we knew nothing, beyond what I have mentioned, but friends he must have had somewhere upon the face of the earth, and it must have seemed hard to die with no loved one near to minister to his last necessities.

Such, however, is too often the case with sailors,—the ocean, so long their home, in the end proves the mausoleum that takes their bodies to its keeping, and the last "good-by" is whispered in the ear of some rough but sympathetic shipmate.

Once Canning had mentioned that he had a wife living in Paris, and on our arrival in port, a notice was inserted in the public journals, mentioning his death, and inviting any relative who might see it to call at No. 11 Great George's Square, Liverpool, and receive such worldly possessions as he had left.

This death affected us all the more from its being the only one that had occurred on board the *Shenandoah* during her cruise, with one exception.

A poor Sandwich Islander, who had joined us from the barque *Abigail*, the first prize we captured in the Ochotsk Sea, died on the return passage, and far away from the sunny land of his nativity, found a sailor's grave beneath the blue water.

On the 4th of November, our reckoning showed us to be near land, and all eyes were anxiously scanning the horizon, for a glimpse of old England. We knew not what reception was in store for us, for momentous changes had taken place since we set forth on that adventurous pilgrimage round the world, but we were weary of suspense and all were desirous of making port, and learning the worst as soon as possible.

Night, however, closed around us, with nothing but the heaving sea with which we had been so long familiar, in sight, and the following morning a dense fog was hanging over the water, effectually concealing everything from view at a ship's length distance.

Extreme caution was now necessary, as we had only our chronometers and the patent log towing astern to rely upon for showing us our position, but we steamed slowly ahead with all sails furled, laying our course for St. George's Channel.

Soon the fog lifted, revealing to our view the green shores of Ireland, on our port beam,—the first land we had seen since we lost sight of the snow-clad bluffs of Northern America, one hundred and thirty-two days before.

Notwithstanding the uncertainty in which our fate was still enshrouded, there were many happy faces to be seen on the *Shenandoah's* decks that memorable morning, as we glided on toward

Tuskar Rock Light. Soon we had that abeam, and were steaming, at the rate of nine knots an hour, to the northward and eastward toward Holyhead.

Thirteen months before, we set sail from that point in the steamer *Laurel*, to join our ship at Madeira, little anticipating such a return. Shipwreck, capture, and disaster in many forms, we were prepared to look forward to as things possible, but the utter collapse of our Government that had so long and so successfully stood upon the defensive, leaving our ship a veritable Ishmael of the sea, with none to claim or recognize her for other than a lawless freebooter, was such a culmination of misfortunes as none of us had counted upon. And while from full hearts more than one sincere thanksgiving, silent, but none the less acceptable perhaps, went up to Almighty God for our almost miraculous escape from those who had gone forth to hunt us, like wild beasts, to death; there was many a sorrowful association connected with this spot, where began and ended our world-renowned cruise.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE WELCOME WE RECEIVED FROM OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS

AT midnight the pilot boat was seen approaching, and ere long that functionary was on board. As soon as this was known every one was on the alert, anxious to see him and learn what news he had to tell, and perhaps gain some inkling as to the spirit in which the wanderers were to be received.

As he came over the side he was met by our first lieutenant, who bade him "Good morning."

"Good morning," the pilot responded; "what ship is this?"

"The late Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*."



"The deuce it is! Where have you fellows come from last?"

"From the Arctic Ocean."

"Haven't you stopped at any port since you left there?"

"No; nor been in sight of land, either. What news from the war in America?"

"It has been over so long people have got through talking about it. Jeff Davis is in Fortress Monroe, and the Yankees have had a lot of cruisers out looking for you. Haven't you seen any of them?"

"Not unless a suspicious looking craft we sighted off the Western Islands was one."

The pilot then took command of the ship which would have been received in Liverpool with so much *éclat*, had our cause triumphed in the late contest. In that event we should have been the heroes of the hour, sought after and fêted as we had been in Melbourne, and crowds of visitors would have besieged us from morning till night.

But we had returned under no such auspices and our glory was departed. From no quarter did we receive a word of cordial welcome, and the journals once most clamorous for our cause, were the first to bestow upon us the epithet of "pirates," and to querulously ask why we had come there to get them into trouble with the United States. So much for the disinterested friendship of Great Britain. As long as their workshops were busy turning out arms and munitions of war for our armies in the field, and blockade runners from Southern ports were arriving at Liverpool and London, laden with the coveted cotton, they were loud in their protestations of sympathy and friendship; but when the hour of adversity came, when there was nothing more to be made out of us, these fair-weather friends coolly ignored our existence.

Before reaching the city, our pilot managed to run us aground on the bar, where we were obliged to remain until the following morning. During the night, the First Lieutenant came around and warned the officers to keep their revolvers about them, as he had seen enough to make him apprehensive that a plot was on foot among the crew to secure what valuables there were on board, and decamp. The fear that their wages would not be forthcoming, had suggested to them this desperate expedient.

It must be confessed that their prospects for payment were not brilliant; at least none but a very credulous man would feel much confidence in the feasibility of collecting a debt due him from a defunct Government.

The officers profited by the suggestion, kept their arms within reach, and maintained a vigilant watch. The crew made no demonstration, perhaps because they perceived that their plans were discovered, and that we were ready for any emergency, and possibly because sober second thought had led them to abandon a rashly-formed determination.

Soon after daylight we got clear of the bar, and steamed up the river toward the city, with the flag that had accompanied us round the world, flying at our peak for the last time. The fog shut out the town from our view, and we were not sorry for it, for we did not care to have the gaping crowd on shore witness the humiliation that was soon to befall our ship.

That afternoon we ranged astern of H. B. M.'s ship *Donegal* and dropped anchor.

The First Lieutenant stood upon the poop, his arms folded on his breast, gazing at the flag under which he had so long done battle, and then turned away with tears coursing down his bronzed cheeks.

He was not alone in this exhibition of weakness, if such it was,

for more than one eye, unaccustomed to weep, turned aside to conceal the unwonted drops, as at a silent signal the quartermaster hauled down the Stars and Bars, thereby surrendering the *Shenandoah* to the British authorities.

Sorrowfully the master rolled up the old banner, and carried it to the Captain, but he declined to encumber himself with it, so he gave it to his secretary, who was only too anxious to become its possessor.

That same afternoon the *Donegal* sent a prize crew on board, consisting of twenty-five marines and twenty-five sailors, who took possession of the ship and held us as prisoners until Her Majesty's pleasure concerning us was known.

Within the last year we had sent many prize crews to take possession of captured vessels, and now our turn had come to receive such an unwelcome delegation, and we appreciated better perhaps than we had ever done before, with what feelings of poignant sorrow men surrender a ship they have learned to love, and haul down a flag endeared to them by every sentiment of patriotism.

As soon as practicable Captain Waddell delivered to the commander of the *Donegal*, the following letter, to be by him forwarded to Earl Russell.

"STEAMER SHENANDOAH,  
November 5, 1865.

*To the RIGHT HON. EARL RUSSELL, Her Britannic  
Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs:*

I have the honor to announce to your Lordship my arrival in the waters of the Mersey, with this vessel late a ship of war in my command, belonging to the Confederate States of America.

The singular position in which I find myself placed and the absence of all precedents on the subject, will I trust, induce your Lordship to pardon a hasty reference to a few facts connected with the cruise lately made by this ship.

I commissioned the ship in October, 1864, under orders from the Naval Department of the Confederate States, and in pursuance of the same, commenced actively cruising against the enemy's commerce. My orders directed me to visit certain seas, in preference to others. In obedience thereto I found myself in May, June and July of this year, in the Ochotsk Sea and Arctic Ocean. Both places if not quite isolated, are still so far removed from the ordinary channels, that months would elapse before any news could reach them as to the progress or termination of the American War.

In consequence of this awkward circumstance, I was engaged in the Arctic Ocean, in acts of war so late as the 28th of June, in ignorance of the series of reverses sustained by our arms in the field, and the obliteration of the Government under whose authority I had been acting. This intelligence I received for the first time, on communicating at sea on the 2d of August, with the British barque *Barracouta* of Liverpool, fourteen days from San Francisco.

Your Lordship can imagine my surprise at the receipt of such intelligence, and I would have given to it little consideration if an Englishman's opinion did not confirm the war news, though from an enemy's port.

I desisted immediately from further acts of war, and determined to suspend further action, until I had com-

municated with a European port, where I could learn if that intelligence was true. It would not have been intelligent in me, to convey this vessel to an American port, simply because the master of the *Barracouta* had said the war was ended.

I was in an embarrassing position. I diligently examined all the law writers at my command, searching for a precedent for my guidance, in the future control, management and final disposal of the vessel. I could find none. History is, I believe, without a parallel. Finding the authority questionable under which I considered this vessel a ship of war, I immediately discontinued cruising, and shaped my course for the Atlantic Ocean.

As to the ship's disposal, I do not consider that I have any right to destroy her, or any further right to command her. On the contrary, I think that as all the property of the Confederate Government has reverted by the fortune of war to the Government of the United States of North America, that therefore this vessel, insomuch as it was the property of the Confederate States should accompany the other property already reverted.

I have, therefore, sought this port as a suitable one to learn the news, and if I am without a Government, to surrender the ship, with her battery, small arms, machinery, stores, tackle and apparel complete, to Her Majesty's Government for such disposition as in its wisdom should be deemed proper.

JAMES I. WADDELL, *Commander.*"

We had now to await an answer to this letter, which would advise us whether we were to be held as prisoners by the British Government, turned over to the United States authorities, or

set at liberty, and there was enough in the uncertainty involving our fate to depress the most buoyant spirits. But sailors seldom quite despond. They generally discover some bright spot in the darkest horizon, and are prompt to take courage if their situation is anything short of desperate.

As night closed round us, one of the passed midshipmen, with half a dozen of the junior officers at his heels, made his appearance in the steerage, and having taken the general ground that so far from having done anything to be ashamed of, we had every reason to be proud of our exploits, he proposed that care be kicked to the wall, and all apprehension drowned in a general jubilee.

It was just the kind of a proposition to strike favorably a sailor's ear, and ere long, a frolic was inaugurated that gradually extended through almost the entire ship's company. A stranger dropping down among them would have been justified in thinking, from the boisterous hilarity everywhere observable, that we had returned in triumph from some grand expedition, and were celebrating our victories; and had he been told that that noisy, rollicking company were waiting to learn whether they were to be set free or handed over to implacable enemies to be tried for their lives, he would have considered the informer either insane or endeavoring to practise upon his credulity.

The next day passed without bringing any response from Earl Russell to the Captain's communication, and among the thinking, the gravest apprehension began to be entertained. There was little else talked of among the officers, and the opinion prevailed that the British authorities, fearing that they would be held responsible for the depredations we had committed, would turn us over as a sort of peace-offering to appease the wrath of the United States, and it was tacitly understood among us that the time had arrived when each man must look out for himself.

About nine o'clock in the evening I went on deck, feeling more wretchedly depressed in spirits than I ever remember to have been before or since. A miserable, drizzly rain was falling; in brief, it was the kind of night to make one melancholy under any circumstances. I had firmly resolved that the *Shenandoah* and I should part company that night at all hazards. I had a constitutional objection to ornamenting the yard-arm of a Yankee man-of-war, but by the appearance of things, I stood a remarkably fair chance of obtaining that elevated position; but how was I to effect my escape? We were at anchor in the stream, our decks were closely guarded by the marines and sailors from the *Donegal*, and no boat was allowed to approach us, under severe penalties.

But the attempt had to be made,—at the worst I could but fail. Approaching the marine, who was pacing backwards and forwards near where the accommodation ladder was suspended over the side, I opened a careless conversation with him, and, watching my opportunity, slipped into his hands a bottle of the veritable old whiskey we had captured in the Ochotsk Sea.

The fellow gave me an intelligent glance, pocketed his Bourbon, and marched sedately forward, while I dove down to the ward room and in a few moments was completely metamorphosed into as genuine an old shell-back as ever broke biscuit in a forecastle.

As I made my appearance on deck again, the sentry glanced, with a half-amused expression, at the immense sea boots, oilskin coat, and sou'wester hat which decorated my person; but his attention was conveniently called to something on the opposite side of the deck, and the next moment I was over the side and standing on the lower step of the accommodation ladder, effectually concealed from any on board, unless they were looking for me at that particular place.

A number of small boats were plying in various directions,

and one of these passed so near that I was enabled to speak her without unduly elevating my voice. The man hesitated for some moments, but good nature, with perhaps the hope of a fitting pecuniary reward, finally overcame his prudence. He shot his little craft alongside. I sprang in, and in an instant was gliding shoreward.

The voyage was accomplished without accident, and ere long I set foot on the landing stage of Liverpool. I gave the boatman two pounds which left me with eight, the sole proceeds of my thirteen months' cruise in the *Shenandoah*.

With such feelings of relief and thankfulness as I am unable to describe, I strode along up Lime Street, in the direction of the Washington Hotel, an inn much frequented by my countrymen. As I approached it I saw Mr. Adger, a cotton speculator from Charleston, with whom I had been well acquainted, standing on the steps.

I went up to him and extended my hand. He glanced curiously at my outlandish costume, but evidently did not recognize me, which was encouraging, considering the delicate position in which I was placed, and the possible necessity of resuming a similar disguise at some future occasion, but when I told him my name, he grasped my hand with such genuine warmth, and gave me such a cordial welcome, that I felt I had indeed met a countryman.

Mr. Adger insisted upon my accompanying him to his own hotel, the Adelphi, and I complied without much persuasion. The clerks and attachés of that rather elegant establishment, stared in blank amazement when they saw Mr. Adger, whom they well knew, enter the office, yard-arm and yard-arm, with what seemed to be an old salt, fresh from the fore-castle, and their astonishment was in no wise abated, when he demanded to have me established in the room adjoining his own.

My friend, in the kindness and generosity of his heart, would



have at once supplied all my needs from his own purse, but I could not bring myself to trespass farther on his bounty, than to accept a hat which I substituted for my sou'wester, and a pair of shoes to replace my sea boots. Under my oilskin, I wore a suit of citizen's clothes, so for the time being I felt under no particular apprehension of drawing upon myself unwelcome scrutiny.

The next day I began to feel some compunctions of conscience at the way in which I had left the ship. It was true I had neither flag nor country to claim my service, but it seemed to me on reflection that it would have been more manly to have remained with my brother officers, and shared their fate, whatever it might be. The more I thought of it, the stronger became the conviction, and about ten o'clock I sallied forth from the *Adelphi*, firmly resolved to go on board again and take my chances with the rest.

At the landing stage, I encountered Captain North, late of the Confederate navy, and Mr. Robinson, formerly one of our agents. On learning of my escape from and intended return to the *Shenandoah*, both gentlemen joined in urging me to desist from my purpose. They argued, and truly, that I could do nothing to aid my companions, many of whom had doubtless, ere this, adopted similar means of getting out of harm's way. Both were impressed with the notion that the ship's company would be transferred to the United States authorities, which simply meant resigning them to summary execution, and recommended me instead of going on board again to make a straight wake for Paris.

It required but a few moments' consideration to see that this was the counsel of wisdom, and there did seem to be a question whether any code of honor would require me to sacrifice myself with my comrades, when all of us were powerless to aid each other.

Moodily I walked back to the hotel, revolving these things in my mind. Sometimes momentarily congratulating myself that

I had acted the part of a sensible man, and again falling back upon my former opinion that it was an act of poltroonry to leave my friends in the hour of danger, whether I could render them any assistance or not.

On gaining the hotel the gratifying intelligence reached me that our troubles were soon to be over, and fortunately the rumor was ere long confirmed.

About six o'clock in the evening, Captain Paynter of the *Donegal*, to whom the *Shenandoah* had surrendered, received a telegram ordering him to at once release such of the officers and crew of that ship as were not British subjects.

As soon as he received these instructions, Captain Paynter proceeded to the Rock Ferry slip and applied for a steam boat. Mr. Thwarts, who had charge of these boats, at once placed at his disposal the steamer *Bee*, in which he immediately went off to our cruiser. On gaining the deck he made known the object of his visit to Captain Waddell, who ordered his officers and crew to be summoned to the quarter-deck. The roll books were brought out, and the names called in regular order. As each man answered to his name he was asked to what country he belonged, but in no instance did any acknowledge himself a British subject. The majority claimed to be either native or adopted citizens of America; but several, who insisted that they had been born in some one of the Confederate States, had an unmistakably Scotch accent, and probably opened their eyes for the first time on this world, a good deal nearer the Clyde than the Mississippi.

This formality having been gone through with, Captain Paynter informed them that they were at liberty to proceed on shore, and the intelligence was received with boisterous demonstrations of joy. Away they went forward and commenced packing up their bedding and such other articles of personal property as

they possessed, which they conveyed on board the *Bee*, waiting to take them off to the landing stage.

When all were ready to bid a final adieu to the vessel, they collected forward and gave three lusty cheers for their late Commander, and Captain Waddell acknowledged the compliment in a brief but appropriate address. The crew then went on board the little steamer, and the last Confederate force was disbanded.

Among the many excellent and high-minded gentlemen who, first and last, during the war, acted as Confederate Agents in England, Mr. J. D. Bulloch stands preëminent. For the many and valuable services he rendered to his native country during the hour of her trial, he steadfastly refused to receive any compensation. A short time prior to the final collapse, several thousand pounds of the Public Fund came into his hands, which he laid aside, not knowing how else to dispose of it, to provide for the immediate necessities of such naval officers of the Confederacy as the close of the war should leave homeless and proscribed in England. Two hundred pounds from this fund was appropriated to each of the officers of the *Shenandoah*, as a just recompense for the long service they had rendered, and for which they could never hope to receive any other compensation.

At two different times, this fund, with directions for its disbursement, was privately conveyed to Captain Waddell after he landed in Liverpool, it being of course presumed that no more trusty custodian could be found for it.

The event proved that this confidence was shamefully abused, and a clue was at last furnished for our commander's singular anxiety to take his ship to Liverpool instead of to Sydney or Cape Town.

Before any of his officers had learned of this provision that kindness and forethought had made for them, he summoned them

to his quarters,—George's Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool. One at a time they were admitted to his presence, and as the humor actuated him, he presented them from fifty to one hundred pounds apiece, out of the two hundred that was justly theirs. A few of his favorites, I believe, received their full bounty. The balance he coolly appropriated to himself, probably as a commission for transacting the business, nor was this the whole extent of his peculations.

The paymaster of the ship, Mr. W. Beadlove Smith, who had formerly been Secretary to the Captain of the *Alabama*, volunteered his services to settle with the crew, from the pay-roll in his possession, but the offer was declined, and he subsequently sent our old quartermaster Wiggins, as honest and straightforward an old sailor as ever walked a deck, to get them together and pay them from one third to one half of what was actually due them, and promise the remainder at some indefinite time in the future. For weeks after, his residence at Waterloo, a little way out of Liverpool, was besieged by these poor men clamoring for the hard-earned pittance out of which he had mercilessly defrauded them.

I may mention also, that after getting safely on shore, Captain Waddell became very solicitous to get possession of the old flag, upon which he set so little value when it was offered to him on board the *Shenandoah*. Its custodian declined to surrender it, whereupon the Captain had the effrontery to threaten him with the loss of his pay and bounty if it was not given up, but the man who had taken that flag to his keeping valued it far higher than pounds and pence,—the threat was indignantly disregarded, and for once, virtue was rewarded, for B—— got his money.

It is exceedingly painful for a sailor to write such things concerning a commander under whom he has served. Had Captain Waddell been contented with simply enriching himself at the expense of those who shared the toils and perils of that cruise, which has made his name famous, I should have been silent, for the credit

of the service to which I had the honor to belong, but when, after all his officers had left England, and he therefore felt secure from personal chastisement, he ventured to publish that atrocious libel concerning their honor and courage, I could not in justice to myself and my associates do less than exhibit the man to the world in his true colors.

I subjoin an extract from his letter to which I have referred, and with it close this hasty and inartistically written, but truthful narrative of the *Shenandoah's first and last cruise*.

Extract from a letter written by Captain Waddell to a gentleman in Mobile, Alabama, and dated:

"WATERLOO, NEAR LIVERPOOL,  
December 27, 1865.

I am now in exile, but far from being a ruined man. I won't go to sea any more if I can help it. The feeling shown towards me, through the restriction placed on my wife, is decided. It is just the feeling I like, though the tyranny to her is humiliating to the nature of man. I have written her to release her bondsmen, and inform the Government that she owes her allegiance to her husband. As my case now stands, I do not think the bond is worth the paper it is written upon. In a Court of law I know it would fall.

You have seen Mr. Welles's report, I suppose. He does me justice when he writes that I ceased my depredations when I heard Mr. Davis was a prisoner. He wilfully lies when he writes that I continued cruising against the unarmed whale ships when I knew that the arms of the South had surrendered.

The facts are these: After reaching Bering's Sea, I

captured the ship *William Thompson* and brig *Susan Abigail*. Both had left San Francisco in April last. These captures were made about the 23rd of June, and from each I received San Francisco papers. These papers professed to have the correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee concerning the surrender of Lee's army. They also stated that Mr. Davis and Cabinet were in Danville, to which the Confederate Government had been removed, and that Mr. Davis had issued a proclamation informing the Southern people that the war would be carried on with renewed vigor. I was made possessor of as late news by these two captures, as any the whalers had, and I continued my work until it was completed in the Arctic Ocean, on the 28th of June, 1865, when I had succeeded in destroying or dispersing the New England whaling fleet.

I left the Arctic on the 29th of June, and shipped from some of the whalers eight men on that very day,—men of intelligence, all trained soldiers. It is not to be believed that these men would have taken service in the *Shenandoah* if they believed the war was ended.

After leaving Bering's Sea I fell in with no vessels until I communicated with the British barque *Barracouta*, from San Francisco, August 2d, fourteen days, bound for Liverpool. She informed me of the capture of Mr. Davis and a part of his Cabinet, also of the surrender of Generals Johnston's, Smith's, and Magruder's armies. The *Barracouta* furnished that news the first time I heard it, and I instantly ceased to cruise, and steered for Cape Horn.

Before communicating with the *Barracouta* I intended to look into the Gulf of Lower California, and there

await the arrival of a California steamer, bound for Panama. The *Barracouta* news surprised us, and among some of the officers I witnessed a terror which mortified me. I was implored to take the vessel to Australia; that to try to reach a European port would be fatal to all concerned. Petitions were signed by three fourths of the officers, asking to be taken to Cape Town, arguing and picturing the horrors of capture, and all that sort of stuff. I called the officers and crew to the quarter deck, and said calmly to them, 'I intend taking this ship to Liverpool. I know there is risk to be run, but that has been our associate all the time. We shall be sought after in the Pacific and not in the Atlantic.'

They supported my views, and then followed a letter from the crew, signed by seventy-one out of one hundred and ten men, saying they had confidence in me, and were willing, nay, desired to go with me wherever I thought best to take the vessel.

I had of course a very anxious time,—painfully anxious because the officers set a bad example to the crew. Their conduct was nothing less than mutiny. I was very decided with some of them. I had to tell one officer I would be Captain or die on the deck, and the vessel should go to no other port than Liverpool. So ended my troubles with supplications and complaints from the officers. The men behaved nobly, and stood firmly to their decision.

When the ship was four hundred miles from the Azores, a suspicious looking vessel was seen ahead, and apparently lying to, waiting for us to come up with her. It was sunset, the wind very light, and my suspicions being aroused, I steered my course steadily until darkness closed upon us, and then I wore ship and stood southwest until

steam could be gotten up, for I had not even banked fires since parting with the *Barracouta*. It took two hours to get steam up. When it was ready, I furled sails and stood due east for sixteen miles, and hauled on my course, steaming for one hundred miles. I believe she was a Yankee cruiser. She was only six miles off when night came on, but I evaded her successfully.

The *Shenandoah*, under sail, is a sixteen-knot vessel; under steam, ten knots;—a fine sea-craft. She ran from the Arctic to Liverpool in one hundred and thirty days; from the Line on the Pacific to the Cape in twenty-six days; from the Cape to the Line on the Atlantic in twenty-six days; and from the Line to Liverpool in twenty-four days.

Two of my crew died of disease when near Liverpool; otherwise nothing happened to mar our cruise. No accident occurred during the cruise.

So ends my naval career, and I am called a pirate. I made New England suffer, and I do not regret it. I cannot be condemned by any honest-thinking man. I surrendered the vessel to the British Government, and all were unconditionally released. My obstinacy made enemies among some of the officers, but they now inwardly regret their action in the Cape Town affair.

JAMES I. WADDELL."

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For list of prizes captured by the *Shenandoah*, see p. 514.



## LIST OF PRIZES CAPTURED BY THE CONFEDERATE S. S. "SHENANDOAH."

	Value	Date of Capture	From	Bound to	No. of Prizes
Barque Alina, of Seaport, lat. 15° 25' N., long. 26° 44' W .....	\$95,000	Oct. 30	Newport...	Buenos Ayres...	12
Schooner Charter Oak, San Francisco, lat. 7° 38' N., long. 27° 49' W ..	15,000	Nov. 5	Boston .....	San Francisco ..	9
Barque D. Godfrey, Boston, lat. 4° 42' N., long. 28° 24' W .....	36,000	" 8	" .....	Valparaiso .....	12
Brig Susan, New York, lat. 4° 24' N., long. 26° 39' W .....	5,436	" 10	Cardiff .....	Rio Grande .....	6
Ship Kate Prince, Portsmouth, N. H., lat. 1° 45' N., long. 29° 22' W ..	40,000	" 12	" .....	Bahia, S. A. ....	20
Schooner L. M. Stacey, Boston, lat. 1° 40' N., long. 28° 24' W ..	15,000	" 13	Boston .....	Sandwich Islands	6
Barque Edward, whaler, N. B., lat. 37° 47' S., long. 12° 30' 30" W ..	20,000	Dec. 4	N. Bedford.	Whaling .....	25
" Delphine, Bangor, Me., lat. 39° 13' S., long. 68° 33' E .....	25,000	" 29	London .....	Akyab .....	17
" Adelaide, Baltimore, lat. 1° 45' N., long. 29° 22' W .....	B. Cargo	24,000	Baltimore ..	Rio .....	15
" Pearl, New London, Ascension Island .....	10,000	April 1	Whaling ..	" .....	130
Edward Cary, San Francisco, " .....	15,000	" ..	" .....	" .....	
Ship Hector, New Bedford, " .....	58,000	" ..	" .....	" .....	
Barque Harvest, Honolulu, " .....	34,759	" ..	" .....	" .....	
" Abigail, New Bedford, Ochotsk Sea .....	16,705	May 27	" .....	" .....	36
Ship William Thompson, New Bedford, off Cape Thaddeus .....	40,925	June 22	" .....	" .....	35
" Euphrates, New Bedford, off Cape Thaddeus .....	42,320	" 22	" .....	" .....	35
Barque William C. Nye, New Bedford, near Bering Straits .....	31,512	" 25	" .....	" .....	35
Ship Sophia Thornton, " .....	70,000	" 22	" .....	" .....	35
Barque Nimrod, " .....	29,260	" 25	" .....	" .....	35
" Catherine, " .....	26,174	" 25	" .....	" .....	35
" Gypsy, " .....	34,369	" 25	" .....	" .....	35
" Isabella, " .....	38,000	" 25	" .....	" .....	35
" General Pike, " .....	30,000	" 25	" .....	" .....	35
" Favorite, Fairhaven, near Bering Straits .....	57,896	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
" General Williams, N. B., " .....	44,740	" 25	" .....	" .....	35
" Congress, " .....	55,300	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
" Hillman, " .....	33,000	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
Ship Isaac Howland, " .....	75,112	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
Brig Susan and Abigail, " .....	6,500	" 25	" .....	" .....	20
Ship Nassau, " .....	40,000	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
Barque Martha, N. B., Bering Straits .....	30,307	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
" Waverley " .....	62,376	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
" Covington, N. B. ....	30,000	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
" Jireh Swift, " near Bering Straits .....	61,960	" 22	" .....	" .....	35
Ship Brunswick, " .....	16,272	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
" James Murray, near Bering Straits .....	40,550	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
" Milo .....	30,000	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
Barque Nile, New London .....	25,550	" 28	" .....	" .....	35
					1,053

The *Shenandoah* was delivered to the American Consul at Liverpool. The Sultan of Zanzibar afterwards bought her, and several years later she went down in a gale with all on board.

After Waddell's release he went to Paris, but afterward returned to the United States, and in 1875 entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. When their steamer *San Francisco* was wrecked, May 16, 1877, he was in command.

He was born in Pittsboro, N. C., in 1824, and died in Annapolis, Md., March 15, 1886.—*Appleton's Cyclo. of Am. Biog.*



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